

# THE SIGN



## A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



### DEATH STRUGGLE IN MEXICO

—Michael Kenny, S.J.

### FICTION—POETRY

#### Father Richard's Holiday

—Skinner

#### Game of Make-Believe

—Dennis

#### The Red Judas—Newton

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WHAT THEY HAVE



FACT AND  
. . . . A HOPE

*One of these pictures*

is a photograph—showing actual conditions in our Missions. The other is a drawing—portraying a hope.

*Mud walls—crowded quarters—*

the barest necessities and the simplest remedies. These our Missionaries have. But these are not enough to provide for their own medical needs and those of the Chinese.

*The lengthening years*

of service, of privations and hardships of our priests and Sisters in Hunan are taking a heavy toll.

*Their need is their appeal*

*Will You Help Us Build*

**A HOSPITAL AT YUANLING?**

*A small contribution*

from *All* our Readers would make the Hospital a Fact.

*Please send your contribution without delay to*

**THE HOSPITAL FUND**  
**THE SIGN      UNION CITY, N.J.**

WHAT THEY NEED



## Our Cover

### The Cathedral of Tours

THE Cathedral of Tours is one of the most beautiful and least known of the French Cathedrals. Its beauty, like that of an unknown saint, is admired by God and the few. The rest of the world goes on its unseeing way, with an ignorance that it mistakes for bliss.

The Cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century, enjoyed the special favor of many of the French kings. It was their protection which enabled it to withstand the attacks of time and of war, so that it is able to present to the modern world treasures of beauty both old and new.

This majestic old Cathedral owes much to the great and charitable St. Martin of Tours. Everyone is familiar with the famous incident in his life when he divided his cloak with a half-clothed and half-frozen beggar—a “beggar” who proved to be Christ. This event fired the imaginations of the people of Tours. They recalled that Christ had been denied shelter at His birth, had died naked on a Cross, and had been buried in another man’s tomb. They were inspired to imitate the generosity of St. Martin. They divided their goods and their labors, and consecrated a goodly part to Christ to make His earthly dwelling place somewhat worthy of Him.

# THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

REV. THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.  
*Editor*

REV. RALPH GORMAN, C.P.  
*Associate Editor*

REV. ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.  
*Associate Editor*

REV. LUCIAN DUCIE, C.P.  
*Business Manager*

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# "I'M NOTHING NOW—"

IT has been my repeated experience with chance non-Catholic acquaintances to have them state their attitude towards religion, without their caring to discuss it. This may not call for comment. What has left an indelible impression on me is the fact that so many of different ages and classes have summed up their spiritual bankruptcy in identical words. "Well, Father, I used to be a Baptist (or Methodist . . . or Presbyterian), but of course I'm nothing now."

The "nothing now" phrase is far more expressive than they realize. They may be bankers or salesmen, clerks or farmers, but they have no spiritual identification tag. By their own unsolicited confession they must be labelled "unknown" amongst the casualties of those who have fallen, too often without a struggle, in facing the most serious and far-reaching problems of life.

I can readily understand that a man or woman, if unconvinced, should renounce allegiance and loyalty to this or that particular sect. But why do so many look upon it as the natural thing to abandon all interest in religion because they have cut away from one denomination? Why do they say "*Of course . . . I'm nothing now?*"

• • •

SUCH action is not American. It is not even logical or reasonable. If a man buys a car and is not satisfied, he does not junk it and cease driving for life. If a magazine or book or paper does not please him, he hardly gives up reading forever. If he suffers financially in his business or investments, he is not likely to close shop or put his money under the mattress. He will rather try to make good his losses in some other way.

Why, then, throw overboard all faith because he is dissatisfied with one phase of it? Has his experience in some sect so embittered him that he has a positive aversion to all that pertains to the spirit? Is he guilty in this one thing of mental laziness? Or does he lack the courage to subscribe to a creed and a moral code? What is behind this complete and apparently undisturbed indifference? The surprising number of Americans who have no Church affiliation make the subject an important and timely one.

Undoubtedly there are many elements entering into the process of indifferentism. Those affected by it, because of their long-standing unconcern, are usually not in a position to give a satisfactory explanation of their present state. A Bishop with whom I discussed this problem at length made the observation, based on his own knowledge of individual cases, that a large percentage of such persons could trace their lack of interest in the things of the soul to their educational background.

Religion is not merely omitted—and so rated as of no importance by the student body which is presumed to be absorbing a sense of values—but in too many instances it is slightly referred to or openly ridiculed. To claim that religion is outside the realm of the classroom is to be blind to conditions as they exist today. To be sure, education embraces more than the few hours spent over a desk under the eyes of a teacher. But the fact is that schooling is taking the place of education, in assuming the functions of parents and of the Church—without fulfilling those obligations. And to find schools undertaking the development of mind and character, without provision for the religious and moral training of youth, is to uncover one fertile source of indifferentism.

• • •

THESE questions are not academic or rhetorical. They lead to the further and practical inquiries: How much of this spirit is the fault of those affected by it? How much of it, both in its source and in after years can be corrected? Those Catholics who have the duty of providing for the education of children should safeguard them by proper instruction in the Faith.

All Catholics should be concerned in some way with those who have abandoned all faith and who need stimulating and provocative thought to arouse and interest them. Quite often those who will not mention such matters to a priest will freely discuss them with a layman or woman. The spirit of Catholic Action will here find an opportunity to enlighten without offense and to encourage without softening the truth.

• • •

OUR readers will be reminded at Easter time and will think upon the gift of Faith which they possess—certain, uplifting and directive of their entire lives. They will renew their belief in the Son of God Who came into this world, Who died that we might share in His life, and Who set the Divine seal on His mission to mankind by the miracle of the Resurrection.

It is to be hoped that they will also recall that our Faith is not a gift which is to be held selfishly to ourselves. There can be no surer guarantee of our appreciation of it than a sincere effort to share that gift with those who, whether chiefly through their own fault or not, are "nothing now."

*Father Theophane Maguire C.S.*

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## CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

**I**N his recent Reichstag speech Chancellor Hitler takes to himself the office if not the title of "Defender of the Faith." He deserves it about as much as the English Monarch on whom the title was first conferred. Hitler's words are unintelligible to anyone who has followed the trend of Nazi policies toward religion.

### Hitler, Defender of the Faith!

In this speech Herr Hitler accuses the Communists of bringing Russia into philosophical and religious conflict with neighboring peoples and states. He declares that with them "the world of supernatural imagination is torn apart, God is dethroned, religion and Church are rooted out."

If not forewarned one might think that the words referred to the Nazi Party in Germany. The moving spirits behind the Nazi régime are noted for their hatred of religion and above all of Christianity. How aptly Hitler's accusation could be directed against Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and enemy of the Church, against Alfred Rosenberg, cultural leader of the Reich, noted for his anti-Christian writings and activities, against Baldur von Schirach, youth leader and advocate of the return of Wotan and other defunct deities, against Agricultural Minister Darre who is trying to revive the ancient pagan peasant virtues by lighting festival fires on mountain tops. How aptly Hitler's words could be thrown in his own face for his responsibility in the persecution of religion that has been carried on so unrelentingly by the régime which he has inaugurated in Germany.

One cannot help but wonder what can be the explanation of such ineptitude. Has Hitler lost all regard for truth? His faithlessness in keeping the Concordat with the Vatican and his breach of the Locarno Treaty seem to indicate a lack of fundamental honesty. Is it simply a case of seeing the mote in a neighbor's eye and not the beam in one's own? Or perhaps the rumors are true that Hitler is not so absolute a master as appearances would indicate, and that he is but a pawn in the hands of the inner circle of the Nazi Party.

Whatever the explanation may be, it is clear that there is a glaring discrepancy here between words and actions.

• • •

**W**ITHOUT faith in one another it is impossible for men to organize themselves into a stable society. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations. Unless nations can trust

one another, unless they can take it for granted as indisputably certain that treaties and pacts freely entered into will be inviolably observed,

then there can be no hope for world peace.

The lack of confidence which has been engendered in inter-

national relations by Germany's utter disregard of her most solemn pledges is the weakest point in the shaky framework of European diplomacy. When it was to Germany's advantage she tore up the Belgian Neutrality Treaty as a mere scrap of paper. And now she shows no more respect for the Treaty of Locarno. One can easily understand and condone her action in rejecting the Versailles Treaty, because it was imposed on her as a conquered nation. But Germany became a party to the Locarno Treaty freely and deliberately. Not only does she break her solemnly pledged word, but she does it without reason, for no one, not even Hitler himself, believes the one proffered—France's treaty with Soviet Russia.

Hitler's action has made almost insuperably difficult the already arduous task of European diplomacy. He tears up two treaties and then offers a new one. How can such a man be trusted? And if he cannot be trusted, then what hope is there for the vast post-war framework of international security which has been built up around the League of Nations?

Germany's act is a return to the old blood and iron methods of diplomacy prevalent before the World War. Even those who sympathize with Germany's desire for equality among the nations and for her right to do what she pleases with her own territory cannot help but bemoan, in the interests of world peace, the methods she has chosen to follow.

Sad to relate, however, Germany, although the greatest, is not the only culprit in this regard. Mussolini's aggression in Ethiopia is another sample of the same manner of action. In the latter case Britain, whose interests were involved, manifested a most righteous and vigorous indignation—so great, in fact, that she forced the League to impose sanctions on Italy. But now, with France and Belgium the most interested parties, the British do not seem to be able to arouse the same just and holy sentiments. Even France, in spite of her great interest in the League of Nations, was perfectly willing to allow Italy to attack a fellow-member of the League until she was forced to join the sanctionist nations by British threats.

• • •

**C**RIME in this country has reached proportions that should make it a matter of deepest concern to every citizen. Indeed it has gone so far that it has become a matter of

personal and individual—even of selfish—interest to all.

In an address delivered before the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum on "Youth

and Crime," Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation gave some facts and figures which reveal as he himself says "a most astounding set of terrifying conditions." Certainly they are such as to alarm any person of intelligence and to make one wonder whether we are drifting—for drifting we are.

Mr. Hoover gives the following facts: "Aggravated rob-

### The Sanctity of Treaties

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bery, theft, arson, rape, felonious assault or murder annually are visited upon one of every 16 homes in America. Last year in this supposedly enlightened, advanced, civilized country there was a minimum of 12,000 murders and an estimated total of 1,445,581 major crimes. Thus, one of every 84 persons in the United States was subjected to injury or death through the workings of this tremendous crime aggregate."

Mr. Hoover estimates that crime costs every American citizen \$120 a year. If the cost of crime were eliminated for two years it would pay the National debt and for three years it would pay America's share in the World War plus a generous bonus.

And saddest of all is the fact that 20% of this crime is committed by persons not yet old enough to vote, by children not yet out of their "teens" and who therefore should still be under the supervision of the home. And the crimes they commit, besides burglaries and larcenies, include almost a thousand murders a year.

What has come over the soul of America? What has happened to her youth? What evil influence is exerting itself to produce such a terrifying condition of affairs? One does not have to be a pessimist, nor one of those who always "view with alarm," to consider such a state of affairs menacing or to confess that there has been a rapid decline in the morals of the past generation.

Mr. Hoover speaks of it as an undeniable indictment of the American parent of today. Undoubtedly it is. Much of the fault lies there. But there have been other evil influences. The aura of adventure which surrounds the criminal in cheap novels and magazines and in the movies has helped to vitiate the moral principles of the young and to give them a false view of life. But above all there is a lack of religious training, both at home and in the school, with a consequent lack of a sense of moral responsibility. Without this religious training, which alone can form properly the characters of American youth, we can hope for no improvement in the conditions Mr. Hoover so justly deplores.

• • •

**C**ONSIDERABLE notice was given in the press recently to a booklet, *The Sin of Disunion*, by Bishop Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York.

#### Bishop Manning on Renunion

This work is the first of a series of twenty-eight essays to be published by the Church Union of London. They are to be the subject of discussion in the Anglican Church during the next few years in an effort to determine the platform on which a reunion of Christendom may be furthered by Anglicans. This platform will be presented at an international convention in London in June, 1940, to which three representatives of every Anglican diocese in the world will be invited.

Catholics will agree with Bishop Manning that the New Testament proves convincingly the great evil of disunion. Our Lord's words and those of Saint Paul are too clear to admit any doubt about it. Catholics also will agree with the Bishop when he states that the multiplication of religious bodies among Protestants has gone far toward destroying all belief in the Church and reverence for it as a divine institution. He says very well that the Church is not a voluntary society of believers uniting for religious purposes. According to the Bishop, the Church is constituted, not by the belief or the will of man, but by God Himself.

Because Catholics believe this last assertion is the very reason why we cannot go along with him in his plans for reunion. Because we believe that the Church does not depend on our beliefs but is an organization divinely founded and divinely commissioned to teach us our beliefs, we cannot compromise. We cannot conceive of the Church as some-

thing of our own making—a body whose teachings we are free to accept or reject or to change, even in the cause of reunion. And furthermore if the Catholic Church is not the Church founded by Jesus Christ, then surely neither would the absorption of all existing Churches into the one advocated by Bishop Manning be the Church of God.

While any hope for the reunion of Christendom in the near future is chimerical, nevertheless recent renewal of interest in this matter is a hopeful sign. A realization of the evils of disunion and the desire for union of all Churches will prepare the way for tangible results. If this movement in the Anglican Church leads to a more definite agreement among Anglicans in what they themselves believe, it will not be in vain.

#### No Individual Unity

• • •

**W**HEN we read of the efforts put forward for reunion by various religious bodies, we would imagine that there is unity of belief and practice in the individual bodies hoping for unity. Nothing is further from the truth. In Bishop Manning's own Church and diocese there is no unity of this kind. There are High Church, Low Church and Broad Church groups within his own communion. In one church, for example, Mass is celebrated and the Blessed Sacrament "reserved." In another, such beliefs and practices are regarded as superstition and mummary. There is no unity in regard to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, such as the bodily Resurrection of Christ, the Divine Personality of Christ, the union of the two natures—the divine and the human—in the Word of God. The Virgin Birth is regarded as a myth. All this within the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York. We cannot help but suggest that before striving for the unity of all Churches in one organic body, the good Bishop might very well strive to achieve unity of faith and practice within the single body of which he is head. When there is no unity of doctrine and practice in the single unit, there is very little reason to hope, humanly speaking, of attaining to unity of faith and practice when there is question of the multitude of religious bodies in Christendom.

#### Cause of Disunion

• • •

**W**HILE it is interesting to perceive the efforts put forth by various Protestant persons and agencies in the cause of the reunion of all Christendom, it is pertinent to bring before their minds the question: how did the disunion of Christendom arise; who caused this disunion, over which so many good

Christians grieve? If we go back to the origin of disunion at least in the Western World, it is clear that disunion was effected by Martin Luther and the first Protestants, when they repudiated the authority of the Catholic Church, and especially the supremacy of the Pope. After 400 years they are beginning to realize that it was a grievous mistake.

Repudiation of the Pope may have brought them temporal benefits. Under Protestantism the State was supreme. The religion of the ruler was the religion of the people. Each church was national and self-contained. This worked for some time. But now the descendants of the first Protestants see the inevitable result. Christendom is apparently hopelessly divided on the supreme questions of this life and eternity.

But there is one Church which has never lost its unity, even though whole nations broke away from her obedience. That Church is the Catholic Church. To that Church must return all dissident religious bodies, if the unity of Christen-

dom is to be achieved. The Catholic Church is interested in every effort put forth in good will looking towards Christian unity, but she declares now what she has maintained throughout all the ages: unity of all Churches in a united Christendom is possible only by obedience to the Supreme Pontiff and loyal and complete acceptance of the faith as taught by him. This would look like insufferable effrontery and usurpation were the Catholic Church what the other religious bodies are—mere human institutions, but since the Catholic Church is the very Church founded by Christ on St. Peter and his successors, and as such endowed with all the promises divinely made in her regard, it follows that union with her is the only way in which the scandal of a divided Christendom can be eliminated.

• • •

**T**HE Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures recently issued a statement proclaiming anew the purpose of the Legion of Decency and defining its policies. The Committee declared that the Legion of Decency is opposed to censorship through legislation. Such measures would make a political bureaucracy the final court

#### The Legion of Decency

of morals for the pictures. Appointment of censors and their decisions would both be subject to political pressure and interference. The weapon which the Legion has used and which it has demonstrated to be effective is an aroused public opinion. With the intelligent leadership which the Legion has provided, public opinion will continue to be far more effective than legislation.

While the pictures have not arrived at a state of lily-white purity, their improvement during the epoch which the Legion has functioned has been so striking that even its stoutest opponents have had to admit it. Under the necessity of presenting something worthwhile, producers have devoted time and money and research to give the public pictures of extraordinary merit. And this not only to the edification of the public, but to their own profit.

Nevertheless there is always danger that our Catholic laity will relent in the fidelity of their adherence to the directions of the Legion of Decency unless they are constantly reminded of their duties in this regard. While the success of the Legion is beyond all doubt, it is a success that must be constantly won. It cannot be achieved once and for all. The least indication of a diminished watchfulness and determination will witness a return to former conditions.

• • •

**A** GROUP of Catholic laymen of San Francisco has for a long time worked to further the proper observance of Good Friday. It has tried, with no small measure of success,

to induce merchants to close their places of business from noon to three o'clock on Good Friday, in order to permit their employees to attend

church services or to spend that time in recollection of the event commemorated. It is hardly desirable that work should be suspended for the whole day, as there would probably be a tendency in that case for it to be diverted from its original purpose and become a holiday rather than holyday.

But as things are now, the day is passed with almost no notice at all. The more devout, who have the leisure, attend the Mass of the Pre-sanctified and a larger number attend the evening devotions. But many give it no thought whatever. Were stores and places of business to close for these three hours it would focus public attention. As it is, it is really sad to think that the day commemorating so solemn and so important an event as the Passion and Death of

Christ should receive so little notice among Christians. There is certainly great room for improvement here.

The Church has ever been solicitous in promoting devotion to Our Lord's Sacred Passion, and urges the faithful to recall it frequently, especially on Fridays. In 1740 Pope Benedict XIV granted an indulgence of 100 days to all who at the ringing of a church bell at 3 P.M. on Fridays would recite five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys for the intentions of the Holy Father. It was this same Pope who approved the Passionists, who are vowed to the work of promoting devotion to the Passion and Death of Christ.

In 1933 it was decreed that the indulgence could be gained though the Church bells were rung at some other hour of the day, and to the other prayers it was prescribed should be added the following or some similar prayer: "We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world." Now the Sacred Penitentiary announces that "even when the bell is not rung the indulgences may be gained as long as the prayers are recited in the early hours of the afternoon or at any other hour warranted by custom."

• • •

**T**HAT the Sovietizing of Mexico is going on apace has often been pointed out in these pages and in various articles in this magazine. This is the view of those who know conditions below the Rio Grande

#### More on Mexican Communism

—in fact the proofs are so clear that only the wilfully blind deny it.

Evidently this view is

shared by Mexican business. A petition sent to President Lázaro Cárdenas by various Mexican business associates is thus summarized by *The New York Times*:

"Agricultural credit in Mexico has disappeared; credit for industry and commerce is restricted; the rights of private property are invaded; an atmosphere of distrust, uncertainty and unrest exists, and the frequent attacks of labor against capital will end by creating a social and economic situation similar to communism."

Despite all denials from Cárdenas and his fellow revolutionaries, the persecution of religion in Mexico is but an integral part of a program for Sovietizing that country. That program is being carried out with intense energy. It will not be long before its effects will be even more manifest.

• • •

**T**O the Texas Centennial Commission on its provision to place permanent markers on the site of 36 frontier missions in that State. ¶ To the Catholic Action group of Marygrove

College, Detroit, on its transcriptions of Catholic literature into Braille for the blind.

¶ To Sen. William H. Sweeney of Salem on his pro

test to the Legislative Committee on Legal Affairs against the use of obscene and profane language at theatrical exhibitions and entertainments. ¶ To the five Sisters of Notre Dame, Montreal, on their selection by the Province of Quebec Safety League for medals in recognition of their heroism during a fire.

¶ To the Rev. Drs. George Johnson and Francis M. Crowley, Catholic educators, on their appointment as consultants of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Educational Association of the U.S.A. ¶ To the Catholic C.C.C. youths of Indiana who braved long rides in zero weather to reach Indianapolis for Confirmation. ¶ To the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet on the centenary of their establishment in America. ¶ To Most Rev. Augustine F. Schinner, Titular Bishop of Sala, former Bishop of Spokane, on the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Ordination to the priesthood.

#### Toasts Within the Month

# CATEGORICA

*Edited by N. M. LAW*

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGEY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## SYNNE'S HEAVY LOADE

PARTICULARLY appropriate for Lent is the thought of Christ's Sacred Passion. The following is by the English Martyr, Blessed Robert Southwell, S.J.:

O Lord! my sin doth overcharge Thy breast.  
The poise thereof doth force Thy knees to bow;  
Yea, flat Thou fallest with my faults oppressed,  
And bloody sweat run trickling from Thy brow:  
But had they not to earth thus pressed Thee,  
Much more they would in hell have pestered me.

This globe of earth doth Thy one finger prop,  
The world Thou dost within Thy hand embrace;  
Yet all this weight, of sweat drew not a drop,  
Nor made Thee bow, much less fall on Thy face;  
But now Thou hast a load so heavy found,  
That makes Thee bow, yea flat fall to the ground.

O Sin! how huge and heavy in thy weight,  
Thou weighest more than all the world beside;  
Of which when Christ had taken in his freight,  
The weight thereof His flesh could not abide.  
Alas; if God Himself sink under sin,  
What will become of man that dieth therein?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh prostrate Christ! erect my crooked mind;  
Lord! Let Thy fall my flight from earth obtain:  
Or if I still in Earth must needs be shrin'd,  
Then Lord! on Earth come fall yet once again;  
And either yield with me on earth to lie,  
Or else with Thee to take me to the sky.

## A MATTER OF HABIT

AN Englishman is quoted in "The Chicago Daily Tribune" as having told this story when asked for his opinion of the U. S. S. R.:

A Soviet peasant girl, after many hardships, finally reached Leningrad to take an examination for a government post on which she had set her heart. She took the examination and felt confident of the answers to all the questions but one, "What is the inscription on the Sarmian wall?"

After considerable gnawing at her pencil she hesitatingly put down, "Religion is the opiate of the masses."

Doubt assailed her as to the correctness of her answer. Her anxiety was so great that she trudged seven miles to the Sarmian wall. There, blazoned in clear lettering, was the inscription, "Religion is the opiate of the masses."

The girl breathed a sign of relief, got down on her knees, crossed herself and, folding her hands in prayer, muttered, "Thank God!"

## IS THIS MERCY?

RECENTLY not as publicly discussed, but from newspaper accounts still practised, are the so-called Mercy Killings. "The Ligourian" pictures results that would follow the legalizing of such a practise:

1. Few good people will risk sending their loved ones to a hospital, or even calling a doctor when they are ill, fearing that euthanasia will be decreed as the only remedy in the case. Even though they themselves do not want to be "mercifully murdered"—they will be in constant fear that death might be administered in the form of medicine or food.

2. Few bad people will be deterred from invoking the law and establishing grounds for its operation, when they have something to gain from the death of a relative. Selfish persons will seek relief from their burdens of caring for sick or aged relatives "the easy way"; avaricious persons will think nothing of legally procuring an aged relative's death to get at the inheritance.

3. Old people, many of whom lead happy, contented lives, will exist in constant terror. They will fear doctors, nurses, strangers, even relatives. They will mistrust food and drink and medicine offered them; many will die of fright even before they are "mercifully killed." Homes for the Aged will become charnel-houses.

4. The heart of humanity, hard enough now, will become hardened against charity in all its forms. In the design of Providence, sickness and pain provide the most powerful incentives, opportunities, and examples of charity that the world knows. Let murder replace charity for the sick and dying, and ultimately it will be substituted for forgiveness of enemies, alms for the poor, and the rescue of the wayward and fallen.

5. Medical scientists will lose all incentive and opportunity to discover new remedies for old diseases of mankind. In the past 50 years remedies have been discovered for diseases that previously had been thought incurable. But with the introduction of euthanasia, progress will stop. From that time on, so-called incurable diseases will be prescribed for only by death.

6. If voluntary euthanasia becomes legal, suicides will become many times more frequent than they are now. People who feel themselves a burden on their loved ones, men and women subject to passing moods of melancholy, those suddenly overtaken by some great but temporary misfortune, will be tempted to ask at once for the lethal chamber. The public attitude towards self-chosen death will make the suggestion overpowering to those without solid religion.

## ABOUT TO DIET?

THE fun poked at the raging diet fads by Corey Ford in "Vogue" may hold as much of hinted common sense as evident foolishness:

Who does not desire the Body Beautiful? Who would not be willing to trade all that she has to regain the svelte curves of Youth, the complexion of a peach, the skin of a grape, the teeth of a pearl? Who does not seek that greatest of blessings, Vital Health? If you wish an attractive figure, if you have determination, if you have will-power, if you have ambition, if above all else you have a couple of hundred dollars to lay on the line, then you are the one I am looking for.

What you need is a Diet; and in order to understand the problems of Diet, perhaps it will benefit the patient if she takes a brief excursion into the fascinating human digestive tract. If Madam will open her mouth very wide, and step inside, I am sure she will find that the results of the trip will more than repay her effort.

To be sure, the idea of a Diet is nothing new. At the moment, doctors estimate, there are more diets in America to-day than there are people following them. There is a diet that forbids meat. There is a diet that forbids fats. There is a diet that forbids anything containing starch, such as a stiff shirt. One diet advises drinking vegetables—they say there's nothing like tossing off a glass of mashed potato at the end of a hard day—and still another diet allows you to eat anything that you want, provided it is raw carrots. Another diet recommends eating

while lying flat on your back, and another suggests living in a hollow tree for two or three months each year and subsisting entirely on tender roots and bark.

My own Health Diet, on the other hand, cuts out food entirely. Food, scientists agree, causes overweight; and overweight is probably the greatest single factor in producing excess poundage. In my Health Institute, they never eat at all; and I have found that the results are highly beneficial, not only in reducing my patients, but also my grocery bills. Instead of serving meals, I allow each patient a single grape, which she may take out of her pocket three times a day, contemplate for five minutes, and then put back in her pocket again. After a week of this diet, I graduate the patient to an orange, and after fourteen days I permit her to contemplate a grapefruit.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED

**T**HREE is nothing more tragic than the fate of youth that cannot find an outlet for its ambitions or even employment that will help it to keep its self-respect and its interest in life. The following by Ellen M. Power is from "G. K.'s Weekly":

At the street corner, in an aimless group,  
Slouching with hands in pockets, listlessly  
Staring with unlit eyes and dull, blank faces  
At flying traffic and brisk passers-by,  
They stood, young unemployed; shoulders a-droop,  
Slack bodies, lacking all youth's comely graces.  
A dreary burden, Time, who might have been  
A friend. So drifted, helpless and pitiable  
This deadened offering, spurned by the Machine.

Then one came down the street, carrying a child  
Who clung about his neck, chattering aloud.  
He answered, with care-grim lips that never smiled.  
Undersized, ill-clad, eyes hazed with a cloud  
Of worry, he went by. Yet he had all  
The tenderness, the ineffaceable dignity  
Of parenthood. There went a man, no less.  
There flashed across my brain  
Contrasting memory, with a flame of pain  
That scorched pale Pity; shamefast and dumb is she  
In face of right denied by hidden duress.  
Let shame smite me and all going comfortably—  
God! Let us end these things that need not be!

#### ARMISTICE DAY

**T**HE impression made by the silence and cessation of all activity for Armistice Day is beautifully described by Alice Bowne, in "The American Church Monthly."

I am still under the spell of Armistice Day! It will pass, as all great moments have a way of fading from memory, but I am hoping that the mood in which I found myself on that occasion will remain with me always.

I was on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, hurrying downtown on the customary rush of a New Yorker's average day, when suddenly I found myself in an atmosphere so wonderful I seemed a part of some great transformation scene. It was eleven o'clock! The order had come from Washington that at that hour all activity should completely cease for two minutes, and men should turn in thought to God and pray as best they knew how. The soft note of a bugler sounding "Taps" floated on the air. It might have been the heavenly hosts calling men to assemble before their King, so compelling was it. Instantly everything down the length of that magnificent Avenue of flags and beautiful buildings seemed turned to stone; men with hats off and bowed heads, policemen at attention, not a muscle moving. New York was transformed into a lovely dream city over which a gentle Spirit whispered,—"Be still! God is here"; and I had a strange sense of witnessing the New Jerusalem descending to earth.

For two immortal minutes it lasted. Then we awoke, but

the glory and wonder of it remained upon the faces of all around for some time. What had happened? For those two magical moments, so it seemed, evil was wiped out, men were in their right relation to God, thinking of Him. Nothing but kindness and loving acts evinced themselves. Everyone was looking at everyone else with shy, soft eyes which seemed to say: "Do you feel this wonderful happiness, too? Do you want to give, to help someone as I do?" And they did help, in queer, unfamiliar ways, just because they could not help it. As I swayed down unsteadily from the top of the bus, the conductor actually stepped up on the little spiral stairs holding out a helping hand instead of evidencing the usual desire for my hasty exit, and I heard him say: "That was a great sight, M'am." And I knew that the smile on his face was really not for me, but in recognition of the mighty power which had swept over us all consciously, for those two minutes of Reality.

I am thinking how quickly wars would cease if everyone, everywhere, practiced His Presence for just two minutes every day!—together! as we were together on Armistice Day.

#### RUDYARD KIPLING

**T**HE N.C.W.C. News Service gives the following incident which sheds light on the human side of the character of a great English writer:

Rudyard Kipling, famous author whose ashes have been interred in Westminster Abbey, was regarded with affection by the Catholics of Burwash, Sussex, where he lived, a resident reports.

It is recalled that one wet day when out in his car he met a woman with six children. Stopping, he asked them where they were going, and on being told that it was the Feast of Corpus Christi, a holyday of obligation in England, he told his driver to take the family while he waited in the rain for the return of his car.

"Your mission is more important than mine," Kipling is reported to have said.

#### PURITAN LIFE

**L**IFE in a Puritan Community could scarcely have been a very interesting existence. The following is from "The Ark and the Dove," by J. Moss Ives:

The law-makers were the clergy, and their guide was not the English common law, but the Mosaic Code interpreted to conform to their own ideas. The Puritan clergy had a fondness for legislation that became an obsession. They believed the law to be a panacea for all ills. Laws were passed demanding church attendance, enforcing respect for churches and ministers, prohibiting the building of any but the orthodox meeting houses, and prohibiting the preaching and practice of any kind of religion except what was strictly orthodox. No man was given the voting franchise unless he was a member of the orthodox church in good and regular standing.

On Sunday nothing was lawful except to go to church. Absence from church service was punishable by a fine and in order to prevent back-sliding the constables were enjoined to "duly make search throughout the limits of their towns" for absentees during the time when services were being held, and if any were found, to hale them within the church portals. Attendance at church service was not enough. A man must not fall asleep during the sermon and the sermons were long, never less than an hour, sometimes two hours. In 1643, a man was fined for falling asleep in church and striking the man who woke him up. Later the same culprit was severely whipped for falling asleep again. After that he evidently kept awake during the sermon, for there is no record of any further conviction.

A man could not kiss his wife in public on Sunday. A sea captain who had returned from a voyage of three years on a Sunday morning did not wait until he entered his house before kissing his wife, but indiscreetly kissed her on the door step

in full sight of passersby. He sat in the stock for two hours for his "lewd and unseemly behavior on the Sabbath Day."

Against other sects, the Puritans directed their legislative shafts, Baptists, Quakers and Catholics receiving particular attention. Baptist ministers were fined, imprisoned and flogged for attempting to hold services. Laws were passed for banishment of all Quakers, Catholic priests and Jesuits, and for the hanging of those who might return after banishment. Four Quakers, including a woman, returned from banishment and were hung on Boston Common. The law against Catholic priests was never invoked, for the missionaries in America had the good sense not to intrude where they were not wanted and where apparently their services were not needed. They never entertained any hope of converting the Puritans. Ministering to those of their own faith and attempting to convert the Indians were their chief concern.

#### A NEW GEOGRAPHY

PERHAPS "Modern" education needs a little modernizing in the matter of fundamentals. The following, from "The Tablet," of London, would seem to indicate that it does:

An anecdote of ours, told a few years ago, was received with incredulity. It was to the effect that a "Buy British" lady indignantly sent back to her grocer a tin of fruit because it was "not Empire." The tin in question was labelled Tasmania. On receiving "the same brand as last time," the lady's patriotism was quite satisfied: the label and contents were California! We were reminded of this last Saturday when we were casting our eye round the butchers' shops. A well-spoken young man, who regretted that he had no Canterbury lamb, said that he had plenty of Australian which was "very sweet." When we examined some, we found it boldly stamped "Uruguay." And we have it on the authority of a truthful publicist that, while discussing Abyssinia with a well-known writer a year ago, he found that the great man believed Abyssinia to be "a bit south of Morocco." When the school-leaving age is raised, there will be plenty for teachers of geography to do.

#### DOCTORS' FEES

MONEY cannot sufficiently reward the services of a faithful and skillful physician. Yet many people consider their doctor's bills their last and least obligation. There have been times, however, when their rewards have been far from small, as is evident from the following in "The Catholic Fireside":

Even if the legacy of ten thousand pounds recently left to a London doctor by "a grateful patient" be regarded as a deferred fee, it will not break the record in rewards paid for medical services.

In the eighteenth century Dr. Thomas Dimsdale received a fee of ten thousand pounds and a life pension of five hundred pounds a year for going to Russia to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II and her son, and thirty years ago a British Army surgeon found himself richer by twelve thousand pounds for pulling the Nawab of Rampur through a sharp bout of rheumatism.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, too, received thirteen thousand pounds for attendance on the Emperor Frederick of Germany in his last illness, and Jay Gould handed a check for eighteen thousand pounds to the doctor who cured his daughter Helen of a serious malady.

Probably the biggest fee on record was the fifty thousand pounds paid to a blind practitioner, Dr. Gale, of Bristol, for curing a wealthy patient of lameness.

#### LIBERTY CONTROLLED

DEFENDING the liberty of the press, Fr. Ignatius Smith, O.P., points out in "The Torch" that academic freedom, the financial and physical life of the nation, and religious freedom are all affected. But he adds the fact that:

The press is not a law unto itself, even though there be a mass of unthinking people who believe that the press is in-

fallible and that a thing must be true and must be right because it is printed. It is possible for the press to abuse and to endanger liberty by going far beyond the frontiers of real liberty. It must always be guided by principles that keep in mind the personal rights of citizens that are guaranteed to them by justice and charity even though they be not covered by the law. The press must keep in mind the rights of the nation and the integrity of the republic even when these rights be not stated in the law. The press must keep in mind the rights of God even though all of these rights be not incorporated in the definite laws of the land. It is impossible for law to cover all possible deviations from liberty in every field of life or in any field and not one of us wants to see any attempt by law to further control the liberty of the press with a flood of laws or a deluge of censorship. Reputable editors know they are not a law to themselves just as they know they cannot satisfy in print all the curiosity of the unprincipled elements of our population.

#### A LESSON FOR ADVERTISERS

FROM the "Golden Jubilee" catalogue of Sears, Roebuck & Co., mailed recently to 6,500,000 customers, "Printers' Ink" draws three lessons of value to the average advertiser:

1. Though the occasion was its 50th anniversary, Sears devoted less than one-tenth of 1% of the catalog to talking about itself, "which might be a good proportion to keep in mind."

2. Though it is necessary to describe mail-order merchandise in great detail, Sears provides "more information than is ordinarily available in the personal transaction."

3. "Nowhere in the volume is merchandise represented as a means to such ends as these:

Getting a husband.

Holding a husband.

Saving the home from wreckage.

Soothing the nerves.

Getting a date for the Junior Prom.

Curing a disease of the housewife's knuckles' type.

Overcoming social inferiority.

Eliminating sleepless nights.

Preventing the baby from having to have dental plates at age 7.

Stimulating an emotional jag.

"Yet somehow Sears seems to struggle along and sell a few items every year."

#### EXTRAORDINARY BEGINNING

FROM "Christ in Korea," by Rev. Stephen B. Hannon, M.M., comes the following—worthy of a Ripley "Believe It or Not."

Korea, alone among the nations who have heard the Gospel, has this unique Christian history that no missionaries brought the Faith to it; its own sons were its own first apostles. In fact, through the reading of Catholic books of doctrine, the Faith was introduced, converts made, and an infant Church set up. This before an apostle from outside the land had entered Korea.

About the time of our American Revolution, several young scholars, interested in the study of philosophy and the search for truth, came upon Chinese books which explained the teachings of the Catholic Church. The treatises so appealed to these seekers after the truth that they wished to know more of that sublime way of living. At that time no Koreans were permitted to leave their native land, and any foreigner who dared penetrate this Hermit Kingdom of Korea invited torture and death. Fortunately, one of the Korean philosophers had an uncle who was a member of the Korean embassy which made regular trips into China to pay tribute to the Chinese emperor at Peking. Arrangements were made by the uncle to take his nephew on one of the trips. Thus the seeker after the truth met the Catholic Bishop of Peking, received instruction, and was baptized.

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# Death Struggle in Mexico

*The Persecution of Religion in Mexico, Instead of Abating, is  
Becoming More Intense and Diabolical*

By Michael Kenny, S.J.

**T**HAT the atheizing of education and confiscation of Catholic properties are gaining on all fronts is the latest report of the Bishops and the authorized lay leaders of Mexico. In sending a flattering endorsement of the little book, *No God Next Door*, Archbishop Gonzalez of Durango, Secretary of the Mexican Bishops' Committee, forwarded also a copy of an interview which he had just given to an American correspondent. Marked with the seal and signature of the prelate who has been the most outstanding defender of faith and people for two decades, this is the most authoritative account of the procedures that are now uprooting faith and freedom, and had best be conveyed in his own words. Questioned on the reported lightening of persecution, the Archbishop said:

"Every day that passes the persecution becomes more effective. The law promulgated last August on so-called national property is being enforced. Daily some building is nationalized on the pretext that it is the property of the Church, that it is occupied by clergymen, that it is used as a centre for religious teaching or that acts of worship are practiced within its walls. There are numerous instances, but to be brief I shall refer only to the most recent: Eureka Academy, Federal District, was raided by agents of the Department of the Interior December 30, between the hours of ten and eleven P.M., who without the slightest consideration proceeded to eject the professors from the building. These and the little girls who were sheltered there were flung out on the street and a distressing sight it was to see them at these late hours of the night begging shelter in neighboring homes. Because the Minister of the Interior suspects that religious instruction was being imparted, the property of the academy is in danger of being confiscated in favor of the Nation, that is to say, nationalized.

"A group of Franciscan Sisters of advanced age, of Mexican nationality, who lived as a private family in Tacuba, Federal District, were ejected from their home the 3rd of this month, and the Minister of the Interior has nationalized the property. The Sarinana Hospital was nationalized the 10th of this month by the Treasury Department because Jose-

phine Sisters were employed there as nurses, although without their habits.

"It may be stated that if the law referred to continues to be strictly enforced, *all Catholics are threatened with the confiscation of their homes*, because it is inevitable that some act of worship be performed on the property. In addition, owners who are not Catholics are threatened, because the mere fact that the tenant may practice acts of worship on their property or engage in religious propaganda is sufficient to bring about nationalization by the Treasury Department. This threat has occasional disagreeable incidents such as the following: the manager of an office building went through each room and removed the pictures of saints, against the will of the tenants, for fear that these pictures might bring about the nationalization of the property.

"**I**N regard to public worship, I will say that although in the capital there is a show of toleration and the strict application of the law is dissimulated, probably so that tourists will not be apprised of the distressing situation in which we live, the rest of the republic is in the same situation as before. In fact, in some respects the situation is worse. There are 16 states without public worship, 14 in which all churches are closed, and 4 others in which the churches are open but the clergy are proscribed. In other states, although the clergy may officiate, they are so limited that extensive zones are completely unattended, and no influence has served to obtain their readmission or the reopening of the churches.

"It is notorious that the laws promulgated by the states limiting the number of the clergy are inspired by a spirit of rabid persecution. In some states no clergyman may officiate, in others one is authorized for 100,000, or 50,000, faithful. And this in a nation as vast, as sparsely settled as ours. In some states the fury reaches incredible extremes. In President Cárdenas' home town in the state of Michoacan, whose inhabitants are ardent Christians, the pastor is not permitted to officiate, nor even to administer the last sacraments to the dying.

"The foregoing, sufficiently distressing in itself, is of *secondary importance*

*compared to the socialistic attack on Christian education.* I refer to the constitutional amendment establishing compulsory socialistic education. It is false, most false, what certain pious persons are propagating, that the socialistic school is not anti-religious. This school is rabidly atheistic. Any person who examines the texts approved by the Department of Education, which are being distributed by the thousand through the length and breadth of the country will see that they are vicious attacks against revealed religion. Not only is it attempted to extirpate the Christian faith from the hearts of children, but also to make the Holy Name of God odious. In some towns professors who give private classes have been sentenced to prison and punished as though they were criminals; in others the persecution is more furious, and various young ladies who imparted instruction in the catechism have been deported to the Islas Marias Penal Colony, notorious for the vast number of Christians who have served sentence there. *Licensed* clergymen are expelled from their parishes if they preach against socialistic and sexual education. How can a Minister of the Gospel who should be the salt of the earth, fulfill his mission under these conditions!

"Verily, if the situation is not remedied soon, the coming generation will be ready to acquiesce in the implantation of a Soviet régime in Mexico as frightful as the system in Russia.

"**I** WILL add that in Puebla 53 buildings were nationalized during the month of December—one because two priests were tenants, another because it was used as a centre by the Knights of Columbus, etc. In my diocese all properties used as centres of Catholic charity have been nationalized. One building belonging to Madame Sarabis was confiscated because the diocesan seminary was installed therein. Many bishops have been expelled from their dioceses, and those who have not been are impeded from fulfilling their pastoral mission. I have received a letter from the Bishop of Chihuahua, informing me that he is unable to officiate because he is being kept under vigilance in the house he occupies. I have another

letter from the missionary to the Tarahumara Indians, informing me that he has had to abandon his mission."

Since the issuance of this interview even the lighter application of the persecuting laws in the Federal District has ceased to operate. Two priests have been arrested in the ordinary discharge of their pastoral duties, and two groups of Sisters, the one conducting as trained nurses a sanitorium at Tacuba, for the sick and aged, and the other, also qualified nurses, caring for abandoned girls and women and orphan boys at Guadalupe, were ruthlessly cast out upon the streets with all their charges, their altars and sacred vessels desecrated, and their homes and possessions confiscated by Federal order. A further number of private schools that refused to accept socialist education have also been confiscated, and the atheizing system is being applied with intensified force by President Cárdenas, who has supplied this preface to the schoolbooks issued for 1936:

"Because the ideology, pedagogic technique and teachings contained in the readers dominated *Simiente*, written by Prof. Gabriel Lucio, respond to the ends pursued by Socialistic Education, the Federal Executive which is in my keeping has ordered that said books be edited by the Popular Editorial Commission of the Department (of Education), in the quantity necessary to supply the requirements of the rural education of the country."

THESE school books, called *Simientes*, or Sowers, bear out the judgment of Archbishop Curley that the Mexican atheizers are even more clever in their methods than the Russian prototypes, and confirm Archbishop Gonzalez' fears for the rapid atheization of the nation. One of them is a book of catchy Communist poems, of which the most elaborate is a blasphemous satire on Christ the King, dedicated to Karl Marx. Another is a book of stories, each showing insidiously how religion and property ownership were merely instruments to enslave and impoverish the masses. One of the tingling poems in the fourth reader, titled *Hands*, runs thus:

"Comrade, the jeweled hand is not that of thy brother; it is the hand of a rascal, of a robber, for each ring is a circle of thy sweat. Brother, do not shake the hand of the exploiter; shun the delicate hand of the tyrant who murders thee. Seek the calloused hand which is that of thy brother! From the latter grows the grain, from the former, the thorn."

Besides many naked sexual teachings to children of eight years and upward, there is a special book revealing the minutest details of sex and of sex relations prescribed for primary grades, and through them all runs blasphemous ridicule of God and religion and its sanctities, with the vilest illustrations. One of

the few free from obscenity, but typical of the general trend against religion, is called *The Bells*, and runs thus:

"In the high bell tower that rises above the roof of the church, hang two bells. From this site they dominate the panorama of the city . . . and the distant country. . . . The Bells are called, one *La Cruz* (The Cross) because of a great cross engraved on its exterior, and the other *Argentina* (Silver-Voiced) because of its thrilling tone. They were chiming harmoniously, calling believers to the religious services, when the wind came and cried with a strong voice: 'Shut up, impostors. You only serve to deceive fools.'

"Here comes the intruder," said *La Cruz*, "to insult us as usual."

"**E**ACH day that passes," replied *Argentina*, "I am more and more convinced that the wind is right; for this reason I now ring with reluctance . . ."

"Is it possible?" interrupted *La Cruz*. "You too deny the holy religious doctrines?"

"Yes," affirmed *Argentina*, "because I have meditated deeply on the words of the wind, on the things he has told us when, tired of his excursions through the world, he stops and talks to us. Remember, everything in this church signifies the work and suffering of the poor. We were cast by simple artisans; other unhappy laborers, although paid miserable wages, toiled in the construction of these walls; some of them, falling from the high scaffolding, died on the job, and all—but why, if the workers receive no benefit from the church?"

"Ah," exclaimed his companion, "it is here that those who suffer find consolation; the priests preach love."

"That is not true," replied *Argentina*. "The wind has explained to us many times that the priests, for hundreds and hundreds of years, have counseled the humble, those who possess nothing, to resignation and subjection; they promise them a false joy after death, to persuade them to suffer injustice and vexation; they separate them from the social struggle. The priests are the allies of the rich and, like the rich when they pray, kneel in cushioned pews, whereas the poor kneel on hard paving stones; the baptisms and marriages of the former are pompous ceremonies, whereas for such acts of the latter a few words are sufficient. Observe how day by day the number of persons who come to church diminishes; notice above all that now children scarcely come; on the other hand, we see them run and play, happy as the birds, in the parks and boulevards."

"And in what will people believe when religious faith has disappeared?" asked *La Cruz*.

"They will believe in a newer and truer social justice! They will believe in a régime in which all work and pro-

duce; they will believe in the conquests of Science!" responded *Argentina*.

"But what of us? Will we become useless?" asked again *La Cruz*.

"Our good friend, the wind," explained his companion, "has foreseen what will happen to us: we will be carried to a school, maybe a rural school, and there we will call the children to work, to study; then we will chime eagerly; this church will be converted into a library where workers will come for instruction . . ."

In such fashion the two bells were conversing, when they heard again the sound of the wind approaching. But it was an unusual sound, in which they perceived rare notes: echoes of angry curses and of jubilant cries.

The wind had come, and in a voice louder than ever, shouted: "I come from the far-off lands; I have gathered and will spread all over the earth the clamor of the workers who have destroyed all the old prejudices! I announce to the world the birth of a new age!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The incidents cited and the anti-religious and anti-moral revolution that *The Sower* readings must gradually produce in youthful minds and hearts give ample ground for the all but despairing fears of Archbishop Gonzalez and his colleagues. One thing alone saves them from despair, the hope of aid from their United States brethren. The Committee of National Action and the Fathers of Families Union have each sent to the American Bishops' Committee detailed reports of their work and of their need, both endorsed by Archbishops Gonzalez and Nuñez, representing the Mexican Bishops. The Fathers of Families have been organizing private schools throughout the land to combat the government's atheizing schools; and co-operating with them, the National Action leaders have been extending this work in aid of teachers and employees dismissed by the government for failure to forswear their faith, and in marshaling young and old of both sexes and of all classes and occupations in various societies defensive of religion and liberty against all the force of government threats, penalties and inducements. All this demands heavy expenditures; and despite the sacrifice of impoverished teachers and workers, their resources are exhausted. They ask for our united prayers, but also for our practical charity. Both Bishops and lay readers are crying to us with painful urgency: Come quickly or we perish.

**T**HERE is one other circumstance that brings this problem home to the citizens of the United States and makes it their own, in a civic as well as religious sense. With all these facts and all these de-religionizing and demoralizing teachings and practices before his eyes; with

President Cardenas' seal upon each one and his order to spread and intensify them through all the land, our ambassador, Josephus Daniels, delivered a spontaneous eulogy in Mexico City, January 11, on President Cardenas and his noble ideals, on the heights of progress to which he has lifted Mexico by his economic, but especially by his educational, achievements; and he put the results of the economic communizing and educational atheizing of Cardenas on a par with the New Deal accomplishments in the United States. It was already realized in Mexico that President Roosevelt, in replying to the Knights of Columbus Supreme Board, that under no circumstances whatever would he interfere with the Mexican Government's course, had given another signal to that government to continue and extend it. Mr. Daniels' subsequent approval of this course in direct and definite language is now taken as a formal message from the United States administration that Mexico's persecuting tyranny has a free hand to carry it to what extremes they please, and that we of the United States view their communizing trends and courses with sympathetic interest.

This makes the whole matter eminent-

ly a United States question. It puts the responsibility upon every American citizen. Shall we permit our President and Administration to support and promote Communism and religious persecution in Mexico? They are our servants. Mr. Daniels is the servant of our servants. Shall we, or shall we not, by protest and command, and by vote if need be, order them to desist? If we do not so exercise our civic duty, we shall not only be held responsible for the dethronement of God in Mexico, but we shall have opened our southern doorways to the entry of the same system in our own land.

**T**HE duties imposed on us by the menace to religion and liberty in Mexico are excellently summed up in a letter to *America* of February 8:

"If from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and from Duluth to New Orleans the call had gone forth for prayer during a certain week or period; if the Knights of Columbus had organized a national series of public meetings of protest at which both Catholics and non-Catholics could have been invited and enlightened; if they had followed up with the appointment of a committee on publications in every district to keep the public and press

informed about the latest developments; if the Catholic press, the secular press, and the radio had been used to the fullest extent; and lastly, if adequate financial assistance had been appealed to for the thousands of refugees, especially the clergy and Religious; if these things had been done, it is my conviction that the Congress and the President would have taken steps to put an end to the intolerable conditions prevailing in that unhappy country, because the pressure would have come from the great mass of our people, regardless of religious affiliation, who still love truth, justice, liberty and fair play.

"It can still be done. We owe it to our Mexican brethren in charity, if not in justice, because we as a nation are largely responsible for their present misery. For twenty years we have aided and abetted their oppressors, many of whom are of such character that in large sections of this country they would be strung up on the nearest tree."

Mexico's pressing needs, and ultimately our own, call for an immediate and simultaneous program of United Prayer, of United Practical Charity, of United Civic Protest, under united leadership, clerical and lay.

## Easter Week—1916

By Charles Owen Rice

**I**N the spring of 1916 the World War was in its second year and the armies of England were locked in a death struggle on the Western Front. England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity, seven grim-faced idealists signed a proclamation of Irish independence, and in Easter Week a short but bloody revolt blazed in the streets of Dublin. Plans for a rising all over Ireland had miscarried and the British forces were able to concentrate on Dublin. Within a week they had shelled the rebels into submission. The hostilities had opened Easter Monday, April 24. Three weeks from that day Padraig Pearse and fifteen other leaders had been executed. Over two thousand participants and suspects were promptly jailed and deported. It seemed as if a gallant episode had flared briefly and then gone out.

Black gloom descended on the survivors. Their dream was shattered, their leaders dead, their companions in arms crushed and dispersed, the people of Ireland unaroused and coercion heavy on the land.

We who are reading history backwards from a distance of twenty years may find this gloom of the survivors strange, for to us Easter Week stands

for glorious success. Let us remember that in May, 1916, the glorious uprising of the entire Irish nation in the name of the dead heroes was far in the future. At the time of which I write there was little to brighten the picture.

Today it is difficult for us to realize that the revolt of 1916 was not a popular one. It was, as a matter of fact, unpopular for a number of reasons. In 1916 Ireland was more favorably disposed to England and more content with her lot than ever before or since. From the time of the Parnell split Irish national feeling had ebbed low. The destinies of the country had fallen into the hands of minor politicians; the people knew it, and were disgusted. It is in anger and revulsion at these times that Canon Sheehan wrote that bitter novel, *The Graves of Kilmorna*.

Groups of intelligent young men were pushing Gaelic games, language and culture, but the country at large was degenerating under a program of Anglicization, which was being pushed through the schools and the press. The British Conservatives had adopted an economic policy of "kindliness" toward Ireland. This policy had an enervating effect on Irish nationalism. Moreover,

just at the time of which I write, England's war propaganda machine was at its amazingly efficient best. It had whipped her own people into a frenzy; it was beginning to achieve similar success in the United States; and in Ireland it had actually succeeded in implanting a pro-British sympathy in the mass of the people. Finally, Ireland was prosperous and satisfied.

**A**T such a time and to such contented people, Easter Week was a particularly annoying bombshell. It brought up memories many would have liked to forget. It brought back things which only the slums remembered, the slums and the mountains and margin lands; things, which elsewhere were remembered only by a few stout spirits whom nothing, not even prosperity, could lead to forget.

So it is that on many an Irish tongue there were hard words for the "fools" in Dublin. Some there were who said that shooting was the proper treatment for German agents. Padraig Pearse, guiding spirit of the revolt, was a better prophet than perhaps he himself knew, when in his play *The Singer*, he had MacDara speak of being "brought before

a great crowd that stood cold and silent; and there were some that cursed me in their hearts. . . ."

It was in reaction against this degeneration of national spirit that Sinn Fein, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and kindred groups were formed. There was a growing realization among the young and the intelligent, that something precious and irretrievable was dying in Ireland, and that drastic action was necessary to save it. These, whom we might call progressive thinkers, had no faith in Parliamentarianism. Some of them, like Arthur Griffith, felt that a program of passive resistance had most chance of success. With most of them, however, the conviction that armed force was imperative grew stronger with each passing day, because they felt that England was merely temporizing in the matter of Home Rule and would respond to physical force alone. Increasing numbers of these progressives developed the firm persuasion that a ringing blow must be struck, and soon, if the people of Ireland were ever to be wakened from their dangerous dream of peace.

THE radical nationalists were organized into three bodies: Sinn Fein, the Irish Republican Brotherhood (generally referred to as the I.R.B.), and the Citizen Army. Although these three organizations were alike in believing that the connection with England had to be broken, they had some points of dissimilarity. Sinn Fein, for instance, was originally pacifistic, but it changed gradually. On the other hand the I.R.B. were a secret group, spiritual descendants of the Fenians and out-and-out believers in the necessity of physical force. The third group, James Connolly's Citizen Army, trusted in armed revolt but was socialistic in tendency and maintained that political freedom was inextricably bound up with emancipation of the "workers from the slavery of the bosses." By one of those freaks of history the entire movement has come to be known as Sinn Fein.

These various groups were making progress. Their slow advance was accelerated by a major British blunder. A Home Rule Bill for Ireland was being advocated in Parliament. This bill would provide a very limited autonomy for the country. In the Protestant North of Ireland there was strong opposition to the bill. When it seemed certain of passage, the Northmen armed themselves illegally and threatened to resist by force. England made the grave error of tolerating and abetting this illegal action.

Southern Ireland was angered by the turn events had taken. By way of reaction, an armed force, called the Irish Volunteers, was organized in the South. As a fighting unit these volunteers were not too formidable. Even if they were not eager to do any actual fighting, they put ideas into peoples' heads and, most

important of all, they gave Pearse and the I.R.B. an excellent blind under which to plot revolution in earnest, and procure arms.

As England was drawn deeper into the World War, plans for the rising were worked out. All radical groups were agreed that such a splendid opportunity for striking a blow against the conqueror was not to be lost. In the Spring of 1916 the plans matured.

The rising was to be called under cover of a mobilization of the Irish Volunteers. It was to be simultaneous throughout the entire country. Roger Casement was in Germany arranging for a shipment of arms and ammunition. Word came that the arms ship was to be expected off the coast of Kerry toward the end of Holy Week. The leaders determined to strike on Easter Sunday, by which time the badly needed supplies would have been distributed. Cruel fate then took a hand. Messengers speeding from Dublin to meet the ship and land the arms, were killed in a motor accident. Casement was captured by the British, and the arms ship was scuttled by its crew. Eoin MacNeill, commander of the Volunteers, countermanded the mobilization order.

Pearse and the Dublin leaders determined to fight anyway, and they had hopes that the country would rise in their support once the fighting had begun. Easter Monday morning the Dublin volunteers seized a series of strong positions in the capital and the battle was on. Unfortunately the countermanding order had bewildered the provincial leaders and only in a few isolated spots was there action outside of Dublin. After casualties of about five hundred on each side the rebels were forced to surrender. From a military point of view the revolt had ended in complete failure.

TO those who had planned to revolt but had been prevented by the countermanding order, it brought mental torture. Rumors of the fighting and the casualties came out to them distorted by the censored press. Finally the sixteen dragged-out executions seared their souls. Four years later Terence MacSwiney of the Cork Brigade was dying of hunger strike in Brixton Gaol. As his life ebbed away, he wrote, "Oh! the pain of Easter Week is properly dead at last!"

Hundreds were taken prisoner in the surrender and other hundreds were jailed as suspects. The fine flower of Ireland's leaders lay cold in death. Sixteen flames of inspiration were quenched and black despair followed the quenching. Crowned sorrow of sorrows, the people of Ireland for whose sake so much had been risked and lost, stood "cold and silent."

But did they? Unknown to the lonely men in prison, there was a stirring through the land. As the glory and nobility of Easter Week began to dawn on the people, the mutterings against the rebels

subsided. Mutterings rose again but they were directed against the executioners. Ireland was learning to value the treasure that had been hers now that it was lost. A thrill ran through the nation, of pride and anger. As the land learned more of the dead soldiers and pondered on their message, the pride and anger grew.

They grew until in 1918 all Ireland with a unanimity, unequalled before or since, registered at the polls a demand for freedom; until in 1919 a Republic was established and operated as the *de facto* government; until in 1921 England asked for peace. In 1922 tragedy again stalked the scene. But the march of the nation began once more and has continued, inspired by the blood sacrifice of the "splendid fools" of '16.

PEARSE clearly saw the necessity of his dying to gain what he could not by living. 1915 in his stirring "Oration at the Grave of O'Donovan-Rossa" he had said, "Life springs from death, and from the graves of patriot men and women spring live nations." But the pity of it that so much youth and talent had to die! Seven men signed the proclamation of a republic, and placarded their message and their signatures in Dublin. They knew that in the almost certain event of failure they had signed death to themselves. They signed nevertheless in grave earnestness, but calmly. When the time came for them to meet death they met it gayly.

It was a tragic sacrifice which these seven men made so gladly. Ireland gained from their sacrifice, but she lost too, from that destruction of leadership and ability! In the aged Tom Clarke, the last of the Fenians, she lost a vital link with the past. In the brothers Padraic and William Pearse she lost ardent educators, whom her youth sorely needed. In Padraic she lost more than an educator. She lost poet, orator, dramatist and inspired leader. In MacDonagh and Plunkett she lost major poets, one of them with his first pure songs barely sung. In Connolly she lost the hope of the worker, a leader of the oppressed whose place has not been filled to this day. In MacDiarmuid she lost the teacher and leader who, in the words of Brian O'Higgins, "brought more soldiers into the Army of the Irish Republic than any man of his time." In Eamon Ceannt she lost a really great musical genius and a rare spirit.

The future lay bright before them. Fame and fortune beckoned, but they surrendered all bravely with calm, dry eyes, and who can say that they did wrong? Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, hailed them as Ireland's "latest martyrs." We can but agree.

"Be green on their graves, O! happy Spring,  
For they were young and eager who are dead."

# PESSIMISTS PREFERRED

*Gloom Once Made the Gloomy Dean a Better Man Than He Is Now. A Pessimist Is Preferable to an Official Optimist*

By G. K. Chesterton

AT this fairly late stage of my experience, I feel an enormous exhilaration. This is really a psychological fact; and perhaps requires some explanation. It arises out of the crisis of the world, which I have lived to see, as I see it.

When I began to write, I was called an Optimist; and may have deserved, or possibly accepted, the epithet. This was not, as will be said by the cynic, the skeptic, the materialist, the modern psychologist, and the whole herd of wild asses, merely because I was young. As a fact, it was precisely because nearly all the other young men were pessimists, that I consented to call myself an optimist. It was precisely because they boasted so arrogantly of being completely in the dark, that I pointed out that there is something to be said for the daylight.

But perhaps it is true that my vision was then much too much limited to a mere acceptance of the daylight. Yet it is, on its own legitimate level, the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and at least I prefer it to the black candles which led so many enlightened, or benighted, suicides out of the world. Those who remember the Age of Schopenhauer will always attach a vivid sense to that great phrase; about a yesterday that lighted fools the way to dusty death.

But then, after naturally enjoying the daylight, I came to be troubled with the twilight. It was no longer a war between light and darkness, as between hope and hopelessness; but only a conflict of hopes, many of which I thought pretty hopeless. I found myself apparently among divided counsels; as for instance, I liked patriotism; I hated pacifism; but I hated imperialism more. And now, at this much later stage, I am beginning to find that most of the things I really like are on one side; and most of the things I dislike on the other.

I regretted that Religion should be against Liberalism; when I really imagined that Liberalism was in favor of Liberty. So far as I can see now, there is not the remotest chance of the restoration of Liberty except through the return of Religion. All that there is, in substance, on the other side, is a row of

I regretted that Religion should be against Liberalism; when I really imagined that Liberalism was in favor of Liberty. So far as I can see now, there is not the remotest chance of the restoration of Liberty except through the return of Religion. All that there is, in substance, on the other side, is a row of official optimists, boasting of the liberties they have not got, and defending the religion they do not believe.

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Take, for instance, the very sad case of Dr. Inge. It is a very sad case; because he would have made us all much happier, if he could have remained a little sadder. Cheap journalism jeered at him, of course, as the Gloomy Dean; and his gloom was the good thing about him. He had it in him to be a much bitterer and better man than he is now. There was once a sort of salt in his composition, which might have made him exactly the candid friend who is now the only patriot that England needs. It need not have meant that he accepted my own creed; but it has been utterly ruined and rotted away by his raging hatred of that creed. So fixed and frozen is his horror of the whole idea of the return of Catholicism, that he has become a mere provincial partisan of the isolation of England. He has become simply an official apologist; and therefore, what is horrible in his case, even an official Optimist. How much he might have cheered us all up, if he had only remained a Pessimist.

He wrote recently an article which I can only call incredible. What bewilders me is not his utterance on spiritual faiths, but on material facts. Of course he says that the Catholic convert is a suicide who will never be himself again; while the Catholic convert knows that he never was himself before. But why should he imply that the Englishman is the only man who likes living in the country; when he is now nearly the only

man who has no country left to live in? Why should he represent the Englishman as living in Arcadia, when he is the only person who has notoriously neglected agriculture? Why should he shout like a politician on a platform; as if every gaping gap and blank could be filled up by boasting?

I pass over all the rest, though it teems with quiet fun. It is fun, for instance, that he should denounce Catholics for metaphorical suicide, when they are among the few people who still disapprove of actual suicide. It is fun that he has heartlessly deserted the poor Prussians, who used to be presented as patterns of the efficiency of Protestants; that he should now be clinging desperately to the last Northern crags and almost ready to take refuge in Iceland. What has become of poor old Houston Stewart Chamberlain? It is fun to hear the recital of the virtues and talents of the Englishman; I fear irreverent foreigners would say that his chief talent seems to be for praising himself. It is frightful fun to read that Protestant States do not use coercion against secession; never any Coercion Acts for Ireland, for instance. For the rest, I agree with him in liking Scandinavians for they are really likable; but alas, the suicide rate is rising even there. Leading Scandinavian thinkers have lately gone over to Rome.

But my chief question is quite short and simple. What in the world can he mean by saying that the Industrial Revolution was "an episode in our history which broke up for a time our natural habits?" Does he think the episode of industrialism is over? I can only say that, if Dr. Inge does not know that our beautiful countryside is being cut up and destroyed by industrial expansion more ruthlessly than ever, he is the only Englishman alive who does not know it. Does he think our big towns are being ruralized, when everybody knows that our countryside is being urbanized? I happen to share his taste for a quiet country life. But I also have a taste for facing facts; and it is simply a stark staring fact that England has lost that country life, much more than any other country in the world. I wonder if he wonders why.

# Europe Approaches Its Crisis

*The Present Situation in Europe Is Ominously Like That in 1914. Will the Experience of That Catastrophe and the Peace Machinery Set Up Since Then Save Europe Now?*

By Denis Gwynn

NEVER since the Great War ended has there been quite so much anxiety and suspense in Europe as exists at the time of writing this article early in March. Herr Hitler's latest defiance involves repudiating the Locarno Treaty, as well as the Treaty of Versailles—for which nobody nowadays has a good word to say. But he has himself insisted upon the profound difference between the two Treaties, claiming that he would be bound by Locarno while he was determined to override the Treaty of Versailles.

Yet there is nothing new in the repudiation of treaties, even when they have been freely made and freely signed as the Treaty of Locarno was, less than twelve years ago. It is deplorable, of course; and it shakes all faith in the possibility of establishing any machinery for the prevention of war. But the mere fact of repudiation would not frighten the world as the events of the past few days have done. What alarms the ordinary man and woman everywhere is that these disturbing events have occurred at the moment when armaments are being feverishly increased in every country, when each nation believes that it must rush to arms in self-defence without quite knowing who or what may threaten it, and when the one thing we all hope for is that no dramatic or sudden events will occur anywhere which might precipitate a crisis.

## Hitler's Coup

YET such events have occurred, through Hitler's sudden and gratuitous action—and at the very time and place where upheavals are most to be feared and are most easily provoked. No wonder that alarm spreads and that the restoration of normal conditions seems more hopeless than ever.

Yet nothing has happened which had not been expected in one form or another for months past. Only last month I wrote here (as I have frequently done before) that the military occupation of the Rhineland by Hitler was becoming imminent, and that a vehement press campaign in Germany in favor of it suggested that we must expect developments. So far as opinion in England is

ONE does not wonder at the fear the French feel of German invasion. They, as well as the Germans, are familiar with Herr Hitler's autobiography called *Mein Kampf*. In it, Hitler says:

"Germany must leave the defensive and get up courage for a final, active settling of accounts with France."

"France is the deadly enemy of our people."

"Never permit the rise of two Continental powers in Europe. If an attempt is made to organize a second military power on Germany's boundaries, or if such a nation already exists, look upon it as an attack on Germany; deem it not only the right but also the duty of Germany to destroy that nation with all means, even with the use of military power."

concerned, I doubt if one man in ten opposes Germany's claim to assert her complete sovereignty in the Rhineland. The first impression when Hitler's coup was announced was that Germany had rightly asserted herself at the first opportunity, and that any self respecting people would inevitably have done the same thing.

Why, then, has his action caused such consternation? Nobody can call it an act of aggression, when he has simply moved troops into the frontier towns of Germany, where a semi-military German police have already been in control for years since the war. But it has affected the prospects of peace in two serious ways. First is the flat repudiation without warning of a treaty which Germany freely negotiated with her neighbors for her own better security. There was no obligation whatever upon Germany to sign the Locarno Treaty, and the Treaty itself provided for adjusting any difficulties which might arise out of it. Like all treaties, it contained various features which one or other of the contracting Powers would have wished to escape; but Stasemann

signed it, Mussolini signed it, and Briand and Austen Chamberlain signed it, because it brought to all of their countries a sense of greater security for years to come.

And now suddenly and without consultation or warning Herr Hitler has not only announced that he will no longer be bound by the Treaty of Locarno. Before doing so, he took action in open defiance of it by sending large bodies of troops to occupy the demilitarized Rhineland zone. I repeat that in England sympathy is overwhelmingly on his side in his claim to occupy the Rhineland; but such sympathy does not mitigate the vital difficulty which his action has produced. He now couples his repudiation of the Locarno Treaty with an immediate request for a different Treaty and with an offer to re-enter the League of Nations. But what value can any Treaty have if it is liable to similar repudiation without notice? Even assuming that the British Government sympathizes with Hitler's claims as against France (which is largely true) how can it hope to persuade France to negotiate a new Treaty, which will presumably have no binding force if Germany should find it inconvenient later on?

In the meantime Hitler's action confronts France with a definite military menace which she has not known for years. Nobody in his senses can accuse France of wishing to attack Germany with any intention of conquest. The fear is all the other way. The only conceivable reason which France could have for attacking Germany would be to forestall an attempt at invasion from across the Rhine. Four times in the last hundred and twenty years the eastern frontiers of France have been so invaded, and there are hundreds of thousands of families in France's eastern provinces which have known, generation after generation, what invasion means and how desperate is the effort to regain or rebuild their conquered homes.

## Why France Is Interested

NOTHING can exorcize that fear from France. The demilitarized zone created by the Treaty of Versailles

was intended simply as a guarantee to France that she could not be invaded so suddenly as before. Not content with that physical guarantee, France has since spent billions of dollars in constructing a complete system of modern fortifications, with underground railways and shelters on a vast scale to protect her frontier on the French side of the No Man's Land in German territory which has hitherto been called the demilitarized zone. Hitler has now suddenly occupied that No Man's Land and filled it with German troops; and he reveals his intention of fortifying it in the same way that any country would fortify its frontiers.

Why, it may be asked should that simple decision throw half the world into panic? All the more when Hitler accompanies his action with promises of immediate negotiation which seem so simple and so attractive? For instance, he offers to withdraw his troops again and to perpetuate the demilitarized No Man's Land if France and Belgium will do likewise on their side of the frontier. That is a beautiful idea; but can anyone seriously expect that France will sacrifice the labor and the cost she has spent for years fortifying her own frontiers, and withdraw behind the fortifications which she has built to insure her against invasion. Again, Hitler now offers to sign a new Pact of non-aggression between the western countries of Europe. But the Locarno Treaty which he has repudiated was precisely that; it was a joint guarantee by Germany, France, England, Italy and Belgium to support each other if any one Power should attack another. The Locarno Treaty contained provisions which Germany disliked, by insisting that the Rhineland must at least for a time remain demilitarized. Any new Treaty would obviously have to contain some similar clause which Germany would sign reluctantly; and if Germany does not feel bound by Treaties which she signs, what use is there in trying to negotiate another?

#### Present Situation Inevitable

**W**HAT then shall France do? One of the chief guarantees of her security has been removed. German garrisons have been brought overnight to within artillery range of her frontiers. She has appealed at once to the other signatories of the Locarno Treaty, and through them to the Council of the League of Nations, which was already due to meet and discuss the Italian problem on March 13. What can they do, or say, except to advise every country to look quickly to its own defences and redouble its armaments, now that one guarantee of peace after another is being broken down? And unfortunately the two Powers which have thus defied their Treaty obligations on one pretext

or another are the two which clamor most urgently for territorial expansion at the expense of other countries.

The present difficulties have in fact arisen—precisely as they were expected to arise—out of Italy's defiance of the League of Nations over Ethiopia. I have written here again and again that the chief reason why the League Council made such strenuous efforts to dissuade Italy from her campaign was the conviction that the situation of Europe would become rapidly chaotic if Italy became involved in a major war in Africa. Step by step events have developed inevitably, as every informed observer had foreseen.

There were three main problems, each involving its own disaster if Italy proceeded to war.

#### Other Methods Possible

**F**IRST, all the League States (including Italy) were pledged not to go to war until arbitration had been tried and failed. A war of conquest against Ethiopia as a member of the League meant such flagrant repudiation of the Covenant and of the Kellogg Pact that all security would have vanished unless the other signatories of these peace instruments took some effective action to restrain Italy.

Secondly, even if one ignored the effect of such defiance of the Covenant and the Peace Pact, the practical effect must upset the whole balance of power in Europe. The conquest of Ethiopia, even if the other nations were prepared to ignore the appeals of a member of the League for protection, could not possibly be accomplished quickly. It must require the whole energies and resources of Italy at a time when Italy's guarantee of the integrity of Austria might be urgently needed. By undertaking the war in Africa Italy must leave herself unable to play her full part in maintaining stability in Europe.

Thirdly the repercussions of a great colonial war in east Africa must stir up forces throughout Africa and Asia which would be a direct menace to the other Powers.

Compare the position today with that of twelve months ago and the results are apparent everywhere. The League of Nations has been so weakened by Mussolini's defiance that there is no possibility of its bringing any serious restraining influence to bear upon German impatience. If Italy had not been pre-occupied with her African war, Hitler could never have dared to repudiate the Locarno Treaty. He would have undertaken negotiations, with the backing of both England and Italy, which would have restored his full rights in the Rhineland, but in a manner which would not have caused panic in France. The machinery of reconciliation could have been invoked and would have been

strengthened by securing improvement—just as the League was able to satisfy Germany aspirations in the Saar last year.

But it is not only that Italy has been unable to coöperate in upholding the Locarno Treaty. Hitler's next ambition concerns the future of Italy herself in a most vital way. Everybody outside France sympathized last year with Hitler's desire to win back the Saar, and it was done without the slightest disturbance. Reoccupation of the Rhineland was only the next stage in a wider program, which goes far beyond the mere re-assertion of Germany's claim to equality of treatment. The next stage is undoubtedly to absorb Austria into a Greater Germany.

Were no vested interests of other countries involved, and were there no menace to their safety from future attack, there would probably be as much sympathy in England and elsewhere with Germany's desire to absorb Austria as there has been with her desire to re-occupy the Rhineland and to regain the Saar. Community of language and natural unity of economic interests makes the amalgamation of Austria with Germany under present conditions the most obvious solution for Austria's terrible economic and social difficulties since the Great War. But the one country which is most opposed to the German hegemony of Austria, because of its own vested interests in the matter, is Italy.

The Locarno Treaty had established a stable poise which insured that any disturbance in Austria could be controlled. But Italy's preoccupations in Africa have so reduced her military strength at home that she is no longer in a position to protect Austria from German encroachments. No amount of diplomacy can save Italy from that direct result of Mussolini's adventure in Ethiopia.

Again and again rumors are floated that Italy has made a bargain with Germany—that they will join forces at Geneva in demanding colonies and other concessions, and that German support for Italy has been won by an Italian promise to refrain from any further intervention against Germany in Austria.

#### Italy's Position Doubtful

**B**UT the truth is that Italy can never agree to let Austria become Germanized without thereby bringing the German frontier to the Alps, where Italy holds in angry subjection a large German-speaking population who were forced to become Italian instead of Austrian subjects under the Peace treaties. And Hitler realizes already that Italy in her present condition has nothing to offer; and that Germany can get control of Austria without having to pay any price beyond waiting for it.

The one flicker of hope, in a situation which becomes more troubled from month to month, is that Italy has at least accepted in principle the invitation of the League of Nations to resume negotiations for peace, within the framework of the League and in the spirit of the Covenant. But there is no reason yet to hope that such acceptance is anything more than a maneuver. There is no evidence whatever that Italy would accept less today than she has already refused both before the war started and in the Hoare-Laval proposals. Even the Hoare-Laval proposals (which were repudiated by the League as being too generous to Italy, and by the British Government when it dropped Sir Samuel Hoare as its Foreign Minister) did not satisfy Mussolini. He demanded that the immense sphere of economic influence which it was proposed to cede to Italy should be under Italian and not international jurisdiction.

It is unlikely indeed that after Marshal Badoglio's recent successes in northern Ethiopia Mussolini will be prepared to abate his demands. Nor is there any reason to expect that the Negus would even discuss peace terms while the Italian armies remain in occupation of the territory which they have overrun. It is absurd even now to speak of such territory as having been "conquered" when four whole army corps are entrenched in the mountains, depending for their supplies upon a vast air force, and working frantically to consolidate their position against surprise attacks.

The campaign as a whole has gone much less favorably for Italy than was expected by the military experts. With undisputed command of the air, after years of preparation in Eritrea, and with all the equipment of a huge modern army against an almost unarmed and undisciplined African people, it seemed safe to assume that within the first six months the Italians would overrun all the lowlands and advance their line into the mountains before the rainy season began again.

#### Italian Military Tactics

YET they have not even reached the railway halfway between Eritrea and Somaliland, which the light tanks were expected to reach within a week. The railway is still the main source of military supplies for the Negus. They have been obliged to bring a fourth army corps into the mountains of Tigre to reinforce the first three; while in Somalia General Graziani's forces have failed to advance appreciably in the direction which would unite the northern and southern Italian fronts. Graziani's main success indeed appears to have been by raiding in pursuit of his attackers in the entirely opposite direction—thereby lengthening his front line

by some 200 miles and making it more difficult than ever to advance northward and join forces with Badoglio's armies.

#### Effects of Italian Campaign

FEELING about the Italian campaign has run so high that one is accused of being a misleading propagandist if one attempts to consider the military situation calmly. The most obvious comment, however, is that almost every military expert took it for granted that the Italian fronts would have both advanced long ago to a point where they would unite across the railway to Djibouti. By so doing they would have cut the railway and gained possession of it, shortened their own line, established direct communication and transport between the northern and southern fronts, and carried their general advance into the mountains at least as far all round as where they have now penetrated at one point only beyond Amba Alagi.

All their main attack has done apparently is, by immense effort, to clear the Tigre province and consolidated their line beyond the first formidable range of mountains as far as the Takkaze River. That will provide them with a natural frontier until the rains cease and the river dries up again. But their effort has involved far more troops and transport and supplies than had been expected, and the progress made is not half of what seemed inevitable at first, even on the assumption that it would take three years to penetrate the whole country.

But these are only details in the main problem of how soon could Italy hope to conquer Ethiopia securely enough to send out colonists to settle there and to withdraw the great armies which involve such enormous expense. Already Italy has exhausted her gold reserves, including even the wedding rings of Italian women. She has commandeered the banks to an extent which only Russia has tried hitherto. Her powers of borrowing abroad are already dissipated, and she is committed to the colossal expense of a colonial war which is still in its early stages.

If Mussolini tries to bargain with Germany under such conditions, what has he to offer that Germany cannot already hope to gain without paying any price whatever? If the League of Nations should withdraw the sanctions against Italy tomorrow, would her position be even appreciably bettered? She is committed to a long war of conquest in territory which has never been found worth conquering in the past and where colossal expenditure is needed to produce wholly disproportionate results. She has sent all the flower of her army to Africa and she has spent all her available reserves.

Yet the prospects of Italy accepting arbitration without prejudice as a means of stopping the war are apparently far

remote. In the coming months Mussolini will presumably consolidate his gains in the highlands of Tigre with a view to fresh attacks and fresh expenditure when the summer is over. By that time Germany will have carried her military rearmament much further and it will be surprising indeed if she neglects the opportunity to encourage a pro-German coup in Austria while Italy is unable to prevent it. As for the British Government, it should by then either have made a treaty or become thoroughly embroiled with Egypt; and it will have to face endless complications and reactions—some favorable and some the reverse—throughout the Mediterranean and the Middle East.

For the present there appears to be no immediate danger. France is unlikely to attack Germany even in panic, and Germany certainly has no intention at present of attacking France; though it would be absurd to think that Nazi Germany will not sooner or later attempt to regain the rich plains of Alsace and Lorraine if France grows weak while she grows stronger and more powerfully armed. The chief source of peril, though I do not think anything is likely to happen before the French general elections in April—is that France has turned desperately to Russia for protection against the German menace. All that she can offer in return for Russian support is a promise that if Germany should attack Russia, France would immediately attack Germany in the west to reduce the weight of Germany's attack in the east.

#### Russian Policy Incalculable

RATIFICATION of the Franco-Russian Pact, against which Hitler has been inveighing does in fact mean that promise of co-operation if Russia should be attacked. And as Russian policy is always incalculable no man can say when or where or even why such a crisis might arise. At present the French Chamber would probably go warily in support of Russia, but the elections are expected to produce a new Chamber much more under Socialist domination and in sympathy with Moscow. The recent elections in Spain have already produced a similar situation there, and it looks as though Russian influence will soon dominate France as well as Spain—encircling Germany with a passionate hatred.

Fear of that encirclement has driven Hitler to repudiate the Locarno Treaty, just as fear of Germany has driven France to conclude the Franco-Russian Treaty, against which Hitler protests so furiously. Each country when it begins to fear in that way increases its armaments so that it can feel more secure; and the result is only to confront the world with such a vast accumulation of arms and munitions on every side that each country becomes more terrified than before.

# FATHER RICHARD TAKES A HOLIDAY

By R. Dana Skinner

**T**HE British had brought guns from Malden and placed them behind the lazy windmills on the Canadian shore of the Detroit River. The war which had threatened during the winter of 1812 had at last broken out. But hostilities were still confined to angry looks across the river, and the excitement within Fort Lernoult and the Detroit stockade itself had made little change in the daily life of Father Gabriel Richard.

He was still the missionary pastor of St. Anne's church. The people of the French settlement of Detroit still looked to him to settle all their problems, big and small. He was still directing three schools, running the only printing press in Detroit, visiting the sick along five miles of river-front farms, keeping the peace between the old French families and the new arrivals, starting his day's work at sunrise and ending it with his beloved manuscripts under a lamp after midnight.

But on the morning of the tenth of August, he felt tired. It was a most unusual sensation. He had said his daily Mass at six and had taken his usual light breakfast at a quarter to seven. The hot sun had then invited him to the river front to catch a breath of cool air. But there was little breeze. The broad surface of the river was disturbed only by the swirling currents. The windmills on the Canadian shore stood motionless. It was too bright a day for fishing, he thought, yet—it would be a novel and comforting feeling to float in midstream, close to Belle Isle, and at least pretend to fish. It would be a holiday. He had taken no such holiday in five years. Decidedly, he was entitled to just one day of rest. If the British guns once began to fire, there would be no more chance to rest.

But he had a mildly guilty feeling when he took out his long unused fishing tackle and thought of carrying it through the streets to the boat landing. The habit of work had become strong within him, even before the French revolution had forced him to flee from his beloved France. Surely, no one seeing him on the streets would begrudge him his moment of leisure. His reason told him this. But habit yanked hard at his conscience. What if some one should need him during the day? He would have to miss the drill of the French Rangers in the after-

noon—but they could, of course, drill without his presence as their honorary chaplain. The printing press had to be repaired—but the next issue of the *Gazette* was still three days off. Logic and reason at last prevailed. Father Richard took up his rod and line and net and a box of bait and turned the handle of his front door.

A knock sounded on the door. Father Richard started like a boy caught at the jam cupboard. The knock was repeated. He carefully put down his burden and opened the door. Francine Cornay stood outside. There was a trace of tears in her big dark eyes.

"Oh—I do hope I haven't interrupted you at prayer, *Monsieur le Curé!*" she exclaimed, backing away a full pace.

At prayer! This time Father Richard's conscience did smite him mightily. "Not at all!" he reassured her hastily, "I was only repairing my fishing lines. What can I do for you, Francine? I hope your dear aunt is all right?"

**B**UT it appeared that the ancient Madame Cornay was not all right. She had had a fainting spell just after fixing the altar at St. Anne's. Father Richard knew she was much too old for the work, and had often told her so. But she had expressed the conviction that without her daily care, the little wooden altar might just as well be burned. He did not have the courage to replace her with a younger woman of the parish.

"She wants very much to see you!" pleaded Francine, "I think she is very ill. Can you come?"

Father Richard tried to conceal a deep sigh. Perhaps the afternoon fishing would be better than the morning, anyhow. Yes—he would be glad to go. Francine smiled gratefully. But as they crossed St. Anne's square and approached Madame Cornay's neat whitewashed house with its green blinds, the rumor of tears remained in her eyes. She did not respond with her usual brightness to Father Richard's questions about her garden and the work at the school where she taught spinning. Something other than her aunt's illness was plainly on her mind.

But Madame Cornay was, in fact, seriously ill. The simplest name for her illness was old age. "I shall be quite well

by tomorrow morning," she insisted, "but I needed to see you. I wanted your promise that no one else would be allowed to fix the flowers on the altar. If you'll promise that—I can be well again!"

**T**HE pallor of her lips told another story, but Father Richard gave her the desired promise. Then she let him go, but not without a last word. "Mind you don't let Francine take my place! If you do, I shall be very angry—and my temper will be on your own soul!"

Francine followed him out of the house. Madame Cornay had talked long, and the sun was already approaching the zenith. As he glanced at the sky, Father Richard had a vague presentiment that he would not reach the cool peace of the river before noon. Francine at once confirmed the presentiment.

"You were very good to Aunt Marie! I don't know what we would do without you. You see—I need your help, too, *Monsieur le Curé!*"

"Yes?" There was deep resignation in his tone.

"Yes—about Ensign O'Neill. You know—the young officer at the fort."

"So that's where the arrow has struck, eh?"

She blushed, and looked uneasily toward an inviting bench near the lilac bush in the garden. There was nothing to do but accept her unspoken invitation. Father Richard sat down, but again glanced at the sky.

"We are engaged—or were, I mean!" said Francine. "But I didn't dare tell Aunt Marie—as she hates every man who isn't French. She thinks they must be half heathen. And now—with tears overflowing at last—"And now—he's being worse than a heathen. He's being unfaithful!"

"Dear—dear—dear!" Father Richard's concern was gravely convincing. "Unfaithful is a very strong word. Are you quite sure?"

Francine tried unsuccessfully to bite back the tears. "He danced all but two dances at the fort last night with Alix Huette! He only danced with me twice!"

"But that is hardly proof of—infidelity!"

"He said she danced as well as—as a colleen!"

"But that doesn't mean that he loves Alix more than you!"

"What else could it mean?"

"Tell me this—did he go home with you, or with Alix?"

"With me, of course! And I told him just what I thought! I told him he must never see me again!"

"And what did he say?" Father Richard's patient eyes again tried to make a sun dial out of the shadow of the house on the lawn, but his voice was richly understanding.

"He said a terrible thing, *Monsieur le Curé*—"

"How very much too bad! What was it?"

"He said—he said I could go to—the devil!"

The tears now changed to heavy sobs. Father Richard felt it was safe to smile while a handkerchief was over her eyes.

"At least that proves he is not heathen! They don't believe in the devil!"

**S**HE looked up quickly. "Please don't make fun of me—I've had so much to bear!"

He thought of the days and nights she had devoted to Madame Cornay, and repented at once. "Forgive me, my dear! I merely meant that if he lost his good manners that far, he is probably very much in love with you. He didn't like your breaking the engagement—for which I hardly blame him!"

"I didn't break the engagement! I only told him—well, I did and I didn't. What I mean is—oh, Father Richard, you know just what I mean—and I want to see him again so much, and I'm afraid he'll go right to Alix Huette—and Aunt Marie is very sick and I'm all mixed up and unhappy! Please do something about it!"

A slight noon-day mist had gathered, which meant that the fishing might be good after all. Perhaps, by leaving immediately after lunch, the day on the water—

"Just what can I do?" asked Father Richard.

She smiled hopefully. "You could go to the fort—and see Philip O'Neill. He's there now!"

"Now?" The priest's voice sounded as if he were chanting the penitential psalms.

"Yes—right now! The officers are having an important meeting this morning. I heard that at the dance."

As Father Richard trudged up the slight incline to the fort a few minutes later, he stopped twice to look mournfully at the river. But habit prevented him from being cross. He found Philip O'Neill pacing up and down the officers' mess hall.

"Good morning to you, Father—a nice mess we're in, isn't it?" Philip's manner conveyed no suspicion of the reason for the priest's visit.

"Some new mess? Or just the war?"

"Why the jam at Brownstown, of course. Three hundred of us are detailed to go down there tomorrow to try to break through to Captain Brush at the River Raisin. We're leaving at eight—it's no secret!"

Father Richard sighed. "That makes it very short!"

"Makes just *what* short, Father?"

"Francine Cornay is quite unhappy—"

Philip smiled. "It's deserving to be unhappy, she is! And me telling her only the truth—that Alix Huette is a dancer after my heart. Can't a man tell the truth?"

"Of course, Philip—but Francine thinks you're in love with Alix!"

"Me—in love with that ugly nose and little mouth! It's her dancing feet I liked, and that's all, so help me Heaven!"

"Then why didn't you say that to Francine?"

Philip smiled reproachfully. "Now, Father—did you ever try to talk to a colleen who was so mad she did all the talking herself?"

Father Richard smiled too. "But Philip—you did manage, I believe, to squeeze in the word 'devil'!"

"And little enough that is for a soldier!"

"But there's a difference between directing your orderly to the devil and directing your future wife there! You'll admit that, won't you?"

Philip began to fidget uneasily. "The women are always right, Father. I'll not deny that—and I'll be apologizing this afternoon, if you say the word. I love her way down deep—and it would hurt me to leave tomorrow with her thinking me a brute!"

Before the priest left, it was agreed that Philip would try to make his peace before sundown. It was now so late that Father Richard accepted the invitation of several officers to join them at lunch. After that, he excused himself hurriedly, went to his house, brought out his fishing tackle, and walked quickly through a back street to the water front. His boat lay invitingly at the landing. It did not even need to be bailed out. He set his oars and cast off.

**R**OWING against the current was a slow process. But the calm of the afternoon refreshed him. He had reached midstream, had headed up the river toward Belle Isle when he heard a loud scream followed by several still louder screams. The oars suddenly grew heavy in his hands.

Even the river had deserted him. There was a fatality in those screams. He turned around. Not fifty yards away were two canoes filled with girls. A third canoe was floating, bottom upward, close by, and arms were waving frantically from the water. Father Richard bent to



his oars. What business did girls have on the river in war time! In less than a minute he was alongside the capsized canoe and hauling three bedraggled girls into his boat. One of them was Alix Huette. Distinctly, he thought, her nose was ugly and her mouth was small! Dripping water improved neither.

It was some minutes before the girls could talk coherently. But one thing was clear. They wanted to be rowed at once to the Brush landing. Father Richard turned his boat back toward Detroit. The sun was beginning to decline toward the west. But the habit of resignation prevailed. Five o'clock, thought Father Richard, might still be, after all, the best time of the day for fishing!

A considerable crowd had seen the accident and had collected at the two landings in front of the Brush farm. Among the curious at the lower landing, Father Richard recognized Philip O'Neill. A grim smile appeared on the priest's face. Alix Huette had certainly never looked less pleasing than at this



AT THAT OPPORTUNE MOMENT PHILIP O'NEILL APPEARED AT THE WICKET GATE.

moment. He deliberately pulled his boat toward the lower landing.

Carefully, he helped Alix from the boat. With equal care, he led her close to Philip O'Neill. A smile, which went astray in wisps of wet hair, came to her small mouth. Philip gave her one quick glance and turned to the priest.

"I was just going to row after you, Father—when this piece of luck turned you back. May I speak to you?"

Alix, with all the dignity that her unconventional situation permitted, swept away, and then ran headlong toward her house in St. Anne's square. Father Richard grunted.

"You're not very polite to your pretty dancer, Philip!"

"It's nothing I care for that water-logged bit! It's Francine you've got to see for me, Father. I've done everything! And never a bit will she listen to me! You'll have to see her at once. I can't be leaving tomorrow—like this!"

Father Richard glanced at the water, then at the sky, and lastly at the ground. Perhaps it had been selfish of him to want to leave this ground. He was not superstitious, but he could recognize a conspiracy of man and nature when it confronted him.

"Very well," he sighed, "I shall see Francine at once. As for you, Philip, be a good boy and get a marriage license from Pierre Harcourt. Tell him not to enter it on his books or say anything about it until tonight—as a favor to me!"

Philip stood irresolute. "But a marriage license—" he muttered.

Father Richard glanced up. "Off with you—at once!" he said sternly. He could not help a slight exasperation.

Francine was in the garden when the priest reached Madame Cornay's house. Her aunt was much better, she said primly—and then burst into tears. As the sun sank toward the Canadian shore, Father Richard talked with her gently

and then firmly. Philip was going on a dangerous expedition. He had apologized. Did she want to send him away without another word? Perhaps—to his death?

"Moreover, my child—you are no longer young!" he added.

The effect was instantaneous. "I am only just twenty-one!"

"Ah—but that is quite old not to be married—and after a war, there are always fewer men. It is a terribly sad truth! And besides, I know of a young widow who needs work badly and would make an admirable companion for your Aunt Marie. You have given quite enough years to your dear aunt!"

At that opportune moment, Philip O'Neill appeared at the wicket gate. "There, my child, stop being a bad girl—and go to him!" whispered Father Richard. "I shall go to see your aunt."

HALF an hour later, in his sacristy Father Richard pronounced Francine and Philip man and wife, just as the sun was setting over the broad expanse of the river. For the moment, he had forgotten the river. Marriages always elated him, and he was fond of Francine. Yet, even as he was giving them his final blessing, he saw Francine's face turn pale.

"But—*Monsieur le Curé*," she stammered. "Where can we go? We have no home—and Aunt Marie would never—"

"And, to be sure, there's not so much as a room at the barracks since the coming of the Ohio troops!" added Philip, who had also paled slightly.

Father Richard eyed them both helplessly. He was tired. Must he even provide lodgings for the newly married? Then the sight of Francine's pretty trembling lips dispelled his weariness, and he thought of the quiet of the river at night.

"You may have my house!" he said.

Francine and Philip looked at each other timidly.

"But you—*Monsieur le Curé*—what will you do?" asked Francine.

"What will I do?" Father Richard smiled wanly. "Oh—that is very simple. I was planning to spend the night on the river—fishing. You know, I was repairing my tackle this morning, just for that. It will be quite simple!"

"You are so much too good to us!" exclaimed Francine, catching his hand impulsively. Then she hesitated. "But, *Monsieur le Curé*—the fish are all asleep at night! You can't go fishing at night!"

Father Richard's smile brightened perceptibly. "Of course I can go fishing at night! If the fish are asleep, which I doubt—well, so much the better. It will be almost like—a holiday!"

His smile remained about his lips even after he had pushed out his boat into the gathering darkness and into the peace of the war-threatened waters.

# THE NEW PASSOVER

By **†Alexander MacDonald**

*THE New Passover is begun in the Supper, consummated on Calvary and continued in the Mass. Supper, Cross and Mass are one liturgical act, one sacrifice, continued forever in the Church.*

**I**N the decrees of the Council of Trent concerning the Mass (sess. 22, chap. 1) we read:

"Having celebrated the Ancient Passover which the multitude of the children of Israel immolated in memory of their going out of Egypt, He instituted the New Passover, Himself to be immolated under visible signs by the Church through the ministry of the priests, in memory of His passage out of this world to the Father, when He redeemed us by the shedding of His own Blood, delivered us from the power of darkness, and transformed us into His Kingdom. . . . This, in fine, is that oblation which was prefigured by various types of sacrifices during the period of nature and of the law, inasmuch as it comprises all the good things signified by those sacrifices, being the consummation and perfection of them all."

In the Supper Our Lord instituted the New Passover. To institute is to lay the foundations of, to set up for the first time, to inaugurate, to establish permanently. In the sentences immediately preceding, the Council tells us how our Lord did this. Declaring Himself constituted Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, He offered up to God the Father His own Body and Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, and commanded His Apostles and their successors in the priesthood to offer in like manner. "Do this," He bade them, "in commemoration of Me." If He had not done "this" then, we should not be doing it now. So this is Holy Mass, the offering up of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ under the appearances of bread and wine, by the Church, through the ministry of the Apostles and their successors in the priesthood. And this is the New Passover. When the Apostles, after the ascension of Our Lord into Heaven, did for the first time what He bade them do, the New Passover was completed liturgically, the first Mass was offered up.

What of Calvary? Does it belong to the New Passover? It is of the very essence of the New Passover; it is the heart and core of it. The Lamb slain

aforetime in type and prophecy, was offered in the Supper and slain on Calvary.

How, then, does the Council declare that the Mass is the New Passover? How but that the Mass is one with Calvary. The New or Christian Passover is begun by the offering in the Supper, consummated on Calvary, continued in the Mass. Supper, Cross, and Mass are one liturgical action, one sacrifice. In the Mass, Supper and Cross are joined together and completed liturgically. So it is the Mass the Council declares to be the New Passover, which is not the Supper alone, nor the Cross alone, but Supper and Cross welded into one sacrifice by the fires of the Passion, and continued evermore by virtue of the words spoken in the Supper.

Observe that it is the Mass, as the Council declares, which fulfills all the types of sacrifices offered up from the beginning of the world, the sacrifice of Abel, the sacrifice offered up by Noah after the flood, the sacrifice of Abraham, the sacrifice of Melchisedech, all the various sacrifices both bloody and unbloody, offered up under the Mosaic dispensation until the coming of Christ. All were types of the One Sacrifice of the New Law.

The Unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law is one with the Bloody Sacrifice of the New Law; Supper and Cross are not two sacrifices; Supper, Cross, and Mass are not three sacrifices, but One Sacrifice which finds in the Mass its culmination and complete liturgical operation. Not in the Supper, nor on Calvary, but on the "altar" that "we have" (Hebr. 13:10) does the Sacrifice of the New Law exist in the fullness of its being and function, fulfilling the various types of sacrifices of the law and of the time before the law. In the Mass and in the Mass alone, the fourfold end of sacrifice is attained, public worship of God, expiation of sin, thanksgiving for favors and especially the supreme favor of our Redemption, impetration of fresh favors. So God himself declared by the mouth of Malachy: "From the rising of the sun to its going down, great is My

Name among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, a Clean Oblation, for My Name is great among the Gentiles saith the Lord of Hosts." This is the New Passover.

Calvary is, as I have said, the heart and core of the Sacrifice of the New Law, but not by itself the complete sacrifice. This we have in the Mass, which therefore is the New Passover, including as it does the ritual offering of the Lamb in the Supper which is continued on our altars, the slaying of the Lamb, the handing over to God of the Blood of the slain Lamb—the Blood of the Passion of Christ, to make atonement for the sins of the world. "For," as the Council goes on to declare, "the Lord, appeased by the oblation thereof and granting the grace and gift of penitence, forgives sins and crimes even though they be enormous."

**T**HE Council points out, in the next sentence, how the Mass is one with Calvary: "For the Victim is one and the same, the same now offering by the ministry of priests who then offered Himself on the Cross, the manner alone of offering being different." The priest it is who offers sacrifice. So "manner of offering" indicates the way Our Lord offers the Mass as distinguished from the way He offered the Sacrifice of the Cross. Alone He offered the Bloody Sacrifice. The Mass, on the other hand, the unbloody continuation of the Bloody Sacrifice, He offers "by the ministry of His priests." But He it is who offers; the priest does not lend his hands and his voice. So the only real difference between Calvary and the Mass is to be found in the condition of the Victim, who is now glorious and immortal.

Never in this world was sacrifice complete till the victim slain or the blood of the victim slain reached the altar. So the Sacrifice of the New Law is complete in the Mass when the Blood of Christ is handed over to God on our altars. For, to cite once more the well-worn words of St. Cyprian, "The Passion of the Lord is the Sacrifice that we offer."—"the Blood of the Passion of Christ", as St. Thomas has it. Let the same Angelic Doctor witness to the faith of the Church from the beginning: "Christ by One Sacrifice, cleansed forever them that are sanctified. And if it be objected to this that we offer daily, I reply that we do not offer other than that which Christ offered for us, namely, His Blood."

# Grand Hotel for Women

By Helen Walker Homan

**LIFTING the veil that conceals the mysterious and exclusive precincts of a hotel for women. Of interest to both men and women readers.**

**T**HREE is, undoubtedly, something both bleak and humorous in the abstract idea of a hotel exclusively for women. Most men, at the mention of one, think of a glorified old-maids' home where embittered spinsters and querulous grandma's can enjoy themselves competing in ill-humor with others of their sex. Most women, frankly, run.

I did. But then, many things from which one runs hardest in life, have an amazing way of catching up with one. This did. And not long ago, I surprisingly found myself a guest in a hotel for women only.

The lobby-divans I had expected to see anchored down by pairs of elderly women, perhaps knitting, but certainly keeping a bright and spiteful eye upon the lip-stick of any younger thing who might trip up to the desk to get her mail. If she tripped not to the desk to get her mail, but rather into the foyer to meet a male, the brighter, the more spiteful would be the eyes upon her—or so I had anticipated.

But although the divans were there, the elderly ladies were not seated upon them. Rather, they were scurrying about the lobby just as fast as the younger things—some even faster—trotting from telephone booth to telegraph desk, laden with books and newspapers, flourishing fountain pens and all the paraphernalia of a busy life—picking up opera, theatre, and concert tickets; and going in and out of the revolving doors giving upon the street with an amazing speed.

Obviously, they had no time to sit and knit and raise eyebrows. Most of their eyebrows had been plucked, anyway, just like the younger things—there wasn't much left to raise. Their coiffures were as expertly waved; their nails as rosy in hue.

They were so lively and interesting that I almost forgot to keep a weather-eye cocked for the younger women. Here, one encountered much more the expected thing. They were traditionally "New York"—slim, alert, and modish—some of them very pretty; but all evidently with serious occupations. They might have been students of art, or of the theatre or of journalism; maybe

professionally engaged in these pursuits.

Still, they were all women, I reflected—and just how long could one stand it? I have always noticed that those women who are the most pronounced feminists—those who see no reason why a woman should not be President of the United States (of whom I'm one—with due regard to the woman, of course)—are also those who most enjoy the society of men. And many of these obviously professional women upon whom my gaze fell, were undoubtedly feminists. Yet behold—no man entered herein. That is, beyond the mezzanine.

True, the mezzanine was a very pleasant place to chat with a male caller. Tea—and other things—were served there. There was also a recital-room where concerts and lectures were held, open to both sexes, as well as a charming library. But above lay the chaste and hallowed precincts of womankind.

Whatever kept womankind in them, year in, year out, I wondered? Talk as you may about this being a man's world, here, above-stairs, was certainly a woman's world—and nothing else. Did they not grow bored, seeing nothing but feminine faces in the corridors? Did not ennui pall upon them, hearing nothing but feminine voices? It could, or so I then believed sincerely, become desperately monotonous.

**W**HAT did they who were so大大ly echewing men and matrimony, find to talk about to each other when they met in the corridors, in the swimming-pool—in the solarium with its wide windows overhanging New York, its open terraces in the summer? Perhaps art, literature, business, clothes—but certainly not men, I told myself as I settled to unpacking in a room on the twelfth floor.

It was warm, so the door stood partly open. Presently I heard the elevator stop, and then the sound of two gay young voices in the corridor. A scrap of their conversation floated in to me.

"But," said one of them intensely, "you see I didn't really fall in love with him—I fell in love with his picture!"

I sat up with a jerk. This might be an Adamless Eden, I reflected, but ap-

parently Adam was up to his old tricks and making himself a factor in it—even if a remote one. Perhaps this young denizen of a woman's hotel had never gotten closer to her Adam than his picture. Perhaps too, if only falling in love with merely a picture, she was an exception, nay even a traitor, in this Amazonian kingdom. Would they tar and feather her, run her out on a rail, if they knew, I wondered? I must keep my ears open for enlightenment. Fortunately, this was easy—the walls in this feminine hostelry being particularly thin.

**O**NE day when reading in my room, I heard the telephone next door ring.

"Yes," said a young voice, "I put in a call for Princeton. Yes, I'll take it now."

At once, all ethics concerning eavesdropping to the contrary, I was on the alert.

"Hello, Johnnie," dulcetly crooned the voice which had suddenly acquired a child-like, almost infantile naïveté.

"I thought I'd just call you up, Johnnie, to say that I *could* come down to Princeton, the week-end after next—that is, of course, if you *want* me to, Johnnie."

She drawled out the "want-me-to" in slow, sweetly plaintive tones.

What on earth could Johnnie say, I wondered, except "of course." That is, and remain a gentleman. I quickly thought of, and rejected, the time-honored excuse of another engagement. She had been too fast for him there—it was only Monday, and the week-end after next was almost a good two weeks away. Difficult, almost impossible, for youth to plan that far ahead; or at least to pretend it had when it hadn't.

But apparently Johnnie was not without some ingenuity, for next I heard:

"You don't know where I could stay? Oh, that's easy. I can stay with Eleanor Brown. I've already asked her. . . . That is, if you really *want* me to, Johnnie!"

By this time, I was pulling for Johnnie with all the natural sympathy for the weak pitted against the strong. I saw him as a helpless little fly, getting more and more entangled in this deadly feminine web. He was doomed to failure, no matter how valiant the efforts he put forth. Yet there was still a little fight left in him—for:

"You have to study for an exam? Oh, that'll be all right. I'll help you study.

You can bring your books over to Eleanor's after the game—and I shan't say a word to you—I promise. That is, if you really *want* me to, Johnnie!"

JOHNNIE was on the spot, it was evident. And apparently by this time, he knew it himself; for followed:

"All right, Johnnie—I'll come," (this with assumed reluctance) "since you seem to really *want* me to, Johnnie."

Perhaps by this time, with that oft-repeated phrase, she had actually succeeded in hypnotizing him into the idea that he did. Poor Johnnie! But the greatest revelation was yet to come:

"Now, Johnnie Jones," concluded the angelic voice, "now if you ever, ever, ever *tell* that I called you up and *said* I could come down, I'll never, never, never speak to you again, Johnnie! I've never, never, *never* done a thing like this before in all my life!"

And I knew from that, with all the surety of sound feminine conviction, that she did it every week-end. Next time, it would probably be New Haven upon which she would train her batteries—and after that, successively, all the college towns within gun-range. She might be living in a hotel for women only—but not any more than she could help.

I confess to feeling rather mean about my eavesdropping—and told myself I had no right to act as though I were the house-detective, no matter how great my curiosity in this first experience in a woman's hotel. But conscience was eased by the fact that I had never laid eyes on my next-door neighbor, did not know who she was—nor wanted to. She was merely a voice—the voice of a not unattractive type of modern girlhood, free from inhibitions, resolute and determined in gaining her purpose. And as far as I was concerned, I preferred to have her remain merely that voice.

Shortly after this, I began to wonder if perhaps there might not be something in a woman's hotel which broke down certain inhibitions—an atmosphere which, remote from the critical eyes of the male, induced in its habitués a greater sense of freedom. No matter what befell outside, within these walls at least they were free from the inherent, instinctive urge to appear charming under all circumstances before the opposite sex. They did not mind being observed in ridiculous attitudes by a lot of other women—they would have seriously minded had the glance of men been upon them. Thus:

A long mirror hung opposite the elevators on my floor; and one morning, leaving the room, I approached them to descend. In front of the mirror, a surprising thing was happening. A charming young woman, dressed for the street, was gesticulating before it. She was soundlessly enacting a thrilling panto-

mime—head thrown back—hands held out in mute appeal—then arms lifted despairingly to Heaven. Feeling myself an intruder upon a private scene, I was somewhat embarrassed. But it was too late to retreat, for I knew she had witnessed my approach in the mirror. Being caught by a stranger in an absurd situation, I expected that she would cease her performance in some confusion. But not at all. She went right on with the show. She worked up to a superb climax, finally dropping to her knees and flinging her arms wide in agonized entreaty. At that moment, the elevator door slid open. She jumped to her feet and joined me.

"Do excuse me," she said, "for appearing to be feeble-minded."

"Don't mention it," I replied. "I've enjoyed the performance tremendously!"

"You see," she explained, "I was called in to read for Max Reinhardt last evening. And I'm so anxious to get the part, that I rehearse before every mirror I see."

A day or so later, in this same elevator, I encountered a group of young things, their bare legs scantily clad in shorts, tap-dancing slippers upon their feet. It was evident that they were returning from a class in that art, a notice of which I had seen posted on the bulletin board.

"I'm exhausted," declared one blonde, baby-faced pupil, "from thinking. I wish she wouldn't make us use our brains while we're dancing. My head gets so tired. I simply can't use head and body at the same time!"

CURIOS, I visited the class one day, and arrived a little in advance of the hour. The cruel instructor who tried to make them use their brains had not yet appeared. But grouped about were the students in dancing attire—some practising steps in groups of two and three—some doing their "limbering and stretching" exercises—others performing on the high bars which ran around the walls of the room. Observing a slim, long-legged figure at work on these, I approached her to ask when the class would start.

"In about ten minutes," she replied, not ceasing her rhythmical, high kicks. "Why don't you join? It's grand!"

"It looks so," said I, admiring the ease which which her pointed toes touched the topmost bar. "But I've been suffering from an attack of influenza—"

"Influenza!" she interrupted, as she flicked the end of her nose with her right toe, "there's no such thing! Don't you realize it's all in the mind? There's no sensation in matter," she went on, giving a long, high kick to the left.

"Let the pure rays of the cosmos into your soul." (This with a wide lunge to the right.) "Mind controls everything." (Pirouetting about on stiff,

pointed ballet toes.) "All else," she concluded, as she flung a leg behind her, bent her supple body, and gracefully kicked the back of her head, "is malicious animal magnetism."

Out of the corner of my eye I glimpsed the blonde young thing who had complained bitterly of using her head. She was doing a jazzy number very well indeed.

"Perhaps you're right," said I timidly, my own joints at that moment feeling rusty and full of creaks. "I'll think it over."

I WITHDREW with the conviction that it not only takes all sorts of people to make a world, but also all sorts of women to make up a dancing class.

Of course by this time I had discovered that a woman's hotel, far from being dull, was actually a tremendously interesting place. And instead of wanting to get out of it as soon as possible, I began planning to see how long I could stay.

There was the library, for instance. I enjoyed watching the women from sixteen to sixty who frequented it. According to type, they were bent over mystery stories and novels; encyclopedias, history, classical literature. Occasionally, searching for books, we would fall into conversation. It was thus that I discovered a young woman, scarcely thirty, who was a veritable archaeologist. She had been on several important archaeological expeditions to fascinating, remote corners of the world—and she read Greek, Latin, and Hebrew as easily as English. But at the moment, she was doing library work.

"You see," she explained, "these are very hard times for archaeologists."

I imagined they might be—though confessing that I had never thought of it before.

In the library, too, I found the demure, charming young thing of twenty-one, who had sailed on a tramp steamer to the South Seas. From her very feminine appearance and gentle manners, I should have cast her in any rôle but that of lady explorer. Yet she and a girl companion had trekked across New Zealand alone—penetrated where no white women had ever been before—sat down to meals with strange, savage tribesmen.

"But however did you get away with it, with your families?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, it worked out all right," she said, with a quiet smile. "They saw us off, with a chaperon, from San Francisco. The boat was only bound for Honolulu. When we got to Honolulu, we suddenly decided we'd like to visit the South Seas. Of course they weren't on our original itinerary. The chaperon didn't seem to be so keen for that, however; and I'm afraid she got mad, and went home. We continued our journey."

"But didn't cables pursue you?" I demanded.

"The tramp steamer had no wireless," she explained with satisfaction. "They didn't catch up with us until we'd seen all we wanted to see. And we had a perfectly swell time!"

I couldn't help wondering if it had been so swell, when after many months they finally reached home.

My next discovery was that in this woman's hotel, as in any well-constructed drama, pathos walked as close to one's elbow as did humor.

I was in one of the telephone booths off the main lobby one day, waiting to get a number which was persistently "busy." A middle-aged voice in the next booth was talking on long-distance.

"Your college is so far away that it's not easy to telephone, you, daughter. So you must know that when I do, I'm seriously worried."

Then a silence. Followed by:

"No, I'm not being just fussy. I've had a letter from the dean, and I'm anxious. She says she doubts that you will be able to hold your own in the examinations."

Another silence. Then:

"But daughter—don't you see what this means? Here I am in New York, working hard every day, to put you through college. Going to an office at nine and working until late every evening—making all sorts of sacrifices to give you an education. I'm only too happy to do that—but when you act as though you didn't care—it's hard."

More silence. . . .

"Don't speak of the dean that way! I'm ashamed of you. She was quite right to let me know. She says you're not studying at all. She says that you have more 'dates' than any other girl in your class. You can't run out with boys all the time and expect to pass those examinations. Then all this money that I've worked so hard to earn will have been wasted."

Again, silence. . . .

"I'm worried about you, daughter. Remember, you're all I have left in the world. If we had not lost your father—I'm planning to come up to see you this week-end."

This time, a long silence. . . .

"You're all 'dated up'? . . . No time to see your mother? . . . Very well, if you feel that way about it. . . . No, don't worry—I shan't come. . . ."

There were tears in the voice—and, a moment later, I heard the receiver click back into place. In its hard, metallic sound there seemed to lie a note of tragic, desperate finality.

I glanced out of my own glass-enclosed booth. A worn and bent, poorly-dressed figure passed before my gaze. . . . How I wished that, a moment before, she had said:

"I'm coming up this week-end, 'dates' or no 'dates'; and I'm arriving with a birch-rod. You'll take me and it—and like it!"

Grand Hotel For Women. . . . So much for the relatively unimportant aspects it assumed for me. But to another

writer—a man, and a foreigner—this house full of American women revealed a deeper—perhaps one might say (not too happily) a national—significance. Writing recently for the French paper, *Le Jour*, M. Pierre La Mure said:

"With some effort, I received permission to visit this woman's hotel. I have seen the library. . . . I have seen the swimming pool and the naiads; the concert hall, sombre and vast, where an organ breathed out a prelude of Chopin. . . .

"As I descended, the young girl who did me the honors of the house, showed me the gymnasium, the doctor's office, that of the dentist, the restaurants, the private dining rooms, the art gallery, the music studios—in short, all that one could imagine for physical comfort and intellectual well-being.

"Timidly, I asked her: 'I see you have everything here, Mademoiselle. Could you tell me—is there a chapel?'"

"A great surprise showed itself on her pretty face.

"'Oh, but you do not think—a chapel! But, Monsieur, what would we do—!'"

He entitled his article: *Le Couvent Sans Chapelle*—The Convent Without a Chapel. To the Gallic mind, seven hundred women living under one roof with all needs attended to but the spiritual, was an incredible thing.

True—what would they do with a chapel? How many of the seven hundred, apart from those who were Catholics, would know how to use one?

## The Passion and the Poets

### A Priest of Letters

By Daniel B. Pulsford

LIONEL JOHNSON, the subject of this article, was born at Broadstairs, Kent, England, in 1867. That indicates a big gap between him and those poets of the seventeenth century previously considered. The period is a barren one so far as our subject is concerned. The rationalistic spirit, dominant through a good part of the eighteenth century, was not favorable to a devout and ardent appreciation of the Cross. The Evangelical Revival brought back into English religious life something of that popular devotion to the Crucified which had been such a feature of the Middle Ages, and some of the hymns which it produced carry the mind back to Rolle and the fourteenth century mystics, but the fervor which they exemplified did not

greatly affect literature. It is not until the Catholic Revival in the nineteenth century that the Passion becomes once again the theme of true poets.

But there is another reason for considering Lionel Johnson at this point. Although not born until the second half of the last century, he belonged in spirit to an earlier time. In opposition to the hectic and febrile tone of contemporary poetry he deliberately set out to cultivate the sober standards of the eighteenth century. He was what is known as a classicist. The poet, he held, should submit himself to the discipline of tradition. There was nothing he abhorred more than the perversities, eccentricities and disordered imaginations of those styled romantics. In literature he was an as-

cetic and he likened this literary asceticism to that illustrated in the spiritual sphere by the saints.

"The classics of all ages and in all tongues," he wrote, "are a catholic company; in their fellowship is room for comers from the four winds, laden with infinitely various gifts and treasures. But as the Catholic Church . . . embracing Tauler and Saint Theresa, excludes Swedenborg and Behmen, so too acts the catholic company of the classics. Diversity is admirable, perversity detestable; the distinction may be delicate, but it is decisive, and separates, according to the judgment of the times, the cleverness of today from the genius that is at home throughout the centuries."

This sense of literary discipline places

him as a writer in an earlier period than that to which he actually belonged and, in a way, justifies our consideration of him here.

His uneventful life can be related briefly. He was educated at the School founded by William de Wykeham at Winchester, and then proceeded to New College, Oxford. Both these places of learning with their Catholic associations made a deep impression on him and in 1891, after anticipating becoming an Anglican clergyman, he joined the Roman Communion. The greater part of his active life, that is, from 1890 to 1900, he spent as a journalist in London, leading a severely simple celibate life devoted in an ascetic spirit to letters. He died at the age of thirty-five, October 4, 1902. Short as his life was, however, he achieved in it what many believe to be a permanent place in English literature. At least, he is important in view of the reaction which he embodied against the spirit of literary anarchy characteristic of his day.

As to the seriousness with which he viewed his vocation as a man of letters we are in no doubt. He called himself a priest of letters. "I am a priest consecrated," he wrote. "I won't have a parish but try to get the loaves and fishes by literature. . . . I will be all things to a few men." "Although the idea of becoming an actual clergyman seems to have left him when he joined the Catholic Church in 1891," says a writer in *The Month*, to whom I am indebted for the above quotations, "he was still determined to become a religious Mathew Arnold in the Church of his adoption. He, therefore, prided himself on being what he called a Catholic puritan. His principles, however, were never hide-bound or bigoted, but always humanistic—based upon wide reading and mature reflection. Yet when he was applying what to him were but the canons of good taste he appeared to some to be reading the verdict, not only of a literary critic, but also of an Inquisitor of the Church. Ezra Pound went so far as to say of Johnson: 'He makes every writer show cause why he should not be placed on the Index.'

This ascetic outlook finds frequent expression in his verse. Frequent illustrations occur of his preference for the disciplined life. Here are the first two verses of a little poem entitled, "Mastery":

**I**F thou wouldst be a master, learn the way;  
Little thou knowest of that sacred joy,  
Which haunts the deep night, and fills the day,  
And makes a warrior of a dreaming boy.  
To love the austerity of sea and stars:  
To love the multitude of mighty towns:  
To love the hardness of thy prison bars:  
This must thou know, or lose the eternal crowns.

Still more distinctly the same note is sounded in a poem which he called, "Before the Cloister." It is addressed to "Sister Sorrow." The concluding lines run thus:

Come, Lady of the Lilies! blaunch to snow  
My soul through sacred woe!  
Come thou through whom I hold in memory  
Moonlit Gethsemani:  
Come, make a vesper silence round my ways,  
And mortify my days:  
O Sorrow! come, through whom alone I keep  
Safe from the fatal sleep:  
Through whom I count the world a barren loss,  
And beautiful the Cross:  
Come, Sorrow! lest in surging joy I drown,  
To lose both Cross and Crown.

**I**T seems inevitable that a man who could write in this strain should have a special predilection for an Order devoted to Our Lord's Passion. Accordingly it is no surprise when, turning the pages of the slender volume containing "The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson," edited by Wilfrid Meynel, we come upon verses addressed "To a Passionist." I quote them in full:

Clad in a vestment wrought with passion-flowers;  
Celebrant of one Passion; called by name  
Passionist: is thy world, one world with ours?  
Thine, a like heart? Thy very soul, the same?

Thou pleadest an eternal sorrow: this we Praise the still changing beauty of earth. Passionate good and evil, thou dost see: Our eyes behold the dreams of death and birth.

We love the joys of men: we love the dawn,  
Red with the sun, and with the pure dew pearly:  
Thy stern soul feels, after the sun withdrawn,  
How much pain goes to perfecting the world.

Canst thou be right? Is thine the very truth?  
Stands then our life is so forlorn a state?  
Nay, but thou wrongest us: thou wrongest our youth,  
Who dost our happiness compassionate.

And yet! and yet! O royal Calvary!  
Whence divine sorrow triumphed through years past:  
Could ages bow before mere memory?  
Those passion-flowers must blossom, to the last.

Purple they bloom, the splendor of a King:  
Crimson they bleed, the sacrament of Death:  
About our thrones and pleasaunces they cling,  
Where guilty eyes read, what each blossom saith.

Throughout Lionel Johnson's work we find this note of reverence for those who in any way bear the stigmata of Calvary. It recurs again and again. He was one of those smitten with the beauty of the Cross, and all on whom its shadow has fallen are beautiful in his eyes. It comes out in the poem addressed to his Patron Saints. These are found to include St. Longinus, whose spear pierced Christ's side; St. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain; St. John the Baptist, the stern ascetic of the desert, and St. Francis of Assisi, who in his own person bore the marks of the crucifixion. It is heard distinctly in the ringing lines which liken the martyrs to brave knights. For the sake of their stirring music I must quote them:

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!  
They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed  
All, save the sweetness of treading where He first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night, Swept and they woke in white places at morning tide:  
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,  
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, withersoever He goeth, with Him they go:  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, Oh fair to see!  
They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,  
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!

**B**UT by far the finest expression of the spirit indicated by the verses just quoted is the poem entitled "Our Lady of the Snows." In language of burning sincerity it defends the ascetic against the hedonist. There is in it none of the Puritan's antipathy to pleasure as pleasure; the plea, rather, is that the joys of this world are purchased by those who have renounced them; the lover of this world is in debt to those who have forsaken this world. The lines are supposed to be uttered by men dedicated to the cause of Christ in far-off, forlorn

lands. The argument is well stated in the opening lines:

Far from the world, far from delight,  
Distinguishing not day from night;  
Vowed to one sacrifice of all  
The happy things, that men befall;  
Pleading one sacrifice, before  
Whom sun and sea and wind adore;  
Far from earth's comfort, far away,  
We cry to God, we cry and pray  
For men, who have the common day.  
Dance, merry world! and sing: but we,  
Hearing, remember Calvary:  
Get gold, and thrive you! but the sun  
Once paled, and the centurion  
Said: *This dead man was God's own Son.*  
Think you, we shrink from common toil,  
Works of the mart, works of the soil;  
That, prisoners of strong despair,  
We breathe this melancholy air;  
Forgetting the dear calls of race,  
And bonds of house, and ties of place;  
That, cowards, from the field we turn,  
And heavenward, in our weakness,  
Yearn?

Unjust! unkind! while you despise  
Our lonely years, our mournful cries:  
You are the happier for our prayer;  
The guerdon of our souls, you share.

The indebtedness of the worldling to the ascetic whom he despises could not be put more finely than in those last lines. The rest of the poem is of the same character. It is the cry of a man who feels through his whole being the ungratefulness which can so easily forget Calvary and accepts so light-heartedly the blood-bought joys of earth. This is not Puritanism in the accepted meaning of the term, for it recognizes the legitimacy of those joys.

To one kind of joy Lionel Johnson was specially sensitive—that of friendship. The sentence has been quoted already in which he spoke of being "all things to a few men." He was not of the "hail-fellow-well-met" variety. His intimate fellowship was enjoyed by only a small group. He lived apart from the world and its social festivities. Indeed, he could write:

Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

But the very words in which he proclaimed his reticence indicated his hunger for human companionship. It was not a cynical contempt for mankind or a stoical steeling of himself against the allurements of society that we find in him, but the consciousness of a calling to be fulfilled. He feared, too, that promiscuous acquaintances might rob him of the communion of saints in which was his deepest satisfaction. The consciousness of that holy fellowship can have been but rarely given more touching expression

## Into the Night

Sister Miriam, R.S.M.

I WAS not born a deicide. When young  
I shot a pelican and heard all night  
The song of life die in its throat unsung  
And saw dark blood bespatter silver light.

Yet when among the Twelve I shared the Bread  
Of Life, the leather pouch within my hand  
Held thirty shining joys I hugged instead:  
His pleading, lamblike voice I could withstand.

Ah, had I known that on the road of sin  
No steps can be retraced though we may start  
Afresh, should I have fled from Him to win  
A traitor's name, betrayed His loving Heart?

But now that I have sent a God to death,  
Extinguished be this scorching flame of breath.

than in the poem entitled "De Amicitia." But even in enumerating those Blessed Ones whom he is privileged to count as spiritual kinsmen he cannot escape the shadow of the Cross. Its austere reminder is heard in the soul's secret communions with the saints. He comes to St. John:

Ours, where the loved disciple, great St.  
John,  
Pillows his head upon  
The only rest,  
God's Breast!  
Ours, in the strength of that enamored  
breath,  
Which rang from Patmos' exile guest:  
*God is Love!* And of all men he knew best,  
Who lay upon that Breast,  
And heard the beating of the Heart of  
God:  
Who Calvary trod,  
And stood,  
With Mary in her mourning Motherhood,  
Beneath the Rood.

For other Catholic poets the Passion is one among many themes which inspire their song. But in Lionel Johnson's work it was the dominant motif. He might be called the Laureate of the Cross. Even when the subject is not mentioned you are conscious that it is not far from his mind. And there is this further to be remarked about the influence on him of this supreme subject. It not only affected his personal life, causing him to lead an almost monk-like existence, even though nominally in the world, but it affected his art. It has been pointed out already that he stood for the discipline of tradition in literature. Restraint shows itself in every line he wrote. A poet's religion

and a poet's craft are not always in this close relationship; the two may be in separate, water-tight compartments. But there is a singular unity about the man we have been considering. It was not merely that, as a poet, he chose so often to sing of religious subjects; what is here emphasized is that the way he sang about them indicated the nature of his faith. This is much less common than the choice by a Catholic-minded writer of Catholic themes. The effect of the Cross on literary style, remote as the connection may seem to be, is clearly illustrated in the case of Lionel Johnson. He was, we might say, a literary Passionist to the tips of those fingers with which he wrote. This is what gives him his uniqueness and at the same time entitles him to a prominent place in a consideration of the poets and the Passion.

HIS austerity is the more significant since it was displayed when literature, and poetry in particular, was showing tendencies in the direction of a neo-paganism. Swinburne was writing his hectic odes. The cult of beauty was leading many to regard as obsolete the inhibitions of Christianity. And Johnson with his keen appreciation of art and his love for the ancient classics might so easily have drifted on the tide. But with all his appreciation of pagan beauty, he could not forget the shadow thrown upon the world by Calvary. While Tennyson was giving a veneer of charm to Victorian respectability and Browning was shouting his robust optimism to an age that was beginning to doubt its own claims, this lonely Catholic poet recalled attention to the Tragedy that lies at the heart of human history.



# Woman to Woman



BY KATHERINE BURTON

## Women's Interests

FOR some time I have been wanting to do a paragraph about the sort of stuff that frequently fills the woman's pages of newspapers and magazines. And now it has been done for me—and by no less a person than Mr. George Jean Nathan. He laughs at the old-fashioned page with recipes from Abyssinia and Greenland, pictures of new hats and editorials on whether good-looking stenographers can type better than plain ones. He is of course to a considerable extent right. The point he does not make is that women who are column conductors on papers and are good at the job get lots of letters from men as well as from women. But otherwise he is pretty much right. There is still that patronizing attitude among many editors toward the "little woman." To them she is still a child at heart, she is intensely romantic, and she adores putting around with whipping cream and lady fingers, concocting something cute for the club meeting.

Mr. Nathan is right and also wrong. Cooking is fun—being a creative art, though I am all for the re-education of those misguided females who think marshmallows and maraschino cherries make a dessert or that one lettuce leaf, a canned pear, some chopped nuts and a fluff of cream make a salad. But there is no reason why we women shouldn't enjoy reading about recipes from Abyssinia or anywhere else if only they are good recipes. And there is no reason why we can't have articles about children, they too still remaining a very interesting topic and a rather important one too.

But Mr. Nathan is very right in saying that women's interests have changed since the first woman's page appeared. On Times Square in New York City they hold a sort of forum in the air on Sundays. An expert asks questions of anyone in the crowd who is willing to come up and be interrogated. Last Sunday one young woman, rather embarrassed and giggling about it all, answered a few routine questions and then the inquirer said, in a sweetly patronizing way, "Now tell me what do you women talk about when you get together in the afternoon—is it clothes or mainly bridge or what?" The young woman hesitated for a moment as if in thought, and then said, "Why, I guess we talk mostly about politics and social questions of the day." And the somewhat startled young man said, "Thank you," and gave her the free tube of something or other with no further remarks.

## Perfection's Simplicity

CARDINAL NEWMAN, despite his many evidences of ordinary energy when energy was demanded, remains in the popular mind as a mystic whose plane of living was so high above the ordinary person that it is useless to follow him too closely. Note however this advice from him—a paragraph from a brief sermon on perfection. Here is his method for attaining perfection. "Do not lie in bed beyond the due time for rising; give your first thoughts to God; make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; say the Angelus devoutly; eat and drink to God's glory; say the rosary well; be recollected; keep out bad thoughts; make your evening meditation; examine yourself daily; go to bed in good time and you are already perfect."

Nothing very mystical there, just the routine of small things faithfully carried out, yet it could produce a perfect

mystic and a perfectly practical person too. It consists in going ahead with your affairs but continually turning to God as the flower to the sun. We can all be saints, you see. The catch is that few of us would ever do this much. It is simple—but it is the simplicity of a saint one might add.

## Merciless Killing

A FURTHER thought about these so-called mercy killings which get a lot of space in the public prints these days. How such a thing could really be considered at all except by two classes of people seems incredible—those who are emotionally affected by the cruel illness of a dear one, and those of the sick who have no faith whatever in God or a future beyond death. It proves one thing only: what a soulless age this is and what a soft age, where nothing is considered but bodily comfort, where sufferings can neither be borne nor looked upon.

Physicians seem to be of two minds on the subject, but most of them are against it. The most telling statement I have seen on these killings was the headline in one newspaper story: *Murder By Request*—which of course is exactly what it is. And there is the sinister corollary here that sometimes the murder might not be by request of the sick person but some one outside.

It is a comfort, then, to read so sane a statement as that of Dr. Sonderman, who is President of the Medical Society of New York and is utterly opposed to the idea and who states various objections: When is a disease incurable? How sure are we the patient is not suffering from a momentary desire to die? What of the oath of Hippocrates, "I will give no deadly draught nor counsel it?" What of a seemingly incurable patient who suddenly gets well? So much he gives to the physical aspects of the matter. "Then," Dr. Sonderman adds, "though the doctor has not in his concept as professional man any dealings with the subject of life after death, are not the arguments that a soul exists to have any consideration or are we to cast aside the teachings of the two principles in man, his soul and body? We have no conclusive proof that man is only a physical entity, therefore fundamental law would rule that man is not the sole arbiter of his own destiny. The moral and ethical right to destroy a thing belongs only to the one who has exclusive dominion over that thing."

## Igloos Not Preferred

ONE thing after another disappears from this world of ours. If ever there was a romantic fact it was the one about the Eskimo snow houses. The very word igloo is part of our vocabulary. We picture the round-faced bulky furry family crawling in their small door and sitting chewing blubber under the icy dome of their strange home. And now it seems the Eskimo does not like an igloo and never has one unless he has to. He much prefers a tent or wooden hut. And the igloo is used mostly when an Eskimo is caught out on the ice trapping or hunting and can't get back to his tent. This is on the honorable word of Noel Wien who is an Alaska airman. Then what about all those pictures we have seen for years of chubby Anagnitos toddling out of igloos? Are they just works of the imagination too and will all the picture books have to change their pictures to conform to the truth? No, no, let the Eskimos have their huts of fact but let us keep our igloos of fancy.

# Islam and the Crusades

*Though the Crusades Failed of their Purpose—the Permanent Conquest of the Holy Land—Nevertheless they Made Modern Europe*

By Hilaire Belloc

I HAVE said that it did look at one moment as though this new powerful heresy, Mohammedanism, would gradually permeate and conquer the whole Christian world. There was not only its startling original success and the thunderstrokes of its complete victory in the field, but there was the defection of great masses of the population in the Near East and in Egypt, and a continual threat against Constantinople, the great new capital of Christendom, which risked submersion in this flood.

Partly because it worked from the outside and was therefore not subject to the surrounding pressure of Christian reaction, and partly because it was recruited perpetually also from the outside by Pagans who became converted to half-Christian ideas on mixing with the Mohammedan civilization, the movement continually acquired new strength and life. Mr. H. G. Wells in his popular and widely read *Outline of History* has said with regard to those early centuries of Mohammedanism that its success was due to the fact that it offered at the time the best and clearest doctrine. That, like most of the things that Mr. Wells says about history, is not true, because Mr. Wells is not sufficiently informed.

The success of Mohammedanism was not due to its offering something more satisfactory in the way of philosophy and morals but, as I have said, to the opportunity it afforded of freedom to the slave and debtor, and an extreme simplicity which pleased the unintelligent masses who were perplexed by the mystery of religion. But it was spreading and it looked as though it were bound to win universally, as do all great heresies in their beginnings, because it was the fashionable thing of the time—the conquering thing.

Now against the great heresies, when they acquire the driving power of being the new and fashionable thing, there arises a reaction within the Christian and Catholic mind, which reaction gradually turns the current backward, gets rid of the poison and reestablishes Christian civilization. Such reactions, begin, I repeat, obscurely. It is the plain man who gets uncomfortable and says to himself, "This may be the fashion of the moment, but I don't like it." It is the mass of Christian men who feel in their bones

that there is something wrong, though they have difficulty in explaining it. The reaction is usually slow and muddled and for a long time not successful. But in the long run with internal heresy it has always succeeded; just as the native health of the human body succeeds in getting rid of some internal infection.

The heresy, when it is full of its original power, affects even Catholic thought—thus Arianism produced a mass of semi-Arianism running throughout Christendom. The Manichean dread of the body and the false doctrine that matter is evil affected even the greatest Catholics of the time. There is a touch of it in the letters of the great St. Gregory. In the same way Mohammedanism had its effect on the Christian Emperors of Byzantium and on Charlemagne, the Emperor of the West, and there was a powerful movement started against the use of images, which are so essential to Catholic worship. Even in the West, where Mohammedanism had never reached, the attempt to get rid of images in the churches nearly succeeded.

BUT while Mohammedanism was spreading, absorbing greater and greater numbers into its own body out of the subject Christian populations of East and North Africa, occupying more and more territory, a defensive reaction against it had begun. Islam gradually absorbed North Africa and crossed over into Spain; less than a century after those first victories in Syria it even pushed across the Pyrenees, right into France. Luckily it was defeated in battle halfway between Tours and Poitiers in the north center of the country. Some think that if the Christian leaders had not won that battle, the whole of Christendom would have been swamped by Mohammedanism. At any rate from that moment in the West it never advanced further. It was pushed back to the Pyrenees, and very slowly indeed over a period of three hundred years it was thrust further and further south towards the center of Spain, the north of which was cleared again of Mohammedan influence. In the East, however, as we shall see, it continued to be an overwhelming threat.

Now the success of Christian men in pushing back the Mohammedan from France and halfway down Spain began

a sort of reawakening in Europe. It was high time. We of the West had been besieged in three ways; pagan Asiatics had come upon us in the very heart of the Germanies; pagan pirates of the most cruel and disgusting sort had swarmed over the Northern Seas and nearly wiped out Christian civilization in England and hurt it also in Northern France; and with all that there had been this pressure of Mohammedanism coming from the South and Southeast—a much more civilized pressure than that of the Asiatics or Scandinavian pirates but still a menace, under which our Christian civilization came near to disappearing.

It is most interesting to take a map of Europe and mark off the extreme limits reached by the enemies of Christendom during the worst of this struggle for existence. The outriders of the worst Asiatic raid got as far as Tornus on the Saône, which is in the very middle of what is France today; the Mohammedan got, as we have seen, to the very middle of France also, somewhere between Tornus and Poitiers. The horrible Scandinavian pagan pirates raided Ireland, all England, and came up all the rivers of Northern France and Northern Germany. They got as far as Cologne, they besieged Paris, they nearly took Hamburg. People today forget how very doubtful a thing it was in the height of the Dark Ages, between the middle of the 8th and the end of the 9th century, whether Catholic civilization would survive at all. Half the Mediterranean Islands had fallen to the Mohammedan, all the Near East; he was fighting to get hold of Asia Minor; and the north and center of Europe were perpetually raided by the Asiatics and the Northern pagans.

THEN came the great reaction and the awakening of Europe. The chivalry which poured out of Gaul into Spain and the native Spanish knights forcing back the Mohammedans began the affair. The Scandinavian pirates and the raiders from Asia had been defeated two generations before. Pilgrimages to Jerusalem, distant, expensive and perilous, but continuous throughout the Dark Ages, were now especially imperilled through a new Mongol wave of Mohammedan soldiers establishing themselves over the East and especially in Palestine; and the

cry arose that the Holy Places, the True Cross (which was preserved in Jerusalem) and the remaining Christian communities of Syria and Palestine, and above all the Holy Sepulchre—the site of the Resurrection, the main object of every pilgrimage—ought to be saved from the usurping hands of Islam. Enthusiastic men preached the duty of marching eastward and rescuing the Holy Land; the reigning Pope, Urban, put himself at the head of the movement in a famous sermon delivered in France to vast crowds, who cried out: "God wills it." Irregular bodies began to pour out eastward for the thrusting back of Islam from the Holy Land, and in due time the regular levies of great Christian Princes prepared for an organized effort on a vast scale. Those who vowed themselves to pursue the effort took the badge of the Cross on their clothing, and from this the struggle became to be known as the Crusades.

THE First Crusade was launched in three great bodies of more or less organized Christian soldiery, who set out to march from Western Europe to the Holy Land. I say "more or less organized" because the feudal army was never highly organized; it was divided into units of very different sizes each following a feudal lord—but of course it had sufficient organization to carry a military enterprise through, because a mere herd of men can never do that. In order not to exhaust the provisions of the countries through which they had to march the Christian leaders went in three bodies, one from Northern France, going down the valley of the Danube; another from Southern France, going across Italy; and a third of Frenchmen who had recently acquired dominion in Southern Italy and who crossed the Adriatic directly, making for Constantinople through the Balkans. They all joined at Constantinople, and by the time they got there, there were still in spite of losses on the way something which may have been a quarter of a million men—perhaps more. The numbers were never accurately known or computed.

The Emperor at Constantinople was still free, at the head of his great Christian capital, but he was dangerously menaced by the fighting Mohammedan Turks who were only just over the water in Asia Minor, and whose object it was to get hold of Constantinople and so press on to the ruin of Christendom. This pressure on Constantinople the great mass of the Crusaders immediately relieved; they won a battle against the Turks at Dorylaeum and pressed on with great difficulty and further large losses of men till they reached the corner where Syria joins onto Asia Minor at the Gulf of Alexandretta. There, one of the Crusading leaders carved out a kingdom for himself, making his capital at the Chris-

tian town of Edessa, to serve as a bulwark against further Mohammedan pressure from the East. The last of the now dwindling Christian forces besieged and with great difficulty took Antioch, which the Mohammedans had got hold of a few years before. Here another Crusading leader made himself feudal lord, and there was a long delay and a bad quarrel between the Crusaders and the Emperor of Constantinople, who naturally wanted them to return to him what had been portions of his realm before Mohammedanism had grown up—while the Crusaders wanted to keep what they had conquered so that the revenues might become an income for each of them.

At last they got away from Antioch at the beginning of the open season of the third year after they had started—the last year of the 11th century, 1099; they took all the towns along the coast as they marched; when they got on a level with Jerusalem they struck inland and stormed the city on the 15th of July of that year, killing all the Mohammedan garrison and establishing themselves firmly within the walls of the Holy City. They then organized their capture into a feudal kingdom, making one of their number titular King of the new realm of Jerusalem. They chose for that office a great noble of the country where the Teutonic and Gallic races meet in the northeast of France—Godfrey of Bouillon, a powerful Lord of the Marches. He had under him as nominal inferiors the great feudal lords who had carved out districts for themselves from Edessa southwards, and those who had built and established themselves in the great stone castles which still remain, among the finest ruins in the world.

BY the time the Crusaders had accomplished their object and seized the Holy Places they had dwindled to a very small number of men. It is probable that the actual fighting men, as distinguished from servants, camp followers and the rest present at the siege of Jerusalem, did not count much more than 15,000. And upon that force everything turned. Syria had not been thoroughly recovered, nor the Mohammedans finally thrust back; the seacoast was held with the support of a population still largely Christian, but the plain and the seacoast and Palestine up to the Jordan make only a narrow strip behind which and parallel to which comes a range of hills which in the middle of the country are great mountains—the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. Behind that again the country turns into desert, and on the edge of the desert there is a string of towns which are, at it were, the ports of the desert—that is where the caravans arrive.

These ports of the desert have always been rendered very important by commerce, and their names go back well beyond the beginning of recorded history.

A string of towns thus stretched along the edge of the desert begins from Aleppo in the north down as far as Petra, south of the Dead Sea. They were united by the great caravan route which reaches all North Arabia, and they were all predominantly Mohammedan by the time of the Crusading effort. The central one of these towns and the richest, the great market of Syria, is Damascus. If the first Crusaders had had enough men to take Damascus their effort would have been permanently successful. But their forces were insufficient for that, they could only barely hold the sea coast of Palestine up to the Jordan—and even so they held it only by the aid of immense fortified works.

HERE was a good deal of commerce with Europe, but not sufficient recruitment of forces, and the consequence was that the vast sea of Mohammedanism all around began to seep in and undermine the Christian position. The first sign of what was coming was the fall of Edessa, less than half a century after the first capture of Jerusalem. It was the first serious set-back, and roused great excitement in the Christian West. The Kings of France and England set out with great armies to reestablish the Crusading position, and this time they went for the strategic key of the whole country—Damascus. But they failed to take it: and when they and their men sailed back again the position of the Crusaders in Syria was as perilous as it had been before. They were guaranteed another lease of precarious security as long as the Mohammedan world was divided into rival bodies, but it was certain that if ever a leader should arise who could unify the Mohammedan power in his hands the little Christian garrisons were doomed.

And this is exactly what happened. Salah-ed-Din—whom we call Saladin—a soldier of genius, the son of a former Governor of Damascus, gradually acquired all power over the Mohammedan world of the Near East. He became master of Egypt, master of all the towns on the fringe of the desert, and when he marched to the attack with his united forces the remaining Christian body of Syria had no chance of victory. They made a fine rally, withdrawing every available man from their castle garrisons and forming a mobile force which attempted to relieve the siege of the castle of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. The Christian Army was approaching Tiberias and had got as far as the sloping mountain-side of Hattin, about a day's march away, when it was attacked by Saladin and destroyed.

That disaster, which took place in the summer of 1187, was followed by the collapse of nearly the whole Christian military colony in Syria and the Holy Land. Saladin took town after town, save one or two points on the seacoast

which were to remain in Christian hands more than another lifetime. But the kingdom of Jerusalem, the feudal Christian realm which had recovered and held the Holy Places, was gone. Jerusalem itself fell of course, and its fall produced an enormous effect in Europe. All the great leaders, the King of England, Richard Plantagenet, the King of France and the Emperor, commanding jointly a large and first-rate army mainly German in recruitment, all set out to recover what had been lost. But they failed. They managed to get hold of one or two more points on the coast, but they never retook Jerusalem and never reestablished the old Christian kingdom. There had been a series of three mighty duels between Christendom and Islam. Islam had won.

Had the Crusaders' remaining force at the end of the first Crusading march been a little more numerous, had they taken Damascus and the string of towns on the fringe of the desert, the whole history of the world would have been changed. The world of Islam would have been cut in two, with the East unable to approach the West; probably we Europeans would have recovered North

Africa and Egypt—we should certainly have saved Constantinople—and Mohammedanism would only have survived as an Oriental religion thrust beyond the ancient boundaries of the Roman Empire. As it was Mohammedanism not only survived but grew stronger. It was indeed slowly thrust out of Spain and the eastern islands of the Mediterranean, but it maintained its hold on the whole of North Africa, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, and thence it went forward and conquered the Balkans and Greece, overran Hungary and twice threatened to overrun Germany and reach France again from the East, putting an end to our civilization. One of the reasons that the breakdown of Christendom at the Reformation took place was the fact that Mohammedan pressure against the German Emperor gave the German Princes and towns the opportunity to rebel and start Protestant Churches in their dominions.

MANY expeditions followed against the Turk in one form or another; they were called Crusades, and the idea continued until the very end of the Middle Ages. But there was no recovery of

Syria and no thrusting back of the Moslem.

Meanwhile the first Crusading march had brought so many new experiences to Western Europe that culture had developed very rapidly and produced the magnificent architecture and the high philosophy and social structure of the Middle Ages. That was the real fruit of the Crusades. They failed in their own field but they made modern Europe. Yet they made it at the expense of the old idea of Christian unity; with increasing material civilization, modern nations began to form, Christendom still held together, but it held together loosely. At last came the storm of the Reformation; Christendom broke up, the various nations and Princes claimed to be independent of any common control such as the moral position of the Papacy had insured, and we slid down that slope which was to end at last in the wholesale massacre of modern war—which may prove the destruction of our civilization. Napoleon Bonaparte has very well said: *Every war in Europe is really a civil war.* It is profoundly true. Christian Europe is and should be by nature one; but it has forgotten its nature in forgetting its religion.

## Soviets Through Soviet Eyes

### Families in Soviet Russia

By G. M. Godden

THE Soviet official press has been busy, during the last twelve months, in revealing just those conditions of "family life" obtaining among the Workers in Russia which the many visitors, catered to by Soviet travel agencies, fail to see. These revelations have been made in order to stimulate, among Soviet citizens, a sense of those responsibilities of marriage and of parenthood which the Soviet State has spent some 17 years in destroying. The effort is proving that destruction is easier than re-construction—a home truth which the Communist advocates of violence are apt to ignore. But truths ignored bring, sooner or later, their own nemesis; and social nemesis is exactly what the Soviet authorities have at last been forced to admit, in the pages of their own newspapers, in the hope of stemming the destructive tides let loose by the strict application of Communist social theory. What have been the results of Communist theory, in unrestrained practice, as regards family life among the Russian workers? Are they results which the working men and

women of America desire to see reproduced in their own country? Here is what the Soviet press itself tells us.

The Soviet Government has at last awakened to the fact that the reserves of Soviet "citizenship," the children and the mothers of the U. S. S. R., are being dangerously weakened by the habits of license in which the men have grown up. By 1935 the full impact of Communist education, as regards morals and marriage, was making itself felt; and that impact was strengthened by the living conditions of Soviet workers, which allow so many square yards of floor space, only, as the standard of "housing" for men and women. The net result has been wholesale refusal of fathers to maintain their children and of "husbands" to retain their "wives." The pictures of Soviet society, drawn by the responsible papers *Isvestia* and *Pravda*, last year, would be incredible, were they not displayed in the incontrovertible columns of a Government press, and reflected in the Decree of June 1, 1935.

In the issue of *Isvestia* for August 10,

1935, the Soviet Minister of Justice, the militant atheist Krylenko, stated that in European Russia, in the year 1934, the Courts had had before them some 200,000 cases of infants left with no maintenance; and that hundreds of thousands of fathers were evading the legal decisions. Two months later we have *Trud*, the official Soviet organ of the Soviet Trade Unions, deplored the mass of derelict infant life in Soviet Russia and asserting that the only remedy is action by the Trade Unions, in support of the judicial power. The Trade Unions are to take up the pursuit of the evading fathers, and presumably to be endowed with police powers. The Soviet Administration has found that laws and penalties, however severe, are futile among a population which, after seventeen years of Marxist "morality," has lost all sense of respect for law, either social or administrative and in this dilemma seeks to convert the Trade Unions into instruments of police coercion.

But no police coercion can cope with the moral debacle of a nation. For seven-

teen years the Communist International has been sowing the plague winds of complete license in sexual unions, of denunciation of the family as a "hideous vestige of bourgeois morality"; now it is reaping the whirlwind. Various remedies are being tried. The strictly controlled Soviet press is now emitting, with a single voice, praises of marriage, of the domestic hearth, of the joys of maternity. Registry Offices, known as *Zags*, are exhorted to improve their squalid interiors, so as to convey something of the romance of marriage, by a ceremony which can strike the imagination. This will be difficult, as Soviet citizens have been accustomed for a generation to walk in and out of the Divorce and Marriage bureaus with as little hesitation as a European citizen walks into a travel bureau to buy a railway ticket. Couples come to be registered, and reappear to be "disunited" almost before the ink is dry on the certificate. Young men and women "marry" in order to secure a portion of a room as a domicile; in order to have the right to buy goods at privileged shops; in order to obtain a permit for living in Moscow.

Also it will be difficult for Soviet citizens to appreciate the possibility of happiness beside the domestic hearth, when that hearth has, for many years, been limited to a few square yards in a room of a Communal House; and is strictly supervised by a House Committee Chairman, endowed with autocratic powers. Let us look at one or two domestic interiors in Soviet Russia today. An important member of the Communist Party sent on business to Nijni, brings back with him a young girl aged 20, whom he has "married" at the Nijni Registry Office. Four weeks later he turns her out into the street, in the Russian winter, wearing only a summer blouse and thin shoes, having no further use for a "provincial" wife; but finally he offers her a corner of his room to be shared with his new wife. The domestic hearth has become a polygamous institution.

ANOTHER Party member, occupying a good post in the Institute of Aviation, marries the possessor of a room; he ejects this "wife" from her own room, and she fails to obtain any redress owing to official protection for the husband. And a room, it must be remembered, is in Soviet Russia the equivalent of a house, garden, and garage in America. Again, a young woman in proud possession of a "living space" in Moscow marries a student, only to find that he proposes to share the single room with his parents "who are bored with living in the country," a proposal followed up by a notification for divorce. "But the room is mine" protests the poor young "wife." "It was, now it is mine," responds the young man; and with the approval of the Chairman of the House Committee he appropriates the coveted room, add-

ing insults and brutal usage for the former owner. These are a few cross-cut samples of Soviet "family life," taken from the official Soviet press of last year,—that is after eighteen years of Marxian Communism applied, without let or hindrance, to the social fabric of Russia. They are instances which should be quoted, from the audience, whenever the numerous American "Friends of the Soviet Union" are delivering addresses in praise of the Soviet domestic paradise.

THE Soviet press has also been enjoined to extol the "joys of maternity," in the hope of checking the practice of abortion, a practice which is the natural result of conditions prevailing in Soviet Russia today. *Pravda* (September 24, 1935. No. 264) is compelled to point out, reluctantly, that "In our Penal Code there is no law applicable to a man who compels a woman to undergo abortion,"—a regret by the way which throws a searchlight on the Soviet claim,—also much advertised at the "Friends of the Soviet Union" meetings, that in Russia woman enjoys perfect social, domestic, and economic equality with man. The Soviet newspapers of last year abound in examples of the brutal behavior of man to woman, culminating in the enforcement, even against the advice of a doctor, of abortion; but apparently one may search the files of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* in vain for any cases of ill treatment of men at the hands of their women folk.

Here is another cross-cut of Soviet life as regards expectant mothers. In one factory, in the month of May, 1935, no less than 150 women workers entered the Maternity Hospital; of these 150 thirty came for their confinement, and one hundred and twenty for abortion. And when the mother and the new-born child leave a Maternity Hospital of Moscow, an attendant is sent with her to see that she does not make away with the baby (*Pravda*. August 11, 1935. No. 220). Readers of THE SIGN will recall that a woman doctor delivering a panegyric on Soviet medical sciences, at the recent Congress of the "Friends of the Soviet Union" in London, proudly claimed that a Soviet surgeon has performed as many as 12,000 abortions in one year. Even Marxist theorists are beginning to see that figures such as these do not indicate a healthy State.

The Soviet Trade Union journal *Trud*, in its issue of September 30, 1935, No. 226, sums up the conditions of family life in the Marxist paradise in a passage which is worth quoting in full:

"It is a terrible thing that when one has lost all intimacy, moral and physical, with the man whom one loved, one is forced, together with one's children, still to share with him a single room, exposed to his hostile surveillance, his hatred, to cunning intrigues, calumnies, even blows." And in addition to the misery

of the daily "hate," the Russian worker's home suffers from an extreme of material squalor. Here is a description from *Izvestia* of the Workers' Flats for the great Ordjonikidze Factory, in Moscow, which, we repeat, should be read aloud, from the audience, at all meetings of the American "Friends of the Soviet Union":

"The appearance of this barrack demonstrates the lack of all attention to the needs of the workers. Along the walls are old delapidated bedsteads; the sheets are dirty; many of the pillows have no pillow cases. 'It is three years ago that I stuffed my mattress, myself, with straw; I have had nothing else to lie on since then,' said one of the workers. The room was lit with one small feeble lamp. There was no table where one could read or write; no facility for any cultural life. This factory is one of our last and most up-to-date; it is equipped with splendid foreign tools; it has been honored, on account of its successful output, with the Order of the Red Flag. How is it possible that, side by side with such technical progress, there can be such barbarous indifference for the most elementary physical and cultural needs of the workers?" And, *Izvestia* might have added, such indifference to the possibility of any family life, such indifference to the direct incentive to a universal use of abortion.

YET another revelation of the complete breakdown in the Soviet system, as regards the needs of the workers, was made in the Soviet press at the close of last year. *Pravda*, last November, notified a new branch of the familiar Communist method of industrial "speed-up," the method of competition, namely that of competitive "shock brigades" of women workers who engage themselves to enter into competitions for the provision of agreeable and wholesome food for husbands, and a good education for the children. What an admission of the utter breakdown of normal family life when public "Shock Brigade Competitions" are now found necessary to stimulate the carrying out of these simplest of domestic duties.

An even deeper squalor is that of the spirit. Fathers, mothers, and children, have all been deprived of their human birthright of religious faith. By no fault of their own the workers of the Soviet State are existing, in as far as State education and State regulations can ensure, at a lower spiritual level than that of the primitive races of Asia or Australasia; for these races acknowledge a God, and as far as their perceptions permit adore Him.

As the Holy Father has said, "We see today what was never before seen in history, the satanical banners of war against God and against religion brazenly unfurled to the winds in the midst of all peoples, and in all parts of the earth."

# 9 r's ial Is- eat ch, he an ck to he we go th on he up. ad ife, st id on he s- i- is ry k- d, y ct — The Passionists in China

—By Joachim Beckes, C.P.

## The Reds Capture Supu

By Raphael Vance, C.P.

**I**T was incredible. For months on end troops and equipment had poured into Hunan. Pill-boxes were built on hills and roads laid out. One would imagine that not a bandit could stir or a Red raise his head. And yet in that last week of November the Communists appeared almost before we could untangle the confused rumors of their approach. Had the soldiery melted away or been swallowed up?

We were not left long in suspense as to their route of march. On November 27th the magistrate of Supu, who had always been kindly disposed towards the missionaries, informed us that 20,000 Reds were advancing on Supu. They were pushing forward under the leadership of two men whose names have brought terror to western China—Ho Lung and Hsiao Keh.

They would not have been welcome visitors at any time, but conditions in the Mission just then made their approach most embarrassing. More than eighty catechumens from various parts of our district were studying doctrine in our school. Father Dominic Langenbacher, C.P., was confined to bed with phlebitis. He was unable to walk, and would be taking risks if he moved.

Our first thought was to get the Christians and catechumens in the Mission off safely to their homes. In the pouring rain they left for distant villages, the women carrying their infants on their

Word has just been received of the capture of Fr. Kellner, a neighboring missionary, by the same band of Reds who invaded the Passionist Missions



FATHER RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P., ON THE TRAIL WITH ONE OF THE SUPU BOYS.

backs—the men caring for their few belongings. The children trudged and toddled along in the mud beside their parents.

After their departure we hid the sacred vessels and vestments and the registers of the Mission. I gave Holy Communion to Father Dominic and consumed the Blessed Sacrament. It was impossible to obtain a chair for Father and equally impossible to hire carriers. Our chief pagan carpenter came to the rescue. From a porch chair, bamboo hoops and an oil cloth he contrived a conveyance for the sick missionary. Because of the general exodus of all carriers from the city we would still have been in a bad way but for the further thoughtfulness of the carpenter. He supplied his own workmen, including his brother, as carriers.

**B**EFORE leaving I had a letter written to the Red leader, Ho Lung, in which I informed him that the priests had cared for the poor for whom he professed to be so concerned. We asked that the Mission property be saved from destruction. In company with the city officials we started off in the cold autumn rain. Had we known that the Reds were just an hour's march behind us we certainly would not have stayed for the night at a village just seven miles from the city. And had the Reds known we were so near they would undoubtedly have pressed forward to capture us, in spite of their



THE SUPU MISSION CHURCH—DESECRATED AND DAMAGED BY THE REDS. IN HATRED OF THE FAITH THE COMMUNISTS INSULTED AND SMASHED THE CRUCIFIX ON THE CITY STREET. COMMUNIST SLOGANS WERE PLACARDED ON THE CHURCH WALLS.

fatigue. During the night we discussed our prospects and our plans of escape.

At three in the morning we started off again in the darkness and drenching rain. At every moment we half expected to be fired on by the Communists, whose success has been due in great part to the amazing speed with which they travel. That we had left none too soon was proven by the fact that they arrived in the village just two hours after we had left. A short time later we discovered that, confused in the darkness, the majority of the officials and home guard who had accompanied us, had turned off on another road. Our party now numbered about ninety. At noon we lunched and discussed which of the two possible routes we should take. One led east to Hsinwha, the other—longer and more mountainous—would take us to Paoking. The majority argued for the shorter route. The Lord must have inspired me to dissent. Thirteen of us separated and faced south. Those who left us to go to Hsinwha met the Communists and were taken. We proceeded up a trail of twenty miles to the highest mountain I have seen in my fourteen years in China. For a day and a night we were companions to the clouds. We crunched through snow to the tinkling of ice that blew from the trees with every gust of wind.

FOR five days three of the catechists did everything to protect us. By day they walked ahead of the party, that they might give timely notice of danger. At night these self-sacrificing men, instead of taking their much-needed rest, built a fire and sat the long hours until dawn—vigilant for the approach of the

Reds. It must be remembered that we were crossing the line of the Communist march, so that we were fearful of meeting them at every turn in the trail.

The fourth night—though we did not fully realize it at the time—was the most perilous. We were not long in the shabby inn that housed us for a few hours of rest, before we heard murmurs and curses against those who were helping the “foreign dogs” to escape. Later these strangers, whom we afterwards learned were Red spies, attempted to misdirect us to a route a mile away, which would have led us directly into the vanguard of the Communist army.

The next morning we felt it to be so probable that we would be captured that we decided to celebrate one Mass. Fr. Dominic said it, and I received. I heard the confessions of all in our party and they also received Holy Communion. The outlook was very gloomy. But later in the day we were happily surprised to meet a detachment of government troops on its way to fight the Reds. The first group of soldiers was under the command of a Lieutenant Li, whom I met as he sat in a village street. Though he was getting a shave, he left the barber and, with the towel still around his neck, accompanied us to his temporary quarters. He extended to us every Chinese courtesy possible in such a place.

Still further on we met General Tan who had visited Supu the previous year and who was well acquainted with Fr. Dominic and myself. By military telephone he advised the officials in Paoking that we were on our way to that city. His card was later to prove of real help to us. Since we were keeping the mules

fresh for any emergency, I walked over forty miles the next day.

Not long after our passing the government troops we met a number of people running towards us who had just been robbed by bandits. It was then a question whether we should remain that night in the village or push on. I decided on the latter course. As we drew near the danger spot we saw the outlaws on a hill, about five hundred yards back from the road. I told those accompanying us to put their umbrellas over their shoulders so that, at a distance, we would look like soldiers. Jumping on my mule I pointed towards the bandits and galloped in their direction. Evidently the outlaws mistook us for soldiers, for they ran off. My strategy had worked.

That night at about 9:30, as we drew near the city of Paoking, we were halted on the road by a sentry who had a sub-machine gun trained on us. I advanced, told him who was in the party and showed him the card from General Tan. We were allowed to pass. At the river we were delayed again, since the sampan ferries were tied up on the far bank. Even this large city feared the Reds. Once more the card of our friend, the general, helped us and passed us through the Customs without difficulty. That night we stayed at the Hungarian Mission.

**I**N the morning I visited General Gan, who was an acquaintance, formerly stationed at Supu. He informed us that we could leave the following morning by automobile for Changsha. But the next day, when we expected to board the bus, we found that all passages had been sold out three days in advance. Panic had gripped the city. I called the general on the telephone and told him of our plight. He immediately notified the superintendent of the line to get the Fathers off on the next bus. The Franciscans in Changsha gave us hospitality that night. Boarding the train at eight the following morning, we reached Hankow that night. A hearty welcome from our Fathers awaited us there.

During our absence the pagan carpenter who had helped us escape visited all our out-stations to report to us and to assure the catechists who were in hiding there of our progress towards safety. Before leaving I had arranged that messages should come through to us by runner at set times. Always thoughtful, this same carpenter had borrowed \$30.00 to supply food for the wives and children of the catechists who had accompanied us. The Red spies discovered that he had befriended us and he had to flee for his life.

I have scarcely the heart to write a detailed account of the Communist ravages in Supu. They sacked the stores and the homes of the better classes. Orders were issued for the death of any

merchant, official, school teacher or high school pupil who might be caught. About five hundred young women were brought in from the countryside and quartered in the Mission School and in the girls' public school. They were forced to study Communist doctrine. On our return we heard many stories of the cruelties enacted. Our gate-keeper was strung up by the thumbs and left to hang in agony. Later he was released. The wife of a former catechist was tortured. A Cath-

olic woman, who at one time had been a pagan nun, was beaten severely.

Everything in the main Mission and the four out-stations was stolen or destroyed. Our life-sized crucifixes were taken out on the streets, insulted and smashed. The altars and confessionals, the pews and benches were burned. Windows were smashed, floors pulled up. Hacking in the ceilings and walls, the Communists discovered our vestments and sacred vessels. On Our Lady's

feast, December 8th, a fierce battle was fought in which over three hundred of the Reds were killed. The damage to Supu Mission alone amounts, in Chinese money, to about \$10,000. It will be impossible to re-build without assistance. But in spite of material losses we are consoled by the courageous spirit of sacrifice of our catechists and Christians. We cannot forget our pagan friends, particularly the carpenter who risked his own life to help the Catholic priests.

## A Day in Our Compound

By the Sisters of St. Joseph

**T**HERE'S no place like home" even though that home be in the interior of China. Such were our thoughts when we arrived in Chihkiang on the ninth of September, after having spent a year in prolonged exile and suspense.

We were welcomed by the Fathers, the Christians, and some of the pagans. When the noise of the fireworks had ceased, there was silence. It was a sacred silence, broken only by sobs as one of the little orphan girls said sadly, "Father Edward did not come!"

The children reverently told the story of the last days of their beloved spiritual Father: Father Edward had gone to Yuanling to meet the Sisters but when he heard of our being delayed on account of the flood, he immediately returned to his Mission. He assured the little ones that, whenever the waters receded, he would go back again for us. On account of this promise, their sorrow was renewed at our home-coming.

We recalled Father's words, a short time later, when we received word that two days after we had left Changteh, the priests and Sisters who had shown us hospitality during our sojourn there, had to flee from the Reds. We are inclined to believe that Father Edward kept his promise, not in person, but in prayer before the throne of God.

The girls had much to tell us about the days when the Reds were expected, at any time, to make an attack on Chihkiang. The children did not realize their own danger and were concerned only about the doings in the compound. Although they knew that the Sisters' belongings had been hidden, they dared not ask where they were. However, their curiosity was satisfied in due time. While cleaning the convent, just before we came home, they discovered the hiding places.

After a few days, we were going about as usual. The sick, having heard

that we were here, came to the dispensary or sent messengers to invite the Sisters to their homes.

There was an epidemic of malaria which was proving fatal in many cases. Nearly every street had at least one family in mourning. For several days and nights, the pagans held parades and various superstitious practices to beg the gods to preserve them from sickness. Each patient who recovered after having taken the medicine which Sister administered, sought aid for a fellow-sufferer, thus the number of dispensary patients increased, daily.

Besides caring for the sick, we have charge of the orphan girls. School opened on the sixteenth of September and the following routine was begun: At six o'clock, the church bell wakens

the children. They rise promptly and get ready for Mass. Before the next bell rings, half an hour later, each little girl is in her place in the church, ready to chant morning prayers. They assist at the Holy Sacrifice, then return to the women's compound.

**A** FEW minutes later, a knock is heard and the little ones run to the dining room. The cook enters, balancing from a pole over his shoulder, a large wooden pail of rice, and a rack containing several bowls of vegetables. He sets the pail on the floor in the center of the room, places two or three bowls of vegetables on each of the small square tables, then departs.

As soon as grace has been said, the children fill their bowls with rice, stir



THE USUAL WELL-FILLED DAY IN THE MISSIONS IS DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE. PICTURED WITH SOME OF HUNAN'S CATHOLIC CHILDREN IS A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH.

the vegetables with their chop-sticks, and select choice bits to mix with their rice. When the meal is finished, each child washes her own bowl and chopsticks in a little wooden tub.

After breakfast, the girls perform the tasks assigned to them. One group may be found sweeping and dusting the church; others, cleaning the dining room, class rooms, and dormitory. All take an interest in their charge.

At nine o'clock, the school bell rings. Father William Westhoven, C.P., gives a daily instruction in doctrine.

During our first few months in China, we found it nerve-racking to listen to the pupils studying their lessons aloud, but we have become accustomed to this. Trying to learn the language ourselves, has helped us to be more patient with others who are struggling with it. But we are not the only ones called upon to exercise virtue in this regard. The natives must also be forbearing with us. One of the Sisters recently had this disheartening experience: A Christian woman was relating something which Sister did not understand, so she asked her to repeat. Paula did as she was requested, then added, "What a pity, we Chinese, cannot speak English!"

When the day's classes are over, there is little time for play, because the natives have supper at four-thirty. Afterwards, they assemble in the doctrine hall for a short instruction given by the catechist. This is followed by night prayers, in the church.

The evening is spent in recreation, study, and sewing. The girls not only do their own washing and mending but also make their own clothes, including

their shoes. The older pupils sew for the younger ones, while the small ones, in return, make the frogs that are used instead of buttons. Eight o'clock finds our little charges tucked in bed. They have had a busy day but they do not seem to think so. Let us contrast their life with that of the pagan girl in her home.

While the Christian child is assisting at Holy Mass, the pagan is offering incense and kotowing to the idol in her home. The child in the Mission has her breakfast before she begins her daily work. The little pagan girl must toil for two or three hours before partaking of her morning meal. Education is considered unnecessary for girls. From dawn until dark, the little pagan knows nothing but hard work. She carries buckets of water that are much too heavy for her. She takes the family's clothes to the river and washes them. She helps to prepare the food. If she has any free time, it must be spent in making shoes or thread. All the while, she may have her baby brother tied to her back.

Perhaps, if we were to ask the girls in the Mission what they think of their new life, we would receive an answer similar to the one given in the following incident: During our stay in Hankow, the English celebrated King George's silver jubilee. Private homes and public buildings were beautifully decorated with colored lights. These and the fireworks surpassed anything that the girls who were with us, had ever witnessed. When asked what she thought of it all, one of them answered, "Heaven is still more beautiful!"

## Wuki Mission—Badly Damaged by Reds



*"The Red army swept across Hunan with the fury of a storm rapid in approach, uncertain in extent, devastating and terrifying. The Communists fell with the suddenness of hail on the Wuki district. My first night in the hills was more like a nightmare than an actuality; the burning of a bridge cast a sinister red glow upon the sky; the silence, fraught with suspense, was ominous of evil to come; lanterns of the frightened, fleeing country-folk, flickering in the hills beyond and the valley below—like so many stars, as though the world had been inverted and we stood on the sky. The on-coming mist settled over the hill tops, threatening to envelop all in its cold and damp embrace. It was a night when one lived an age."*

*The dawn on November 25th ushered the long-capped soldiers into the village. A typhoon losing its way in the Mission could not have caused more havoc than did those vandals. Twice we were within call of the passing troops; constantly we risked detection. We had hours of furtive vigilance, miles of mountain climbing. Nights in hiding followed days in the rain.*

*The storm has blown over. The Communists desperate attack has brought us great material losses. We are in need of financial assistance. But the failure of the Reds has left the Church as firm as ever. It has instilled in us a stronger determination to work for a people who have felt the scourge of Communism and want nothing of it."*

FR. JOACHIM BECKES, C.P.

*Wuki, Hunan.*

## Our Girls' School

By the Sisters of Charity

WE were half afraid to mention our girls' school before. A Chinese school under the direction of foreigners is usually a risky undertaking, and here there were added difficulties peculiar to the circumstances of time and place. Now that we have been operating a year, however, we may dare to speak. Our registration has increased from fifty-seven to ninety-one; we have kept all of our earlier pupils; this term we have added two new grades, rather than the regulation one, and we have a staff of eight teachers as against last year's six. Not astonishing progress, surely; but progress entirely to our liking—the safer, slower, steadier type.

Perhaps the chief reason for this sat-

isfactory condition was Father Quentin's shrewd selection of native teachers. There is, for instance, Mrs. Kao, of whom the Shenchow people say, "She is truly virtuous, truly learned, truly cultured." The principal, according to law, must be Chinese—often a real deterrent to the foreigner contemplating opening a school. But Mrs. Kao defers to our wishes in every detail, and scrupulously follows the Mission policy. She is, besides, admired by the girls, who imitate her posture, her clothes, and the length of her bob. A marked manifestation of good taste on their part!

Then there is Mr. Tien, Physical Training and Writing teacher, whose long association with the Passionist

Fathers as language instructor has taught him to appreciate their aims. He, too, is excellent in his work and popular with the children. "The one with the air of a general," is how they characterize him. And, in a serious undertone, they invariably add, "He neither hits nor scolds!"

Miss Chang, the third secular on the faculty, has the Nature Study and Hand-work departments. Shy, reserved, and very gentle in manner, she is what most people at home would describe as "sweet." Though she is only twenty,

## Rita Suffered From the Reds



ONE OF YUNGSHUN'S OLDEST CATHOLICS WHO SAW THE RED TERROR IN THAT CITY.

*"I have lost heavily here," writes Father Basil Bauer, C.P. of Wangtsun. Prices are climbing so that it will be nip and tuck for the people to make ends meet. Not much planting is being done, since the farmers are afraid of another invasion. All the bamboo groves have been cut down by the soldiers to make block houses. Every hill boasts of one. I can count more than fifteen from the window of my house. Rice, meat, charcoal—everything has soared in price."*

Wangtsun—Hunan.

and this is her first assignment, she has already proved herself efficient.

We have two other native teachers, Sisters Marie Thérèse and Mary Joseph, in charge of the Language and Civics classes. They are our own, but so sure are we of their fine calibre that we cannot praise them too highly. No matter what question arises, we can depend on them absolutely to interpret for us aright the Chinese attitude. They are the safety links connecting us with the students, their parents, and the other teachers. Without them, we would un-

doubtedly have taken many false steps.

We now have five grades, from 1A to 3A inclusive. But our pupils are not the tots that you would find in an American primary school. Education for women is only beginning to be understood in this part of China. In our two highest classes, girls in their late teens predominate. In fact, 3A has one who is in her twenties! So far as our experience goes, we should say that the Chinese are decidedly more conscientious students than western children. There is really little question of discipline. At the end of a period, we foreigners might be worn out with the strain of trying to speak intelligible Chinese; but never with the strain of trying to conciliate conflicting personalities. On the other hand, it is very difficult to excite a class over any debatable question. Their tendency to obey and accept the teacher's word is far more ready than in Americans of the same age—a tendency gratifying to the smug, but appalling to the genuine teacher. We often ask ourselves how much of this attitude of complacent obedience is due to the lack of such stimulating influences as radio, telephone, movies, automobiles, libraries, and how much to heritage and custom.

THE curriculum, like that of any other registered girls' school, provides for nine studies: Chinese, Writing, Arithmetic, Nature Study, Civics, Drawing, Handwork, Music, and Physical Training. If our modest success continues, and we are later allowed by the authorities to open a fifth grade class, Geography and History will replace Nature Study in all grades higher than the fourth. Of the subjects already enumerated, the three foreign Sisters in the school may teach only Arithmetic, Drawing, Music, and Physical Training. We dislike prancing around a playground just as much as anyone else clothed in a religious habit and so decline the honor of teaching Physical Training. But the Drawing, the Chinese themselves have quite remarkable talent in that; and why they permit its instruction to foreigners is a mooted question among us.

In the Chinese schools, they have a system that at first chafed us, accustomed as we were to doing everything promptly and then congratulating ourselves that it was done. A better understanding, however, has led us to recognize its wisdom and now, though we're not wildly enthusiastic, we at least respect the system for its worth. All periods begin at twenty minutes past one hour, and dismiss on exactly the following hour. In other words, the children have twenty minutes of play for every forty minutes of study. This, with eighty minutes for lunch and five periods a day, brings the school day down

to three o'clock. But the students may not yet leave the premises. They are their own janitors and all on duty must then do their chores, while the others romp about the grounds until three thirty. Incidentally, this five-period-a-day arrangement means school six days a week! In the beginning we bemoaned the waste of time and lamented our lost Saturdays. But we soon began to use the recesses for correcting papers and preparing class work, and we have to admit that the girls come to us each period fresh and eager after their twenty-minute respite.

WE have intimated that the work is departmental. Instead of the moderator method prevalent in American schools using this plan, these classes are responsible only to the principal. Her task, however, is lightened by the other teachers, who in turn assist for one week in keeping order. Such a teacher sounds the whistle at nine in the morning; sees that the students assemble in the yard in class units; says whatever she thinks necessary in regard to their appearance and conduct; and, finally, sends each group to its own classroom. She then lists the attendance and temperature for the day on the school bulletin and in the office records. At three thirty in the afternoon, she again sounds the whistle, and before the assembled students reprimands any who have that day disturbed the peace of the school.

This public correction rite gives us a very unusual opportunity to learn something of Chinese disciplinary ideals. Mr. Tien, especially, is an artist in this way; and when the other day he cleared his throat preparatory to giving a rebuke, we straightened up and cocked attentive ears. For ten solid minutes he talked—about the offence itself, what he thought of the offence, and what the penalty ought to be. His presentation was climactic; and not immediately did we realize that some girl in some room had called some other girl in the same room a thief. Meantime, all the younger children up front were pointing an accusing finger at the unhappy calumniator; and the rest of the school gazed owl-eyed first at Mr. Tien and then at her. When he had exhausted every possible shade of argument and tone, he paused dramatically. Then he continued very quietly, "Where did this thing happen? In 3A! And who did this thing? Mao-U-Yin! And what's her punishment to be? One week's suspension and an apology before she will be accepted back!" He bowed, collected his books, and walked off.

But, like teachers the world over, we think that our school is the one school, and God's most attractive handiwork . . . our students!

## Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion

ON Good Friday we took part in the beautiful and soul stirring devotion known as the Three Hours' Agony. Perhaps we shed a few tears over the sufferings of our Lord on the cross, as the preacher pictured them in burning and eloquent words. But after the devotion was over and we went back to our daily routine, did we carry with us a sincere resolve to become better Christians, to be more closely united with our Lord in faith, hope and charity? Did we really begin to live a better and holier life? If the devotion of the Three Hours' Agony did not inspire us to confess our sins in the Sacrament of Penance and to seek strength to live a real spiritual life by eating the Bread which cometh down from heaven, then the devotion failed in its purpose; or, better, we failed to appreciate the devotion at its true value; we failed to take advantage of the spiritual opportunity which was offered us.

The power of the spoken word is great, especially when it is about the Passion of Christ. But we should not imagine that the Passion of Our Lord is no more than a pathetic tale which we are to shed a few tears over, like a sad moving picture. The Sacred Passion is over and gone. Christ doesn't really suffer any more. He is now immortal. But He loves us to sorrow with Him as though He were really suffering again. He appreciated the sympathy of the sorrowing women on the road to Calvary. But we should never forget what He said to them: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me but weep for yourselves and your children." He knew what was to happen to the Holy City. And He warned these good women beforehand.

He says the same thing to you and me. "Weep not over me, as though I were really going to Calvary again. I am immortal. Suffering can never touch me again. But it can touch you. You may be condemned to eternal fire if you don't keep my commandments. Look out for yourself. Let my crucifixion teach you what your soul is worth in my eyes. Don't lose it. If you do my death will have been in vain for you." Weeping over the Passion is good, but reformation of life is infinitely better.

REV. RAYMUND KOHL, C.P., GENERAL DIRECTOR.  
ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY, UNION CITY, N. J.

† † † † † "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eccl. 7:37.) † † † † †

KINDLY remember in  
your prayers and good  
works the following recently  
deceased relatives and friends  
of our subscribers:

REV. THOMAS DEMPSEY, C.P.  
RT. REV. MSGR. JOS. DELANEY  
RT. REV. MSGR. JOS. H. MEEHAN  
REV. AUGUSTINE TIMMERMAN  
REV. F. E. BOWEN  
REV. FRANCIS C. RYAN  
REV. WALTER M. CULLEN  
REV. F. E. O'BRYAN  
MOTHER M. OF THE CROSS  
(WHELAN)  
SE. M. ANITA (LOFSTEDT)  
SE. MARY ROSA  
SE. M. ST. IGNATIUS  
SE. M. SCHOLASTICA (BLATTE)  
SE. M. STANISLAUS  
MRS. M. HOLLOWBOUGH  
SE. MARITERESE  
CHARLES DUFFY  
MARGARET CASSIDY  
JOHN F. O'LEARY  
H. F. NORDHUES  
JOHANNA O'MALLEY  
ANNA HERMANN  
CHARLES A. STODDARD  
MR. G. F. McCLELLAND  
MARY ANN CONLIN  
MRS. D. J. CONNOLY  
THOMAS MARCHIN  
MARY MURPHY  
ROSE LEARMONT  
CORNELIUS O'CONNOR  
JOSEPH P. MCFADDEN  
MARTIN BURNS  
JAMES NYHAN

WINIFRED GALLAGHER  
ALICE M. GALLAGHER  
JOHN B. FOHEY, SR.  
THOMAS SHALLEY  
BRIDGET MURTAGH  
ANGUS McDONALD  
JOHN SMITH  
JOHN T. LYONS  
ANNE BOSTON  
WILLIAM MURTAGH  
EDWARD P. O'HALLORAN  
HATTIE URBAN  
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ANNA SCHNEIDERHAHN  
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TERESA J. MCNEILL  
MARTHA A. NORTON  
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ELIZABETH CUMMINGS  
BARBARA WEINHEIMER  
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MRS. JAMES P. O'NEIL  
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ANNA M. GILMARTIN  
THERESA MARTIN  
CHARLES A. NEUBAUER  
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MISS L. C. HANKINS  
MARGARET C. NEUWIRTH  
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MARGARET JANE RYAN  
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CATHERINE ORT  
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MARY ANN WHITE  
MARY AGNES HART  
ELIZABETH FITZGERALD  
CATHERINE BUTLER  
HENRY M. ZERWAS  
ANNA M. MONTINEAU  
LOUIS TONER  
ANNIE PATTEN  
LOUISA MARY MILLER  
MICHAEL P. COLLINS  
MRS. W. BAXTER  
JEANIE KENNEDY  
MRS. M. J. LAELVIN  
PATRICK J. LAHEY  
MARTHA LANGERBACHER  
JOHANNA HOLLOWBOUGH

MAY their souls and the  
souls of all the faithful  
departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace.  
Amen.

## Gemma's League of Prayer

BLESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League of Prayer.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them are left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

"The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Masses Said .....	10
Masses Heard .....	35,131
Holy Communions .....	30,173
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	166,625
Spiritual Communions .....	143,578
Benediction Services .....	41,821
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	62,873
Stations of the Cross .....	24,095
Visits to the Crucifix .....	162,086
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	34,509
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	166,608
Visits to Our Lady .....	7,387
Rosaries .....	160,741
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	6,555
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	1,614,919
Hours of Study, Reading .....	41,533
Hours of Labor .....	57,098
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	44,617
Acts of Zeal .....	64,480
Prayers, Devotions .....	308,605
Hours of Silence .....	49,613
Various Works .....	76,259
Holy Hours .....	529

# Sketches of Elizabeth Seton

By Sister Rose Anthony

**S**HE stood at the window and peered through the mist. There was a heaviness—a sultriness in the air that made it hard for her to breathe. Even old Bruno, considered by the Seton household as an heirloom of better days, lay on the porch, his eyes partly open, his long tongue protruding—the picture of canine unhappiness. As her eyes became accustomed to the fog, she began to discern the well-known outlines of one-story houses on either side of the narrow street and unconsciously her sympathetic nature pictured her father, the “idolized doctor of the Lazaretto” bringing health, and smiles, and sunshine to the poor Irish immigrants who lived there.

How long she stood dreaming she did not know. Her reverie, however, was interrupted by a warm little hand thrust into hers, by towseled ringlets against her arm, and by a childish voice saying ever so gently, “Mother.”

Elizabeth Seton looked down with indescribable affection on this first child of her love and in tender accents, said:

“Yes, my Anna Marie, what can Mother do for you this morning?”

“Sit down,—and take me on your lap,—and talk to me.”

The beautiful mother smiled, and drawing an easy-chair up to the window, sat down. This was an opportunity which the little six-year-old Anna Marie realized came but rarely, for the three younger members of the family seemed to demand most of her mother’s attention. Perhaps the mother, too, thought of the frequency of late with which she had slighted her little daughter. She helped her up on the arm of the chair. Little Anna Marie flung her arms about her mother’s neck and placed her head beside her mother’s.

Anna Marie was a philosophical young lady, for all her six years. Understanding and sympathetic she was ever. Even in the better days when there were servants, and the Seton family lived in the large home on State Street Anna Marie gave up her way that she might enjoy her mother’s smile. She had always seemed to feel the honor, too, when her mother took her as a companion on her frequent errands of mercy. Besides, she felt that she must be generous in not demanding the precious time which belonged to her little brother, Richard, and to Baby Catherine.

“And what should mother say to you?”

“Tell me about the poor family that grandpa goes to see every day or about the little boy whose mother is sick and

hungry.” With these words the little nose gave an impulsive plunge in her mother’s cheek.

“You mean Bobby Mulligan, don’t you?”

“Yes—Bobby Mulligan.”

Thoughfully Mrs. Seton stroked her daughter’s hair—“Yes my little girl, grandpa went to see little Bobby’s mother, yesterday. She is very sick and very poor.”

Little Anna Marie’s large blue eyes seemed to grow larger and bluer as her sympathy mounted. The minutes wore on but the two were oblivious of the flight of time. Finally Lizette announced lunch. Anna Marie climbed down from her much enjoyed perch and tilted up her little face. The beautiful mother bent over; kissed the child first on the lips, then on the forehead, and whispered in her ear a message which caused her to clap her little hands with joy.

“Yes mother, right after lunch—we’ll go—first to St. Paul’s, and then to bring the basket to Bobby’s mother.”

\* \* \* \*

**A**N urchin stood shivering on the steps of the sturdy Episcopalian Church on Staten Island. He had been there several times before glimpsing at a beautiful woman—the good Doctor Bayley’s daughter—who came almost daily to pray. The morning was early for Bobby—despite the fact that the hands of the glum old clock pointed to 10, and despite the brightness and heat of the sun. He didn’t know why he shivered; he certainly wasn’t cold. Perhaps it was because he was hungry and anxious and worried.

He was only ten, but since his father had died, he was shouldering the responsibility of providing for his mother and the two little rooms that they called home. He realized that his mother depended on him to be the man of the house. Often when food was scarce and there was no money, he had gone out on errands for the neighbors, or had chopped wood for the man who owned the grocery store. Occasionally (and he treasured the memory), the beautiful lady at Doctor Bayley’s house had invited him to sit down at the table where she served him to a bowl of hot soup. These days stood out in his memory as his “good-luck days” for invariably her smile and her winning manner had been a herald of better things. Then, too, she was the daughter of the wonderful doctor who had

come to be looked upon as a wonder-worker.

A flush of pleasure lighted up his pale face when he saw her ascend the steps, and when she spoke to him his azure eyes sparkled.

“I haven’t seen you for some days, Bobby, have you been sick?” Confused all at once by the realization that the beautiful lady was really smiling upon him, really speaking to him, he had some difficulty in quelling the tremor in his voice.

“No, I have not been sick, but my mother is very sick. Do you think that Doctor Bayley—can come—to see her soon?”

A look of grave concern passed over the face of Mrs. Seton. There were so many sick in the Lazaretto, and Mrs. Mulligan had been so active that she would not give up unless she were critically ill. But she answered briskly, endeavoring to allay the fears of the child before her:

“Why, surely, my little man. Why did you not send me word before this?”

“Because,—well, I felt that I could take care of her, but all last night she talked so strangely; her hands were so hot, and her eyes were so bright that she frightened me.”

Elizabeth Seton’s concern quickly gave way to alarm. Her father, only the night before, had voiced his apprehensions of the spread of yellow fever. In her better days she could have done much to relieve the distress that she saw on every side of her, but in the past two years she, too, had been reduced almost to penury. One disaster after another had practically swallowed the fortune that had been William Seton’s when he married her. And, when the clouds were hanging heaviest she had been invited by her idolized father to live with him at the Lazaretto which he had founded as a quarantine for Irish immigrants and where someone always needed care.

She was grateful for this manifestation of fatherly tenderness, and brought her little family to her father’s home. She knew that they would thus be preserved from actual want. Her concern, now, for Bobby and his mother was genuine, and stimulated, not alone by the thought that the poor woman was suffering, but also by anxiety for the safety of her own little flock and that of her father.

“Bobby dear, come with me.” She had ascended the church steps leading one child by the hand; she descended it leading two. True to her own motherly in-

stinct of sharing other's burdens, she was even then practising the virtues which the after-years would make the challenge of those who would be her spiritual daughters.

She turned her steps in the direction of home. She had reasonable assurance that she would find her father there at that time, for he was accustomed, when there was much sickness, to return during the morning for fresh supplies. Then, too, she might find for Bobby's mother some little luxury left from the wreck of better days.

Bidding little Anna Marie keep Bobby company in the old-fashioned parlor overlooking the street she went upstairs. She found him, as she had expected, packing his medicine kit. He looked strangely tired and painfully worn. She felt a sudden pang as she looked at him and realized that he was quite ill. He looked inquiringly at her—all the old devotion in his glance.

"My father,"—she pleaded—"will you not rest just for a little while? You are worried; tell me; is the yellow fever spreading?"

His *look* answered her; there was no need for his words. "It is an epidemic," he answered grimly. "My people need me; I must go to them."

"Have you seen Mrs. Mulligan? Bobby tells me she is ill."

"Yes," he answered, "I saw her some minutes ago." His lips quivered, for with all his acquaintance with suffering, he never became hardened to it. "She is very low. Yellow fever. I am on my way there now."

Elizabeth went downstairs and entered the parlor. Bobby had arisen at her entrance and she noticed that his pale little face looked pinched and hungry. The look went to her heart. Elizabeth Seton—were you inspired, on that August morning in the year 1801, to look into the future and to see the need of providing for the poor, and the suffering, and the little ones?

**B**OBBY left. Within two minutes he was home.

"Mother dear, you are better; I know you are. Look at me. The doctor will be here in a minute or two, and then, you'll be yourself. Speak, Mutnsey! Speak to me!"

The bright eyes of the sufferer seemed to grow brighter as they wandered without the slightest shadow of recognition on the pale face of her fatherless child. The parched lips spoke, but the little fellow had never before heard them speak so strangely.

"In my father's house—there are—many mansions." After a few moments she turned her head and Bobby thought that she was smiling to him.

The last words were inaudible, and while the delirious woman was uttering them the door opened unobserved and the

doctor entered. His experienced eye saw at once that Mrs. Mulligan was beyond human help. He approached the bed and took the feverish hands in his. Bobby looked hopefully at Doctor Bayley, confident that all would be well, now that he was with his mother.

Doctor Bayley, knowing that it was but a matter of moments, stayed there in that poverty-stricken, germ-laden cottage until the sinister visitor had come and gone. Often before had he attended dying patients, but today he was not himself. This death had clutched his heart. He felt that he must have air. Taking Bobby by the hand they made their way together into the narrow street.

**F**OR some moments they walked thus. There are moments when silence speaks an eloquent language, and this was one of those moments in the life of Bobby. In a flash, the terrible truth struck home.

"We shall be back again, my little man, and in the meantime, be brave."

All day long Doctor Bayley attended the sick. Yellow fever in those days was a scourge that had to be endured because it could not be cured. Little, if anything, was known of the mode of its transmission or the means of its prevention.

Toward nightfall a pronounced weakness overcame the tired physician; he found himself almost tottering from the bedside of a child who was dying. Home . . . yes, he must go home; home to rest . . .

The shadows had lengthened when he opened the front gate and set foot in his own yard. Elizabeth was at the door to meet him. She saw, after her first anxious glance that her fears were realized.

She set about the task of caring for her father. Never did she forget that memorable August 17, 1801. Never did she forget the paroxysm of grief that clutched her heart when she realized that her father, the only doctor in the Lazaretto, was critically ill; that he whose life was a living illustration of the great Wonder-worker's "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friend" might himself be nearing the great divide. Her agony of soul as she knelt by his bed, can be understood only by those who, like her, have loved deeply, and in death have lost their love.

Elizabeth—although she did for the physical comfort of her beloved father all that was humanly possible to do, nevertheless, longed to bring him spiritual help. Her deeply religious nature had often wished to hear from his lips the Holy Name; and now as she gazed upon the pallid face and noted the glazed eye, she longed for the assurance that he was not unprepared.

Toward evening she detected a peculiar cast about the mouth. "Was it," she asked herself, "the shadow of eternity?" Sinking upon her knees she pleaded in

the words she had learned to love "If it be possible . . . let, oh let this chalice pass . . . from me . . . nevertheless, . . . not as I will . . . but as Thou wilt."

Her grief subsided. Prayer always left her strengthened in spirit. Tonight it left her imbued with a mighty determination. She must put her father's eternal salvation beyond all hazard. She knew her father's devotion to duty which even at that moment was demanding such an awful toll. But there must be no risks when he should meet his Judge. Rising from her knees, she slipped from the sick-room, up the stairs, and in a moment stood by the cradle where her infant child lay sleeping. Tenderly raising the babe, she offered her in sacrifice to her Maker in return for her father's salvation. "O my Heavenly Father, you have given me my child; you alone know the pangs her life has cost me. To You"—her voice quivered and a quick sob choked the words—"I return that life—if You—will grant eternal life to him—my father."

Towards midnight the restless tossing of the doctor ceased; the feverish hands relaxed; the eyes became rational and, as the sun was glinting the eastern horizon with its first strokes of red, the faithful watcher heard the words, "My darling."

Often had she answered to that title in the dear days which seemed so far away when had she walked hand-in-hand with her father. But now—when she had never expected to hear her name again from those lips—to realize that he was looking at her—to know that he was speaking to her in the old familiar words, this surely was a little bit of heaven suddenly come to her.

**A**LL day and part of the next Elizabeth scarcely left him. Occasionally her husband asked to be allowed to watch while she should take a little rest, but Elizabeth could not be prevailed upon to leave. Towards evening, however, she found herself dozing. Her father, conscious, but very weak, watched her pale face. He scarcely breathed, so fearful was he of depriving her of that rest which he knew she so sorely needed. But there were things he must tell her before he left her—and he felt sure that there was only a short time remaining to him. And then he wanted to tell her not to grieve—that it was better thus—

She gave a sudden start, feeling instinctively the patient's eyes riveted upon her.

"Elizabeth,"—the voice came with difficulty. "I hear your mother's voice; I—have—heard—it—all—night; I—shall—go—to her—soon."

The words fell heavily upon the heart of Elizabeth.

"I want to tell you not to grieve; it is better so. God—(he lingered on the word as if there were sweetness in the

saying) is good; I—I—am glad—to go home."

"Home!"—was the dread delirium returning? "Home!" did he believe himself to be elsewhere? Could it be that—no; she was sure that it wasn't; never had her father made any reference to an after-life, not even when her mother lay in her coffin long ago. Never had he spoken of death with that resignation which now she thought she detected in his words. Hot tears blinded her as she kissed his forehead and with a little prayer to that mother who had left them both so long before, she whispered words of hope, of love, and of the Fatherhood of God. She often dwelt on the thought of the Fatherhood of God—perhaps because of her own intense devotion to her earthly father and of her happy memories of his devotion to her—and there in their last tryst, she would assure him of the tenderness of *their Heavenly Father*.

"Home—my child; your father—is going home. And now—read to me of God; your Bible—'Twas hers. The lights are burning low."

And in the amber morning light, Elizabeth—for the first time in her life—read to her father from the Bible, the little Bible that had been her mother's. She

opened it at random but the passage that met her gaze was one that was well-worn. "Greater love than this—no man hath—that he lay down his life—for his friend." . . . She read slowly, pausing between the phrases to look at the sufferer. "He was calm now; his hands were folded, his eyes were half-closed. The words to which he was listening meant much—very much to him in these moments when life was slipping away. Once again he was the physician; once again he was moving among the plague-stricken immigrants; once again he was risking death in the cause of humanity. Elizabeth thought him sleeping and closed the book. He turned slightly and she saw upon his face such an inexpressible joy that her heart gave a bound. The lips muttered something; with difficulty she caught the words: "I have given my life—for—His—friends. . . . Greater love than this . . . no man . . . hath . . . that . . . he lay . . . down."

. . . The words were coming with a supreme effort and Elizabeth thought that he could not finish them. But summoning all his strength he added . . . "his . . . life for his . . . friends" . . . and the pale lips closed forever.

Elizabeth was inexperienced in the

ways of death but she knew that her father's soul had winged its flight to a better land, and falling on her knees she poured forth her heart's grief in a prayer whose predominant note was THANKSGIVING.

'Twas on her knees her husband found her some minutes later.

The last ministrations were given by friends to whom Doctor Bayley had been both friend and physician. Hurried they necessarily were for the law demanded that victims of the yellow fever be buried within twelve hours. After the burial service by Doctor Moore, all that was earthly of the great hero of the Lazaretto was interred in the cemetery at Richmond, Staten Island.

Elizabeth was stoic in her determination not to let her grief cloud the lives of those about her. Only when all were asleep would she steal away into her little oratory, and there in a spasm of sorrow utter her Fiat. Prayer was her sole comfort, her one consolation, the only force that sustained her in those days of mental and financial distress; and prayer it was that was fortifying her soul to sustain other storms gathering in the distance and gaining momentum with their approach.

## I HAD FORGOTTEN

By Mary V. Stanley

O PRECIOUS house, you're mine for one night more,  
You seem so friendly, quiet and aware.  
I'll stir the fire—I like the pungent smell  
Of burning pine—the pictures in the flames.  
I am alone, and yet I'm not alone;  
Dim voices come from old silences,  
And through the halls and up and down the stairs  
Familiar, sympathetic faces smile;  
To them this place was sacred as to me.

Will the new mistress from a foreign land  
Be good to you as we have been, dear house?  
The Blue Madonna in the stairway niche—  
So long she's stood with loving, outstretched arms  
To bless us. With a pang I heard the words:  
"My telephone will be convenient here."

This Persian rug—it has the tints and shades  
Of sunset—glorifies this bit of wall;  
Woven by fingers long since turned to dust,  
It hangs secure from tread of careless feet.

"I like it better on the oaken floor."  
She tortures me with her unthinking words.  
My bowl of jade from China—ages old,  
The secret of the art which fashioned it  
Is dead, but it is vividly alive.  
This alien—if she only understood!  
How white the moonlight, but how dark my thoughts—  
They frighten me! I, who have lived with love  
And beauty all my days, can I not see  
That the abiding things are still my own?

Come Caesar, faithful dog, stretch your tired self  
On your own rug and sleep and dream awhile—  
Dream of your Master and his care-free boy,  
Not of their war-torn bodies in the grave—  
See their strong souls on new and eager quests.  
So will I see them. Without one complaint  
They closed this door, facing they knew not what,  
With courage—without hate—they closed Life's door.  
They kept the vision of "The House not made  
With hands—eternal—" Strange, I had forgotten.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

## Questions • Answers • Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

### COOPERATING IN SOCIAL JUSTICE

(1) *What moral obligation has a purchaser to place orders with a firm which follows Pope Pius' code of social justice, rather than with one which does not observe the code, particularly in the matter of a living wage?* (2) *Would the case be judged differently if, in spite of his lower wage scale, the latter produced a better product?* (3) *Likewise, if the latter firm employs workers of an accepted lower standard of living, e.g., Negroes in the south and Japanese in the west?*—J. W., HONOLULU, T. H.

(1) What constitutes a living wage will depend in great measure on the conditions of a locality. A living wage is a relative thing. The part which the consumer plays in furthering social justice is not touched upon by the Popes, but in the nature of things he is implicitly included. His part in social justice must be judged according to the general moral principles of cooperation. Every consumer is obliged in our opinion, to cooperate with those employers of labor who sincerely endeavor to put into practice the teaching of the Popes in the matter of a living wage. But this duty will hardly oblige when its fulfillment entails grave inconvenience to the consumer. If the case were simplified to such a degree that in a town there were only two employers making a certain product, which they sold directly to the consumer, and one paid a living wage and the other did not, it is our opinion that the consumer should buy from the first and not from the second, other things being equal. But conditions are usually so complex that consumers have not this simple alternative. Besides, consumers as a class, like employers, generally want the most and best for the least. They reveal as a class the same callousness to the rights of employees which characterizes employers. Consumers need an education in social justice, almost as much as employers.

(2) The quality of goods produced will have a bearing on the case. A consumer would not be obliged to cooperate with an employer who pays a living wage, but turns out an inferior product, when he can buy a better product from one who does not, if the difference to the consumer would be a matter of grave importance, e.g., with reference to the worth and durability of the article and the price paid for it. In this connection the individual consumer cannot exert much influence in forcing the payment of a living wage. It is necessary that he act in concert with many others in order to accomplish anything substantial in this matter.

(3) The answer to this question is included under (1). For further reading we recommend *Consumers and Wage Earners* by Rev. J. Elliot Ross, and *Catholic Ideals in Social Life* by Father Cuthbert, O.M.C. Though both were written before *Quadragesimo Anno*, they deal with its principles, which were expressed forty years before by Pope Leo XIII in his great Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*.

### REV. E. BOYD BARRETT

*Please give me your opinion of Father E. Boyd Barrett, who was once a member of the Society of Jesus, and who I now believe is an apostate. I should like to know the circumstances under which he apostatized.*—B. F. McC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

We would prefer to keep a discreet silence concerning him, but since he has written several books which may fall into

the hands of Catholics, who may be disturbed when they read that he was formerly a member of the Society of Jesus, we think it advisable to warn the faithful against him.

Rev. E. Boyd Barrett was a member of the Society of Jesus for about twenty years. He came to this country from Ireland, where he was born and where he entered the Society. We are not acquainted with the real causes of his defection from the Society, but we are morally certain that he has not told the whole story in his books. He presents only his side of it. Since he left the Society he has engaged in writing as a means of livelihood. Unfortunately his interpretations of the Church's activities are biased and unfair. The exigencies of his present situation move him to write for a certain type of people who relish scandal and who wish to believe that the activities of the Church are all motivated by a malevolent purpose. Nothing is more absurd. Personally, we do not think that the author himself believes what he writes. People with common sense and a love of propriety will know how to judge of his books and articles. We recommend him to the prayers of our readers, that God may give him the grace to return, like another prodigal son, to his Father's house. The Church like our Lord is ever ready to receive the repentant.

### STIPENDS FOR MASSES

*Why is it that priests charge \$5.00 for a sung Mass? Surely, poor people can't afford to have a Mass sung for their dear departed ones. So they must go on suffering in Purgatory because priests charge so much.*—W. J., DUNKIRK, N. Y.

In most dioceses the stipends for the various kinds of Masses are fixed by the Bishop. This is for the general good of all the faithful. Though this may seem to work hardship on some, it should be remembered that it is not necessary to have a sung Mass offered for one's intentions. Though a sung Mass is accidentally more efficacious in itself than a low Mass, there are many other circumstances to be considered, when there is question of obtaining the favor sought. God always takes into account the sacrifice of the one offering the stipend. If the Lord's comment on the offering of the widow in the temple is any criterion, it might happen that one who can afford only a low Mass for a dollar stipend might obtain more readily what he seeks than one who can easily afford a higher stipend for a Mass with greater external solemnity. Besides, it is not unheard of that priests offer Mass for really poor persons, who are unable to offer any stipend whatever.

### SPIRITUAL COMMUNION: CONFESSION OF VENIAL SINS: ANGER

(1) *What is meant by spiritual communion? Does it mean asking our Lord to come to us in spirit, when one is not in the state of grace, when Holy Communion is distributed at Mass?* (2) *Is so, should one refrain from having breakfast?* (3) *Is it necessary to tell the number of times each venial sin is committed, when confessing?* (3) *Is anger a mortal or a venial sin?*—C. Z., UNION CITY, N. J.

(1) A spiritual communion is a pious desire to be united to Jesus Christ. Though a spiritual communion is not in itself as beneficial as the actual reception of the Holy Eucha-

rist, it is recommended to the faithful when they cannot receive our Lord in person. There are many advantages resulting from this practice. Spiritual communion may be made everywhere and at every hour of the day or night, but especially at Mass. To make a good spiritual communion one should perform the same acts as one would perform in receiving sacramentally, that is, acts of contrition, humility, faith, desire, and love; and then to make an act of thanksgiving, as though one had actually received our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Of course, one who is conscious of being in the state of mortal sin should not desire to make a spiritual communion without first having made an act of perfect contrition, which includes the intention to confess his sins to the priest. Fasting from midnight obliges only when one receives our Lord in the Sacrament.

(2) It is not necessary to confess the number of times venial sins have been committed. Venial sins are what is called "free matter," that is, they are not necessarily to be confessed at all. But those who are in earnest about making spiritual progress and have recourse to a regular confessor usually confess their venial sins in a manner which will show their souls as they really are.

(3) Anger is defined as an inordinate desire of revenge. As an inordinate desire of revenge it is mortal sin in itself, but as an inordinate passion it is usually a venial sin by reason of imperfection of the act, or the triviality of the object.

#### REQUIEM MASS

*What is the difference between a Holy Mass for the repose of the soul of a deceased person and a Requiem Mass?*—F. H., HACKENSACK, N. J.

There is no difference. All Masses for the deceased in Purgatory begin with the words—"Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis"—"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." It is because of the initial words that Masses for the dead are called Requiem Masses.

#### CATHOLIC ATTEMPTING MARRIAGE OUTSIDE CHURCH

*Would the Church allow a marriage between a Catholic girl and a Protestant, who is divorced from a Catholic girl whom he married outside the church?*

Since Catholics, whether they marry other Catholics or non-Catholics, cannot marry validly except before an authorized priest and at least two witnesses, it follows that the marriage attempted between a Catholic and a non-Catholic (or even between two Catholics for that matter), without observing the above law is an invalid one. Therefore, in the case submitted it is possible to obtain a declaration of nullity from the matrimonial board of the diocese, after which both parties are free to marry. But in this instance there is an impediment of mixed religion, which would have to be dispensed by the Bishop, and the usual guarantees given, before a marriage could be entered into.

#### CATHOLIC MAY NOT SPONSOR AT PROTESTANT BAPTISM

*Recently a heated discussion arose concerning the question whether of not a Catholic is allowed to stand up for a Protestant in Baptism. One person agreed that since a Protestant can sponsor a Catholic child, there is no reason why Catholics could not sponsor a Protestant child. What is the teaching of the Church in this matter?*—G. S., BRONX, N. Y.

The teaching of the Church in this matter is very plain and very emphatic. It is forbidden to employ as sponsor at Catholic Baptism and Confirmation one who belongs to an heretical or schismatical sect, or even a Catholic who is under condemnatory or declaratory sentence of excommuni-

cation; also those Catholics who are unworthy for other grave reasons. It is also gravely forbidden Catholics to act as sponsors at the baptism of heretics and schismatics. The reason for this ought to be evident to those who are convinced that the Catholic Church alone is the true faith revealed by Christ. It is not only a sin against the faith to hold that one with the true faith may join in religious services with those who hold, even in good faith, erroneous forms of worship, but it is also a lack of ordinary common sense. The logic of adherence to the teaching of the Catholic Church demands that nothing be done which implicitly denies the uniqueness of that faith as the only true revelation of Christ, or to convey the impression that all faiths are of equal value and dignity before God.

#### BOLSHEVISM: FASCISM: HITLERISM

*Please tell me what is meant by Bolshevism, Fascism and Hitlerism and in what do they differ from one another?*—S. M. A., CINCINNATI, O.

Bolshevism is derived from the Russian word *Bolshinistvo*, meaning "majority." Since 1898 there has existed in Russia a socialist organization known as the Social-Democratic Party, which aimed at the substitution of a republic for the monarchy. At the second congress of this party in London in July, 1903, a number of delegates, who formed the majority and were called Bolsheviks, in contradistinction to the Mensheviks, or minority party, definitely determined to overthrow the imperial government of the Czar by armed rebellion. Bolshevism is militant and atheistic communism—a social system founded on community of goods. In political practice communism involves absolute control by the community of everything pertaining to labor, religion and social relations. As a philosophy of life Bolshevism directs men to mere material ends and militantly attacks religion, as is clear from the authentic history of the Soviet Republics.

Fascism is a political system which makes the good of the state paramount and places control in the hands of a dictator. Fascism recognizes the right to hold private property and is therefore opposed to Bolshevism and those systems which maintain common ownership of the means of production and all real property. But it agrees with communism and socialism to the extent that it maintains that the citizen exists primarily for the State, and not the State for the citizen. Religion in the philosophy of Fascism must likewise be subservient to the State but in Italy this difficulty has been solved by means of a concordat with the Holy See.

Hitlerism is synonymous with Nazism, or the doctrines of the National Socialist Party of Germany. Nazism is the German model of Fascism. It is distinguished from the Italian model by its crude and extravagant devotion to the material trinity of "race, blood and soil," which reveals at times the workings of either a sick mind or an insane one.

#### BENSON'S "LORD OF THE WORLD"

*Please tell me what Monsignor Benson's Lord of the World is all about? It is beyond me. What did he mean when he wrote at the end—"and this world passed and the glory of it?" Does "twenty-three o'clock mean 3.20? What is a "volor"?*—M. K., BOSTON, MASS.

*Lord of the World* is an ambitious attempt to depict the struggle which will take place between Antichrist and the Catholic Church, which the New Testament assures us will happen at the end of time. Who Antichrist will be and how he will attack the Church are matters of mystery, but that Antichrist will lead many into apostasy from the faith is revealed by St. John in his Epistles. Benson conceived that Antichrist will be the quintessence of the purely natural man. He will be put forward by Freemasonry and will defy

and attack the Catholic Church—the sole representative of the supernatural order. He will appear to conquer, as Benson brings out at the end of his book. But the conclusion in the line quoted by you is both ambiguous and illogical. Even though Julian Felsenburg—the Antichrist—might destroy Nazareth, the hiding place of the Pope, it would not follow that the whole world would thereby be destroyed. If it were, Antichrist and his followers would also go down with Catholics. Where, then, would be the victory? We have the word of Christ Himself that the gates of hell will never prevail against His Church.

Benson himself admitted in the Preface to this book that it is a "terribly sensational book and open to innumerable criticisms." He certainly got the criticisms. In order to make up for the pessimism of *Lord of the World* he wrote another book—*The Dawn of All*—in which he made the Catholic Church to triumph. This was also attacked, and with good reason. Benson suffered from an extravagant imagination, which bordered at times on the hysterical. He could not keep it always under control. *Lord of the World* is one of many instances. At one time it was thought that it might be placed on the Index. Nevertheless, he had an uncanny premonition of many things which have transpired since his death, among which is the appalling diminution of the supernatural sense, and the increase of the purely natural outlook on life, as evidenced in Russia, Germany, Mexico and Spain. His interpretation of the final outcome of the philosophy of Freemasonry in its attack on the supernatural order is something to give one serious thought. It shows the wisdom which has directed the numerous condemnations of the Lodges by several Popes.

"Twenty-three" o'clock would be 11 P.M. It presupposes the use of timepieces giving twenty-four hours instead of twelve. This is a practice followed in some places in Europe. "Volor" is the author's term for airplane.

#### MANY CALLED BUT FEW CHOSEN

*May the Gospel text to the effect that "many are called but few are chosen" (Matt. 22:14) admit of several interpretations? Does it refer to the Religious State, or to the Jewish race, or to the salvation of Christians in general?*—E. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The text admits several interpretations. The parable of the wedding feast, in which the above text occurs, was directed primarily to the Jews, as were the parables of the two preceding chapters. They were the first to be invited to believe in Christ and to become members of His Church. This they refused to do. The man without a wedding garment represents those who do respond to the invitation, that is, the faithful, but are found without sanctifying grace. In a more remote sense the text may be applied to those who are invited to the Religious State and to the various degrees of holiness in that state.

#### FEAST OF ASSUMPTION IN U. S. AND CANADA

*Why have we not the same Holydays in the U. S. and Canada? The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is a Holyday here but not in Canada?*—MASS.

The present Canon Law prescribes the observance of ten Holydays of obligation, besides all the Sundays of the year. But at the same time the Holy See tolerates local customs which are at variance with the universal law, provided they have been duly approved by the supreme authority in the Church. In the United States only six of the ten Holydays are observed. Canada has the same number, but there the Epiphany is observed instead of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Bishops of Canada many years ago petitioned the Holy See to allow them to celebrate the

same Holydays as in the United States, but the decision was that the Epiphany should be observed in place of the Assumption. Our surmise is that it was customary to observe the Epiphany as a Holyday in Canada, but not the feast of the Assumption, which custom the Holy See wished to have perpetuated. Perhaps some of our clerical readers may be able to throw light on this matter.

#### MARRIED MEN EXCLUDED FROM CARDINALATE

(1) *I enclose a clipping from "The Jersey Journal," which says that Monsignor Ludovisi, who died at the age of 79, could never have been made a cardinal because he had been married and was a father. Is this statement correct? (2) I have read that sometimes a Pope was elected who was not a cardinal. In such a case would the one elected have to be consecrated a Bishop, as the Pope is Bishop of Rome?*—H. J. H., Jersey City, N. J.

(1) Among those who are to be excluded from the cardinalate are those who have a son or nephew from a legitimate marriage. The reason of this law is to avoid the danger of what is called nepotism. Of course, since it is a church law, it can be dispensed by the Pope if he sees fit. (2) There is no church law which demands that the person elected to the papacy must be of the Roman clergy, or an Italian, or even a member of the College of Cardinals. Any male Catholic, even a layman, can be validly elected. If one who is not already a priest and bishop is elected to the office of Pope, he must be ordained priest and consecrated Bishop by the Dean of the Sacred College, since the Supreme Pontiff succeeds St. Peter as head of the Church as Bishop of Rome. For many years, however, the Roman Pontiff has been elected from among the cardinals. This is now a tradition—but only a tradition.

#### WHY ALWAYS ITALIAN POPES?

*A friend asked me why all the Popes have been of Italian descent. I answered him the best I could, but he was not satisfied. He said that there must be something wrong with our church. Will you kindly help me out?*—F. H., Mattapan, Mass.

This is an old favorite. No matter how many times the above erroneous supposition is refuted, it manages to survive—like so many other canards against the Church. Hence we repeat what has been answered in rebuttal so many times. There have been Popes of many nationalities during the long life of the Church. Thus, there have been 15 Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 3 Africans, 3 Spaniards, 2 Dalmatians, 1 Jew, 1 Thracian, 1 Dutchman, 1 Portuguese, 1 Candiote (Cretan), and 1 Englishman. (*Catholic Belief, Bruno*). This list should dispose of the objection that "all" the Popes have been of Italian descent. Adrian VI, a Dutchman, was the last non-Italian Pope. Since his death in 1522 none but Italians have been elected to the papacy, and for the last five hundred years none but members of the College of Cardinals. This custom, as said above, is an ecclesiastical tradition of expedience rather than of necessity. One reason for the election of so many Italians to the papacy is that the Pope is Bishop of Rome. It is but natural that many of the Bishops of Rome should be Italians. Had St. Peter fixed his See in Dublin, we would not think it strange that many if not most of the Popes were Irish and Dubliners to boot. As to the expedience of electing Italian Popes, one should read the history of the Babylonian Captivity of the Papacy, when for seventy years the French Popes lived at Avignon, and were used as tools by the French kings. The Popes are more free in Rome than anywhere else. And the schism which followed the return of the Pope to Rome—the Great Western Schism—was the gravest crisis which the Church ever faced. The Reformation was tolerable compared to that. And all because

the French Popes didn't wish to live in Rome. That sad experience taught the cardinals a lesson, which they never forgot. The election of an Italian is one of the best means to insure the residence of the Pope in the See of St. Peter—Rome.

#### CONSECRATION AND COMMUNION OF SAME MASS

*If one is late for Mass on a Sunday or Holyday of obligation, arriving at the consecration is it sufficient to make up for this omission by remaining only until the consecration of another Mass?—C. M. A., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

It is generally taught by theologians that the faithful do not essentially fulfill their obligation of assisting at Mass on Sundays and Holydays unless they are present at the consecration and the communion of the *same* Mass. The reason for this is that to assist at Mass means at least to be present at the consecration, which is essentially the act of sacrifice, and also the communion, which is its consummation. The precept of the Church, however, obliges the faithful to assist at an *entire* Mass, which embraces those parts of it which are not essentially parts of the act of sacrifice. Therefore, the omission of a notable part of the Mass outside the consecration and the communion would have to be supplied, unless there would be a grave inconvenience in doing so.

#### THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

A.S., Bossford, O.; M.T.J.C., Phila., Pa.; C.F.W., Phila., Pa.; F.A.F., Indianapolis, Ind.; G.F.C.N., Bronx, N. Y.; K.O'D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A.H., Ossining, N. Y.; A.R.McK., Miami Beach, Fla.; G.M., Springfield, Ill.; A.I.C., Elizabeth, N. J.; G.M.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.C.B., New York, N. Y.; M.D., Jamaica, N. Y.; M.M.T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; C.C., East End, Pgh., Pa.; M.G., Coney Island, N.Y.; J.N.L., Youngstown, Ohio; M.J.J., Providence, R. I.; J.W.K., Baltimore, Md.; M.W.J.S., Westboro, Mass.; A.W., Lawrence, Mass.; K.F.C., Troy, N. Y.; E.M.R., Flushing, N. Y.; E.M.F., New York, N. Y.; F.M.C., New York, N. Y.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Five Wounds of Our Lord, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.M.W., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, St. Rita, C.F.W., Phila., Pa.; Blessed Mother, Mother of Perpetual Help, K.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Gabriel, E.K., Yonkers, N. Y.; St. Kateri, M.Q., Wilmington, Del.; Sacred Heart, St. Raphael, Precious Blood, St. Anthony, St. John Bosco, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, M.F., Clarksburg, W. Va.; Souls in Purgatory, M.R.G., Phila., Pa.; St. Ignatius, R.A.K., Milwaukee, Wis.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.M.L., Elmhurst, L. I.; Blessed Mother and Her Divine Son, Jesus, H.P.S., Jackson Heights, L. I.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, A.F., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Little Flower, Our Blessed Lady, A.I.C., Elizabeth, N. J.; Our Blessed Mother, M.M., McKeepsport, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M.J.B., Lynn, Mass.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.W.-D., Goshen, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M.T.F., Bronx, N. Y.; Blessed Mother Mary, F.V.W., New York, N. Y.; St. Gabriel, B.C., Rye, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.T.O'K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin, M.C.L., Pgh., Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, Little Flower, St. Anthony, E.M.R., Flushing, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Immaculate Mother, M. B., Hokoben, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M.J.C., Long Island, N. Y.; Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal, M.J.P.D., Waverly, Mass.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.J., Wyncote, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Anthony, M.H.M., Latrobe, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Phila., Pa.; Holy Souls, M.R.F., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, K.McD., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, K.O'C., Chicago, Ill.; R.A., Albany, N. Y.; M.C.F., Arlington, Mass.; H.A.D., Princeton, N. J.; M.W.H.L., Flushing, N. Y.; M.A.J.D., Bridgeport, Conn.; M.E.S., Jersey City, N. J.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has prepared a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlets are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

#### More About Our Cover

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The letter signed S. B. J. in the March issue interested me a great deal.

This lively, intelligent letter could only be evoked by a challenging, growing magazine such as THE SIGN and, as further evidence of reader interest, I'm going to jump right in myself and criticize S. B. J.'s criticism of your cover.

To my mind, the March issue stood out in the mad jumble of newsstand presentation as a shamrock would stand out in a florist's display of wild, exotic tropical blooms.

The solid appeal of its refreshing block of green, its sane, readable type, its clear-cut, unmutilated art, added up to a mighty convincing total of selling points. In fact, its simplicity of make-up achieved novelty in a magazine cover world gone haywire.

I regret the tendency of "modern" art to abide by "rule-of-thumb" methods and so-called "laws" of design that are supposed to lead the eyes of the hapless spectator in the direction that's good for him. If they'd only stop there. But they don't.

In practise, most magazine cover lettering creeps and crawls without regard for composition or anything else, save an overwhelming desire to achieve a third dimensional leap at a passer-by, knock him down and take a quarter out of his pocket.

The Beautiful Girl covers are just too, too beautiful for human endurance—and my dreams are haunted by purple, green and red cowboys, blue phantoms, leering detectives, screaming women with yellow claws clutching delicate pink throats, weird scientific machines that plunge into oceans, climb mountains and roar into space on vast, useless errands.

What a relief to know I can now buy a magazine with just a cathedral on its cover.

True enough, a steady diet of such covers would become monotonous, but I don't think that will happen.

All in all, perhaps a little real art (regardless of its age) won't hurt us, and may, in fact, appeal to eyes somewhat blackened by the powerful impact of other types of art. "Modern" magazine covers get along without Michelangelo, but he was good, too.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. SAVAGE.

#### Shakespeare on the Passion

##### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Alent Pulsford's series on the Passion, I think that, on the whole, he has thus far done a very fine job with the subject. However, since you value criticism, I feel that he fell down rather miserably in his treatment of Shakespeare (viewed, of course, in the light of his theme—the Passion). In his first paragraph he says categorically: ". . . in all the wide range covered by the poet there is but one reference to the Cross." The dear fellow had better take down his Shakespeare and page it more carefully. I knew he was wrong (rather instinctively at first), and looked over my notebook, to find some seven or eight beautiful references to the Passion! And I am sure that perusal of a Shakes-

peare Concordance would reveal many more. However, as they say, "even Homer nods," and so one cannot be too critical of Pulsford's oversight in this one instance, although it is unfortunate that he should have capitulated on the greatest of all the poets.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

B. B.

### A Little Known Devotion

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Reading in THE SIGN, December, 1935, the communication titled "Death at Seventeen," prompts the writing of this note.

I wonder how many of your readers, especially among the young, are acquainted with devotion to the Archangel Raphael. Well-known in European countries, the devotion has been but recently introduced to our American people.

In an essay on the Angels by the French author, Ernest Hello, there is a beautiful prayer to St. Raphael. This prayer for "happy meetings" is indeed the cry of souls faced by the dangers of the modern social whirl. Translated into English, and bearing the *imprimatur* of ecclesiastical authorities, the prayer is being distributed generously from several sources. It may be had gratis by those writing to The Abbey Guild, Atchison, Kansas—enclosing stamp for mailing of the "Prayer to St. Raphael."

My observation of the wholesome spiritual awakenings resulting from this devotion urges me to recommend it to all readers of THE SIGN.

KANSAS CITY.

M. A. RYAN.

### The Church and War

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to take issue with you over your answers to the questions on the Church and War in the February issue of THE SIGN.

Certainly no one can deny in the light of Catholic theology, that war as a case of mass self-defense may be theoretically justified under certain circumstances. These circumstances have been heretofore stated by competent authorities and are well known to most readers. But since this is Catholic doctrine in the abstract, we need to have it applied to modern conditions. And the consensus of opinion of Catholic moralists who are making this application is summarized by Father Stratmann, who declares that "if we consider the conditions which justify a war from the standard of Catholic morality we find that a (just) war is almost an impossibility." We find the Catholic Association for International Peace coming to the same conclusion. Father John Ryan in *Modern War and Basic Ethics* answers the question: "Can the demands of the natural moral law for a just war be met under the conditions that obtain when a completely modern war is fought" by the conclusion that "It is held that modern war cannot be justified in the light of the traditional Catholic ethic of war." Father Raymond O'Flynn lecturing before the Catholic Truth Society of England contends that regardless of the point whether we take the voice of public authority as a criterion of a war's validity, "everything considered, a Christian nowadays has to be a conscientious objector."

In the words of our present Pope Pius, spoken at the consistory of April 1, 1935—"for peoples once more (to) take up arms one against the other and if once more the blood of brothers is spilled and if destruction and ruin are spread"—"would be so enormous a crime, so foolish a manifestation of fury, we believe it absolutely impossible." I wonder if we have not here the authoritative condemnation of modern warfare, C. K. is seeking. Leo XIII condemned universal conscription as a crime against conscience. The Popes have given the lead—it is for us to follow.

You consider C. K.'s contention that the Pope might speak *ex cathedra* on the question of war as "immoral and absurd." And yet Gilbert Seldes in his book "The Vatican" predicts that "the time may come when those who in 1914 asked why the Pope did not forbid war to Catholics, may be answered with a declaration *ex cathedra*. Father Gillis in an editorial entitled *Reflections After a Pilgrimage* writes that while he does not as yet believe that the Pope should speak *ex cathedra* condemning recourse to arms, he is sympathetic toward the idea for which many of us are praying and hoping.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JAMES F. DUNN.

### Plan to Convert Unbelievers

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The thought came to me after reading literature on Communism, Atheism and Christian Social Justice, that America is so divided in religious belief and outlook on life that the establishment of Christian Social Justice, as conceived by Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI, cannot be effected under present conditions.

So far the only organization which has been formed to unite the people of all beliefs and no belief for securing Social Justice is the National Union of Social Justice under the leadership of Father Charles E. Coughlin. Divided as America is, his plan is, in my belief, the only one that will or can come near getting Social Justice.

Another method which is very slow at present is to convert those who are not members of any church, or who do not believe in God, to the Catholic Church. As people do not go to church, even if invited, we must get them by some other method. I think that this plan would work considerably towards the conversion of America. The plan is this: the wholesale distribution of pamphlets on the existence of God, God and reason, inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Catholic Church, etc. These pamphlets should be about eight pages in length and of about 4,000 or 5,000 words, and sell for not more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent. A small denomination is doing this at the price named above. I have seen some of these pamphlets. The Catholic Church can also do this, if these small denominations can. At the end of the pamphlets give the name and address of the local priest for further inquiry. Have a reliable committee formed to circulate these pamphlets to every home in the city or town. Socials and card parties could be used to raise the money to purchase the pamphlets for each parish. It means lots of work and lots of money, and also lots of converts. The thing is to get the unbeliever interested.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WALTER BLIZZARD.

### From Our Vanity Case

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

With hesitation would I attempt to point out which part of THE SIGN I enjoy most. Each issue increases my enthusiasm. Convert stories and articles by converts are valuable for obtaining the "method of approach" in dealing with possible converts. May we be treated with many such articles.

A few years ago I clipped out the articles which appealed to me most and passed on the rest to others. Now I find it necessary to keep the entire magazine for reference. The Sign-Post gains everyone's ready approval, since it is a storehouse of information, both instructive and interesting. I wish THE SIGN the success it deserves. May its Catholic influence soon pervade every home in the country.

IGNATIUS A. KOLLER.

ST. VINCENT'S SEMINARY, LATROBE, PA.

# FROM CATACOMBS TO CUBISM

By Victor Luhrs

**SPANISH Cathedrals show the influence of French, English, Italian and German Architecture. Nevertheless they have many distinctly National characteristics contributed by the Spanish genius and worthy of particular consideration.**

## IX: SANTA MARIAS AND SAINTES MARIES

**I**N France, the Gothic cathedrals cry "Alleluia!" In England they chant, "Peace on Earth!" In Spain they do both.

During the Romanesque period of the twelfth century, the people of Zamora (people and not contractors built cathedrals then) were creating a cathedral undistinguishable from Early Christian churches in architectural crudeness; while in Sant' Iago de Compostella a cathedral of exquisite refinement was being moulded. Here in Spain one will find churches of an architecture that was long antiquated for its period, and others that are advanced.

With the advent of Gothic architecture borrowed directly from France, cathedrals just as contrasting as Zamora and Sant' Iago de Compostella took shape. Barcelona is crude, while Toledo and Leon compare favorably with Reims or Amiens in architectural correctness. Avila is massive and strong while Burgos is light and delicate. Siguenza is small, Seville is huge.

Most of them borrowed construction plans and general appearance from France. Some have central towers reminiscent of England, while the campaniles on others are clearly Italian. Germany contributed open work spires to at least one.

Here the drama so significant in French cathedrals and so conspicuously absent in the cathedrals of England, bursts forth again. Regardless of what the Azaña régime may think, the Catholic Church is Spain. The Church is also universal and nowhere is the Church's ability to adapt itself to custom and the temperament of the locality while maintaining its internationalism, displayed by cathedrals better than in Spain. Although primarily Spanish, as is proper since they are in Spain, the Catholic cathedrals here continue to remind us that the Church has built cathedrals in such places as France, England, Italy and Germany.

The exquisite Cathedral at Burgos is typical. Its general construction and location in the heart of the town are French. Its open work spires are German. Its central lantern suggests England, but no English central tower ever approached this magnificent "work of angels" as Phillip II called it. The roof alone is Spanish, yet the cathedral itself is purely Spanish. Its blazing religious sincerity and astounding beauty is the conception of the Spanish Catholic mind.

Seville in construction is more Italian, with a suggestion of German, and having an English style central tower and French stained glass. Its belfry (la Giralda) is the work of the Moors. It is the largest of medieval cathedrals, large enough to house Westminster Abbey or St. Patrick's, New York, in the center aisle alone. It is frankly copied from Milan, yet is unlike Milan. It lacks the splendor of the great marble Italian cathedral, but, enhanced by rich stained glass, it satisfies the esthetic feelings of any lover of Gothic art.

In Toledo one may see two examples of artistic excellence, the Cathedral and the Church of San Juan de los Reyes. The interior of Leon Cathedral is as skillfully constructed as any of the French ones. Salamanca has a peculiar double cathedral, the new and the old, showing late Gothic contrasted to early Romanesque. Segovia has the nearest approach to a completely Spanish Gothic cathedral there is anywhere. Barcelona offers a Gothic cathedral that is Early Christian in its exterior crudity. Only in Spain does one see such remarkably contrasting cathedrals as these. Spanish is the most fascinating adaption of Gothic architecture. It is French Gothic emblazoned by a crusader's zeal.

**T**HE church of Spain that does not offer at least one altar, painting or statue that is a masterpiece is a rarity; this, no matter how unimportant the church itself might be. The Azaña government and the Communists have burned, damaged or stolen much of this

art. Spanish churches like their sisters in France, England, Russia and Mexico, have learned what vicious enemies their governments might become. Unfortunately the Spanish Church's baptism of fire has been repeated, and the Spanish Inquisition against art has been voted into power again. If for no other than esthetic reasons, it should be fervently prayed that Spain receives no further doses of radicalism.

While French Gothic burst into a flame of almost frenzied religious glory in her southern sister, it remained more conservative in the north countries. The leading Flemish cathedrals, Brussels, Antwerp, Ypres and Mechlin are reserved for comparison to those in Spain.

**T**HE Cathedral and Collegiate Church of Saint Michael and Sainte Gudule, Brussels, is not as large as its name might indicate. It is like a Spanish church insofar as it follows French construction plans with English modifications, but here the similarity ends. It is sedately handsome rather than baroquely magnificent. The interior is pleasing, having two fine apsidal chapels and some interesting stained glass. It is a conservative bourgeois sort of Catholic Rotarian, the best kind in the long run perhaps, but hardly the most interesting.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame at Antwerp (Notre Dame d'Anvers) is more interesting. Its great south tower which dwarfs the façade and the peculiar bulbous tower over the crossing strike the eye. The latter feature is a relic of the days when Spain ruled Antwerp. Ruben's "Descent From the Cross" hangs in this cathedral.

The cathedrals at Brussels and Antwerp escaped the ravages of the modern world's great scourge, the World War. Ypres, however, was not so fortunate. What happened to Ypres during the flood of blood from 1914 to 1918 is well known and the cathedral went the way of the Cloth Hall Tower. I might here add that the Allies could bombard their cathedrals with as much gusto as the Central Powers. Ypres Cathedral, like its sisters in France, Reims, Saint Quentin and Soissons, has been restored.

But restorations, however skillful, never replace all that the original offered. This super-century in which we live seems determined to destroy everything that is beautiful (spiritual as well as material) and, after demonstrating its thor-

oughness in destruction, it offers an exhibition of rapidity in replacement. This would be a clever trick were it not that the replacement is always the inferior to the thing destroyed, and when cathedrals are the victims the show is not worth the price. But we of the twentieth century will pay as high as \$100 to speculators for the privilege of seeing Louis slaughter Baer in a mere twelve minutes of massacre; so surely a few cathedrals is

not an exorbitant toll for four years of mass murder. And yet we insist on calling the days that built the cathedrals, the "dark ages."

**I**N these "dark ages" when people were too "ignorant" to worship a science that gave them poison gas, bombing Zeppelins and similar blessings, Flemish architects were successfully secularizing Gothic. Belgium is the one nation where

medieval Gothic secular buildings are more famous than the cathedrals. The Town Hall and Spanish King's palace at Brussels, the ill starred Cloth Hall Tower at Ypres, the Belfry at Bruges and the Town Hall at Louvain are among the world's foremost secular buildings of Gothic architecture. This architecture was peculiarly fitted for churches, however, and fortunately it remains today an ecclesiastical architecture.

## Just Price

By Richard L-G. Deverall

**F**ALSE economic theory is so prevalent that it has obscured even among Catholics the Church's teaching on such an important matter as the just price. What is meant by the just price and whence arise false notions on this very important subject?

**T**HE orthodox economic theory taught in most of our colleges—Catholic included—postulates a theory of price that is pagan in principle, and that is opposed to Christian idealism. It was the cry of the Roman: "Let the buyer beware." If you sell a horse with a blind eye, if you sell 1,000 shares of worthless Consolidated Realty preferred, you are, in the eyes of the modern economist, "clever, enterprising, and aggressive." To-day, as two thousand years ago, the motto of the business man is: "Let the buyer beware."

Buy cheap—sell dear! Certainly, if a man follows that maxim, all other things being equal, his good fortune is assured. But is it as simple as that? Is price merely a value placed upon a good; is it merely representative of the maximum amount the vendor can extort from the not-too-wary buyer? Is price a matter outside of moral principles, or is it something that concerns religion? The economic world we inhabit is one founded and guided by Protestant thought. It is paradoxical that Roman Catholics live under—and at times even defend—an economic system that is Calvinistic-Pagan in origin and content. The great success of this Calvinistic economic system is evident. It has completely separated economics and religion. A man may cheat, extort, steal, lie, deceive, indulge in usury, and so forth, so long as he feels justified before God (if he has one). In fact, Calvinism, in its more virile forms, taught that as a man was blessed with wealth and property, so did God love

him. Peruse the pages of R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* to check this point. Such a theory, logically followed out, must lead to the conclusion that Jesus Christ, our Lord, was heartily despised by His own Father!

It is no wonder that Pope Leo XIII, in his apostolic letter *Graves de Communi* (January 18th, 1901), proclaims that the economic problem is, above all, ". . . a moral and religious one, and . . . must be settled by the principles of morality according to the dictates of reason." And the great Pope of the Workingman merely reiterates the words of Antoninus of Florence, ". . . the whole science of economics is ultimately a moral one, and must be dominated by principles of justice, and must harmonize with the Ten Commandments."

**T**HE majority of serious, scientific historians usually scoff at medieval economic thought. These great men so hate the Roman Catholic Church that anything of Catholic origin is at once condemned. If it is Catholic, they say in effect, it is *ipso facto* bad, stupid and illogical. No less a person than Dr. James Westfall Thompson, of Chicago University, in his *Economic and Social History of the Middle Ages*, criticizes the medieval theory of Just Price as a sterile, inflexible principle—an idea intrinsically impotent and impractical. But come, let us examine the medieval theory and practice for ourselves.

First, let us note the evolution of

Christian ideas pertaining to business. Old Roman Law saw business as an end in itself: an attainment of economic well-being was synonymous with perfect happiness. Hardly had the Empire become officially Christian when Pope Julius (337-352 A.D.) wrote: "It is filthy lucre when one in the harvest time through avarice, not through necessity, gets grain at two denarii per peck and keeps it until he gets four or six." St. Augustine, when discussing the tendency to buy cheap and sell dear, *declares such a practice to be a vice*. He adds: "We have known people, from humanitarian motives, to have sold cheaply to their fellow citizens grain for which they had paid a high price." The Council of Tarragona, meeting in 516 A.D., states: ". . . those who wish to remain in the clerical state should not strive to buy cheaply and sell dear. If they do so, they are to be expelled from the clergy." And, writing eight centuries later, Antoninus of Florence gloriously cries: "If one places final purpose in gain, seeking only to increase wealth enormously and to keep it for himself, his attitude is to be condemned." Therefore, it is clear that business—gain—as an end itself, is forbidden and immoral. We now proceed to the theory of Just Price as delineated by St. Thomas Aquinas, declared by Pope Leo XIII to be the Common Doctor of the Roman Catholic Church.

**T**O ask a price for a good is to enter a relationship with another man. As men who belong to a community are part of that community, and as all men are parts of the world community, it is evident that the pricing of goods is of interest to both man and government. The price of goods is something affecting vitally the common good. Thomas states that a just price is that price most closely approximating the current or market price; it is fixed by

the *communis aestimatio*. This market price is no fixed, immutable value. The value of the good is determined by the location, by risk involved in obtaining or transporting, and by its ability to satisfy human desires and needs. A price above or below this value is unjust and illicit. And unless just (living) wages are given to all concerned with the good being priced, the price is necessarily unjust and immoral. As service or work can be valued at a money price, it must enter into the cost determining the market price.

If a just wage be paid the laborers, there are still other factors conditioning the calculation of the just price. If, because of a famine or scarcity of goods, a person arbitrarily raises the price, he acts unjustly. For, says St. Thomas, the advantage is not due the seller, but is a circumstance affecting the buyer only. To exploit such an advantage is to sell something that one does not own. But, if the good is sold at a just price, the buyer is free—but not bound—to pay the vendor a higher price. To sell a good that is defective in any way is illicit. Misrepresentation of any kind is fraudulent and unjust. Highly important is this fact: if the quality of the good is misrepresented in any way, an unjust price obtains. "It is altogether sinful to have recourse to deceit in order to sell a thing for more than its just price, because this is to deceive one's neighbor so as to injure him." And, as love of God includes love of neighbor, an injury to neighbor is an insult to God. Should such things happen, the seller is bound to restitution. It is stealing, no less!

The other schoolmen and canonists consistently coincide with the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas. Albertus Magnus, teacher of the Angelic Doctor, postulates that a standard to measure value is to be found in capacity to fill human needs. Buridan allows the same point. Antoninus of Florence continues the teaching. Thus we see that the Christian canon of price—and never forget that it was a purely Catholic conception—and the Christian condemnation of gain at another's expense, were a vital and continuous idea of both patristic and medieval thought.

Did Thomas Aquinas write theoretical discussions alone, or were his teachings reflected in the laws and customs of the times? Ashley, in his monumental *English Economic History*, states that, ". . . common law in the later Middle Ages adopted completely the principles of the canonists." Cunningham observes: ". . . the law of the realm (England) was in practical accord with the canons discussed by St. Thomas Aquinas; other guardians of morality, in the pulpits and elsewhere, exerted their influence in the same direc-

tion . . . a strong public opinion was created . . . which supported the ecclesiastical and other powers . . ." For instance, when Breslau adopted the Charter of Magdeburg, in 1261 A.D., it was written that, ". . . if the people . . . are convicted of cheating, they shall be either beaten and have their heads shaved, or they shall be fined three shillings." The London bracemakers, in 1355 A.D., ordain: "If anyone shall be found making false work . . . let it be adjudged upon as being false or forfeited; and let such persons go bodily to prison." Says Chaucer: ". . . that other marchandise, that men haunten with frauds and trecherie and deceite, with lesynges and false oathes, is cursed and dampnable." Finally, in the im-

of that great economic and religious fraud, Calvinism?

Where would the vendor of patent medicines be under the Just Price theory? Where would the stockbroker be under such a system? Where would the grain speculator be? The parasitical middle man? The avaricious sweatshop operator? The exploiting factory owner? The unjust employer?

There is little hope for our civilization—or for any civilization—if business is divorced from morality and religion. There is no religion that preaches the marriage of business and morality more constantly, more consistently, than does the Roman Catholic Church. And that is because the Catholic Church is interested in saving souls, not in justifying any one certain economic system. It has been said of the Protestant Revolution (*the only Reformation was of Catholic genius!*) that the religious "leaders" were merely puppets in the hands of greedy bankers and usurious business men. As time passes back into the Hands of God, we are realizing that Luther and Calvin did come to free men from Rome. They came to free from Rome, yes! but not in the sense that we usually think. Rome stood for justice, for just prices, for living wages, for social justice. Rome meant strict morality in *all* business dealings. Is it any wonder that Jacob Wimpeling, writing in the early sixteenth century on the eve of the Protestant Revolution, cried: "Woe the day when the reins fall into the hands of wealth, and gold begins to beget more and more gold." Aye! woe the day when the Vatican was discarded for Lombard Street, for Wall Street, for the Bourse!

## Bartimaeus

By Robert Jean Marsan

**E**CCE HOMO?"—was it this I asked  
When Thou didst leave my eyes unmasked?  
Pray, let me once again be blind  
And grope along the roads that wind  
Away from—this Jerusalem.  
These eyes! oh, tears! extinguish,  
baffle them!

The time-forgetting dark were kinder,  
Lord,  
Had not my seeing's first reward  
Been Thine all-healing smile: so now,  
Let these eyes close upon Thy brow  
Anointed with Thy Blood, and keep  
No other memory for their long sleep.

mortal Catholic epic of the later Middle Ages, *The Vision of Piers the Ploughman*:

"Mayors and macers means be between  
The king and the commons to keep  
the laws,  
To punish on pillories and pyning-  
stools,  
Brewsters and bakers, butchers and  
cooks  
That richen through regnatory."

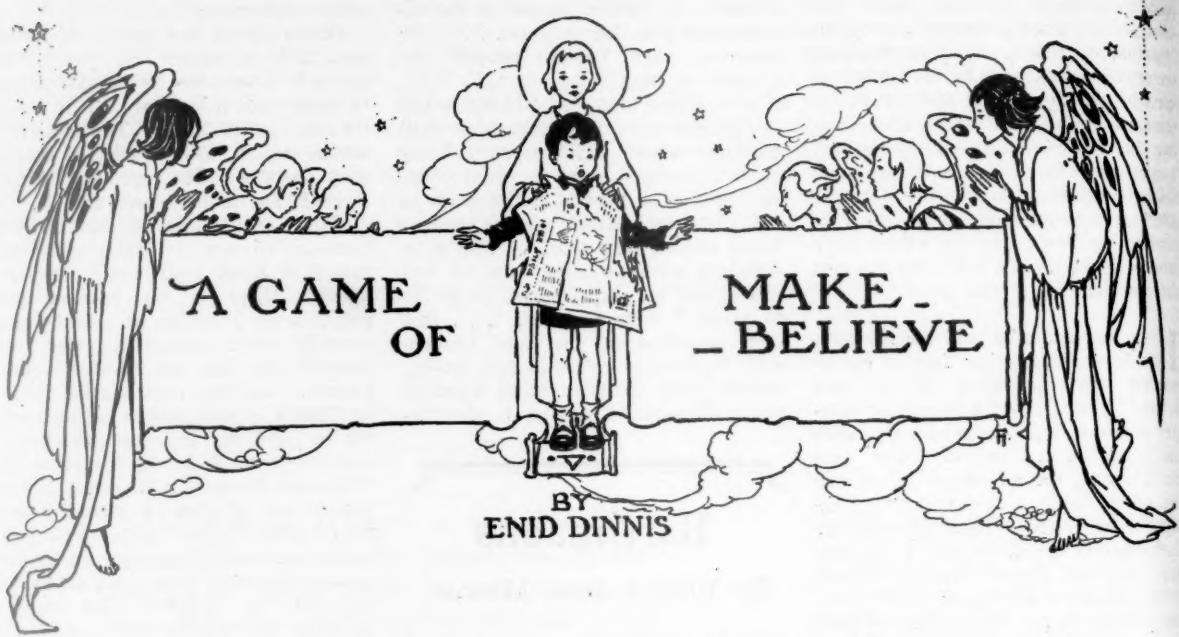
To-day, our country vainly seeks to curb the profit motive. Bankers and brokers send mothers' sons to war in order to swell their personal fortunes. Year in and year out hundreds of laws are passed to secure justice for all. Sherman Acts, Interstate Commerce Acts, Pure Food and Drug Acts, Clayton Acts, N.R.A. price-fixing codes, and so on—of what value are they when our people are nurtured at the breasts

of **T**HERE are some who would remedy the situation by leading us into the quagmire of Marxism. There are some who would reform a moribund Capitalism along more humane lines. Such efforts are futile. For the only possible reform lies in this: *return to Rome*. It lies in a return to Rome, to the Papacy, to the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas.

"Other ages and other religions," writes Mr. V. A. Demant, "have given rise to attempts to secure morality in commercial life." But not one of them has secured a system so perfect, so balanced, so intensely practical as that developed by the Catholic Church during the Middle Ages. Here, as in all other fields, we have a demonstration of the fact that only Catholicism is founded upon a Rock.

The Just Price was one of the magnificent accomplishments of the Catholic Middle Ages. A civilization that founds itself upon such a model must be enduring.

"And the gates of Hell shall not prevail against Her."



"**A** CHILD," Father Fairbairn observed meditatively, for a turn in the conversation had "set a little child in our midst"—"a child is a very real creature. It comes out of Reality with something of the angelic mode of perception clinging to its intelligence. It gradually loses it as it grows older until one can hardly identify the child with the man, the loss is so considerable—so vital." The old Father gave a deep sigh.

"You mean," some one hazarded, "that Man begins life a very little lower than the angels and makes a more or less rapid descent as he grows up?"

Father Fairbairn nodded an assent. "Only the mystics escape," he said. "They seem to hang onto the thing which the rest lose hold of."

He continued, for he had gained the interest of his listeners:—"That's why 'let's pretend' is the most pregnant phrase in a child's vocabulary. A grown-up would be ashamed to use it. To a grown-up it would mean, 'let's be sham.' To a child it means, 'let's be terribly—gloriously real.'"

There was a silence for a moment. The thesis, like many of those worked out by the old Father was by no means self-evident. Being given to expressing himself in paradox Father Fairbairn's truths had sometimes to be sought below the surface. Yet he was the most child-like of men. His most intimate friends, it was said, were in the nursery.

"If you watch a child at play," he went on, "you will realize that it is living a fuller life than before. It has become a man, a soldier, a mighty hunter, for all that it is perfectly aware that it is still Jack, Tom or Peter."

"Or a priest," somebody suggested. "I knew a small boy who was always pretending to say Mass. His mother had to stop him."

"I knew one, too," Father Fairbairn said, "and I have always wondered if 'pretending' was the right word. You see, he wasn't more than six years old. Mercifully for me his mother hadn't taught him where the limit came to good taste in nursery play."

"I say, 'mercifully for me' because a very curious thing happened in that connection—a very curious thing."

No perusal of the *Imitation* had succeeded in curing us of being interested in the curious things stored up in the memory of our old friend, no one could have called them "idle stories" so we fostered an impenitent appetite for them.

The aged Father answered our request for the story with a slow glance at each of us. We were all at an outstandingly grown-up age—the twenties, to wit. "You won't be able to enter into the mentality of six years old as well as I can," he remarked. "I'm well in my second childhood. Second childhood is like the Jesuit Tertianship—God sends one back to learn over again the only things worth knowing. I wasn't in my second childhood when this thing happened, so I suppose I got a special grace."

**W**E recalled the Father's history. At the moment the rector of a struggling little country mission, he had in his youth been a professor at one of the Universities. He had become a convert to the Church and entered the priesthood. People had long since forgotten his story. They knew only the shabby little padre

living his life in an isolated corner of the country.

"It's really the story of my conversion," he said. "It hasn't found its way into *Roads to Rome*. It wouldn't do. It might shock people, like the mother of the boy you mentioned. It wouldn't do, I grant, for a certain kind of audience—people not too well acquainted with the absolute, if you will pardon an academic term. They would suspect me of being ribald, but I think you may get at what was the meaning of it all."

**T**HE little episode, no it wasn't little, happened when I was a young man. I was living near the university where I was teaching—never mind which of the "ologies." I was very grown-up then. I was like Alice in Wonderland nibbling at the side of the mushroom that made one grow big and bloated—too big to put on the seven-league boots that carry one over the hills. I had not sampled the other side of the mushroom which makes you small enough to get out of the window of this little universe.

The house I was living in was let off in floors, they didn't call them flats in those days. The people above me were very nice folk, a young professional man and his wife and their one child, a boy of about six. I was very friendly with them. I discovered that they were Catholics and "R. C.s" interested me. I found them an interesting psychological study. I marvelled how they could accept the dogmas of their Church, the worship and ritual of which however delighted me, as such.

I used to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Eldon and their small son, John Se-

bastian, to High Mass. John Sebastian was a keen ritualist. Even a low Mass, and I sometimes went with them to a low Mass as well, kept him absorbed, watching the movements of the priest. I had never seen a child behave so well in church. It never occurred to me that he might be bound by a spell that was supra-liturgical. A spell that I had failed to come under. The tremendous thing affirmed by the Mass was to me something unthinkable. How could the Supreme Being condescend to this act—descend from Heaven at the word of a man? The Mass remained for me an act of worship in which I took some kind of part but into which I did not care to go too deeply. I nibbled steadily at the side of the mushroom which makes us put on weight and remain earthbound and ignored the side which makes one grow small enough to do the things that fairies, or if you prefer it, angels can accomplish. I fancy I was playing a game of "let's pretend" that many grown-up people identify with retaining their hold on intellectual rectitude. The lean pastures outside the true fold hold many such.

**S**O I got a habit of attending Mass, and by degrees to grope toward the reality the fringe of which I had not touched. I knew that men and women went to Mass, on their way to work, or over miles of rough country, for the sake of that reality which I had so far failed to grasp, but for me the Sanctus bell simply heralded what was known as "the act of consecration" preceding what I knew to be "the Elevation of the Host." And withal the mystery of Worship sent a faint, strange thrill through my soul. I became great friends with John Sebastian. His comments on the business of worship were quaint. "The red lamp never goes out," he told me. "It keeps Jesus company. He never goes out either from His little house. He's still there, even when He comes to play with me in my nursery."

John Sebastian's exposition of the Real Presence left me with a curious wistfulness to be able to believe.

Like many only children he had an ingenious way of inventing games to play by himself. When he discovered that I was willing to become a playmate he was delighted. A kitten may play with its own tail, but it gets more fun, really, out of its mother's. A real flesh and blood playmate, I felt, might be an acquisition to this lonely little fellow with the strange fancies. He did me the honor of allowing me to enter into his world of what people call "make-believe."

That term, "make-believe" is worthy of dissection. Myself with a tiger-skin rug over my back could make us both believe in the thrill of the jungle, though we neither of us actually believed in the tiger. (Father Fairbairn took a look at his audience. "Make-believe is the theme

of this story," he said.) It might have made a big game hunter of John Sebastian had it not been that he always succumbed to the charm of the tiger and wished to make friends with it and take it home and make a pet of it, like a pussycat.

"I'd rather hunt something nasty," he told me one day, "and all animals are so very nice. They aren't like people."

I didn't like to suggest possible human substitutes though I could think of many possible ones if disagreeableness were the *sine qua non*. I kept on safer ground.

"You'll have to hunt the devil, old man," I told him.

"That's what the missionaries do," John Sebastian said. "I'm going to be a missionary when I grow up."

"Meanwhile we might leave it to angling for devil fish and sea-serpents," I suggested; but even then John Sebastian demurred. "I suppose all serpents are not Satan," he remarked reflectively.

You will gather from this that my small friend was quite an instructive playfellow. I fell to wondering if the Holy Child had wished to keep his playmate to himself when he deprived John Sebastian of brothers and sisters.

One day there was an embarrassing little incident. John Sebastian was not in the habit of playing the *enfant terrible* but on this occasion he certainly achieved it. I was sitting with his parents chatting when he came up to me and said, wagging his head knowingly, "I'm saying prayers about you, and so are Daddy and Mummy."

His further remarks were promptly nipped in the bud by his mother, who, with a heightened color, as the novelists say, told him not to be silly. I had gathered of course that my young friend was acting as my bedesman in the matter of my conversion, as well as his father and mother. The latter had the usual English shyness of speaking of religion. I had not realized that they were actively interested in making a Catholic of me.

**I**RATHER took fright at the idea. I was raising false hopes in the minds of my kind upstairs neighbors. I took myself more or less severely to task for letting my "aesthetic taste" land me in a position to which my intelligence gave no assent. I was too old to play at games of "let's pretend" except when its being a game was an understood thing.

So I dropped the habit of going to Mass although I remained on the same terms of intimacy with the family upstairs. I wondered if they were still saying prayers about me. I hoped my little friend had not got into trouble for frightening the shy bird away from the net.

I was consoled when one day he whispered to me. "I'm still saying prayers about you."

One afternoon John Sebastian's mother came and knocked on my door. "Oh, Mr.

Fairbairn," she said, "I wonder if you would do me a great kindness?"

She glanced at the paper half covered with writing on my desk.

"But I mustn't," she said, "you are busy."

I assured her that I was not. "I'm obliged to go out," she explained, "and the maid is out for the day and I shall have to leave John all alone. I'm not quite happy about it in case he should tumble into the fire or get into some trouble. One never knows what a small boy won't be up to, and he plays at such queer games when he is by himself. I was wondering if you would mind having a look at him, once or twice, just to see that he is all right?"

"I shall be only too delighted," I declared. "It will be a pleasant interlude in what I'm doing." It was a stiffish paper that I was writing. I didn't tell her that.

"It's very noble of you not to call it an interruption," John Sebastian's mother said.

"We'll leave it at a digression," I laughed. "It is sometimes quite good to digress."

"You are sure it won't spoil your train of thought?" she persisted.

"On the contrary it might induce one," I said.

**T**HE paper I was engaged on was called "Conceptions of the Absolute."

She looked sceptical but satisfied and disappeared on her business.

I waited some few minutes before I went upstairs. John Sebastian would in all probability bomb my train of thought so I waited until I had trailed it to a safe point. Then I mounted to the nursery. When I got upstairs I paused for a moment outside the nursery door. Then I pushed it open gently. I wanted to find out exactly what my small friend had elected to be up to when left to himself. What form his genius for amusing himself would have taken.

John Sebastian had wasted no time. At the end of the room an ironing board had been placed, its ends resting on the seats of two chairs. It was covered with a white linen cloth. Upon it there was a book standing on a book rest, placed at one side. A crucifix hung on the wall above. John Sebastian, to the best of his ability, had fashioned an altar.

Standing before it, his back to me, was John Sebastian. He had his head thrust through the extended sheet of a newspaper. It hung down back and front and formed an adequate, if not ideal chasuble. John Sebastian was doing what many small boys had done before him, he was pretending to say Mass.

I was loath to interrupt the proceedings. A spectator would be clearly desirable considering the inflammable nature of the vestment in spite of the fire-guard. I had no wish to interfere. It would be quite amusing to watch.

Then my reflections fell foul of the term "amusing." This was really rather a profane game of play. Ought I to stop John Sebastian and explain to him that such things were not done? It was evident that my small friend was intending to mime the whole sacred function.

I found myself feeling just a trifle uncomfortable. John Sebastian was slowly approaching the improvised altar. He placed himself in front of the book. I felt in the marrow of my bones that it was probably a book of nursery rhymes. This really ought to be stopped.

Then I asked myself, "why ought it to be stopped?" How much did I believe with regard to the sacred function—the real one?—that in which the priest not only wore a silk chasuble but held his mandate from the Church?—that I should be shocked at it being made one object of a game of play.

I was looking at the Fact now, stripped of all accessories. Should John Sebastian be allowed to pretend to say Mass?

Then I became comforted. For John Sebastian this would possess the reality of all his games. They were true things, in their way. There would be—there could be—no irreverence.

John Sebastian had suddenly turned around. He would see me standing there. But his eyes were reverently cast down. "Dominus vobiscum," John Sebastian said. He had not seen me.

I WAS tempted to make the response but I refrained. I, alack! was not another John Sebastian. My "let's pretend" had not been baptized and anointed.

John Sebastian was standing at his altar. He had placed a little dinner-table bell on the floor beside him, but there was no one to ring it. John Sebastian's games were played all by himself.

I watched the strange little scene—no, it was not little, I'm wrong again! What could one call it? Quaint? No, that word did not express it. Bizarre? On the paper hanging over his shoulders I could read the headlines—the usual headlines, Murder, divorce; gangsters and film stars on escapade. A record of sins of humanity, of our modern, up-to-date humanity. The one representing the priest bore it on his shoulders. No, it was not bizarre.

It seemed to me that an image of the Christ suddenly rose before me, carrying our sins, the sordid squalid sins of our own day—Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

I found myself trembling. Was I beginning to touch the fringe of the mystery? Had I suddenly been brought up against Reality? Then I thought that I heard a bell tinkle—a very sweet, melodious bell, yet clear and imperative. I looked up. John Sebastian was kneeling with both hands uplifted above his head. They were elevating an imaginary Host. He had broken away from the Liturgy and was speaking out loud, and eagerly.



JOHN SEBASTIAN WAS PRETENDING TO SAY MASS

"Please, Sacred Heart," he said, "make Mr. Fairbairn a Catholic. Make him believe that you're in the little house on the altar. He thinks it's only what people say, Mum says."

Just as noiselessly as ever I could I slipped out of the room. The angels might have done the same, fearful to tread that holy ground. For a minute or two I waited outside the door. When I made a second entry, an audible one this time, John Sebastian was unvesting. The torn newspaper lay on the floor, not too far away from the brightly-burning fire. J. S. certainly needed an eye kept on him when he was playing by himself.

"I've been having a lovely game," he remarked. "I've been a priest and I've said Mass for my intention. I nearly had

the incense as well, but I promised Mum that I wouldn't take hot coals out of the fire for any games since I made a hole in the carpet with my camp fire."

"I'm sorry I wasn't able to serve your Mass," I said; and the angels who had ventured back with me knew that I wasn't being facetious.

"I would have liked that," John Sebastian said, politely, "but it didn't matter. Little Jesus always serves my Mass when I play at this game."

I don't think I was able to make any answer. I was recalling the sound of a bell tinkling at the foot of the "altar" when the unseen Victim was lifted up in the small, suppliant hands whilst Sebastian prayed for his intention.

When at length I spoke I said:

"I would like to go to Mass with you again some day, J. S. I believe I'm beginning to understand."

You see, the spectacle of a small boy with his head thrust through a sheet of newspaper had made real to me the Mystery of Faith. The meaning of the Holy Mass where Humanity bearing the sins and sorrows of the human race offers the full and perfect Sacrifice. I had touched Reality. I think you will agree with me that I was wrong in calling it a "little" episode.

I returned to my work when John Sebastian had once more been placed under due supervision.

"I'm sure he must have spoiled your

train of thought," his mother said when she returned and found me upstairs with her small son.

"It has been a digression," I admitted. "But I think I told you that digressions can be very useful at times."

"What is a digression?" John Sebastian asked.

"A digression," I told him, "is going away from the main point. But, let me see," I added. "I wonder if this really was a digression?"

I went downstairs and thought it out. Then I tore up the essay and made a new start, thanks to the digression. Eternity had inhabited the moment upstairs. I wrote:

"The absolute is something that is most clearly sensed by the comprehension of a little child."

Someone broke the pause that followed.

"And what became of John Sebastian?"

"Oh, he was ordained right enough when he was grown-up," Father Fairbairn said. "He became a missionary and went out to China. He was killed shortly after by the Reds, at the foot of the altar where he was saying Mass."

The old Father smiled his Curé d'Ars smile.

"I think His Master must have been serving that Mass, too," he said.

## Charles Péguy — Socialist and Mystic

By Léon Baisier

**C**ONTEMPORARY France has witnessed the conversion to Catholicism of so many men distinguished in the fields of art, science, and philosophy, that we are tempted to proclaim the beginning of a new era. Yet, many more have received the grace of conversion than have responded to it. And for those who finally did respond, it was not always an easy task. Paul Claudel waited four long years before he summoned up courage to enter a confessional. Huysmans hesitated for over two years before he took the step which made him an exemplary Catholic. Péguy declared his intention to become a Catholic as early as 1908. In 1914 when he fell on a French battlefield, he had not yet formally entered the Church. Had he made his peace with God? We are led to believe that he had, for his works have about them a deeply sincere religious feeling.

Charles Péguy was born in the suburbs of Orléans in January, 1873. His father died shortly before he was born. He was brought up by a grandmother who could neither read nor write. His mother was forced to earn a living by mending chairs and by renting pews at church on Sunday. While he was attending a trade school, one of his teachers, noticing his talent, recommended him for a scholarship. He was successful in winning it so that from the age of fourteen to twenty-one, Péguy received his education at the expense of the government. In 1894, he passed the entrance examinations for Normal school and remained there until 1897 when he went to the Sorbonne.

At Normal he created quite a sensation. He claimed to be an atheist, but was so imbued with the spirit of charity that he accepted the presidency of the

Conference of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society. He became a very active member and could be seen begging food and money at the market as early as five o'clock in the morning, and would himself at times distribute to the poor the soup which he had provided. Péguy manifested a constant urge to serve his fellow-men and to relieve their sufferings wherever possible. This strong desire remained with him until death.

The normal schools of France are generally considered hot beds of radicalism. Péguy, enthusiastic, easily influenced by ideals, succumbed to the doctrines of Karl Marx. He became the leader of the school's socialistic group and participated in all sorts of radical student demonstrations. He encouraged strikers and took up collections to aid their destitute families.

While at school, he also made connections which were to influence him deeply all the rest of his life. Bergson was his philosophy professor and Péguy held him in an enduring esteem. When the philosopher's works were put on the Index, Péguy felt the denunciation as keenly as Bergson himself. In his *Note Conjointe* he exclaims that to strike at Bergson is to strike at the spirit. During his entire life, Péguy marveled at his teacher's system of philosophy, and in the analysis of his characters he faithfully followed the Bergsonian method. In his *Note sur Descartes* he even goes so far as to state that Bergson's theories on the soul and on sin are those of the Church. He does all this in an attempt to influence Rome to reconsider its decision and allow its faithful to read the works of Bergson.

It is difficult to picture Péguy at Nor-

mal without his friends Tharaud, Baillet, Lotte and others who were never to forget his qualities, his strength of character and his appealing warmth of feeling. Péguy loved Jérôme Tharaud and when the latter was forced to absent himself from Paris, his brother Jean took his place. The friendship which existed among these three was intimate, so intimate that the Tharaud brothers were able to give us the first and perhaps the most important biography of Péguy. Baillet, another dear friend of Péguy, became a Benedictine. It is to him that Péguy went later for prayers. Lotte was another faithful friend of Péguy and it was to him that he confided first his intention of entering the Church.

**I**N 1897, Péguy made his literary début; *Jeanne d'Arc* was dedicated to "all those who shall have lived for the establishment of a universal socialistic republic." He published in 1898 his *Marcel: Premier Dialogue de la Cité Harmonieuse*, in which we find the real vocation of Péguy. In this work, he shows his great interest in the laboring classes and pictures their unhappy conditions which he proposes to remedy. In 1900, the first of his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* appeared. Péguy founded and edited this magazine alone. In spite of discouragement, in spite of all sorts of financial difficulties, he managed to keep it alive until the War. For fourteen years, these *Cahiers* were one of the most important expressions of French thought; the brothers Tharaud, André Suarès, R. Rolland, Pierre Hamp and others were contributors. Péguy himself filled forty-five of the two hundred and thirty-eight *Cahiers*. They were

made up of various contributions: novels, dramas, *mystères*, pamphlets, moral and biographical essays, and various bits of literary criticism.

Originally Péguy was a staunch Socialist. After the Dreyfus affair, he separated himself from this party. At least he turned in his resignation. With the beginning of the century we see that little by little a deep mysticism takes the place of politics which formerly had so captivated his mind. He hesitated between anarchy and a diffident Socialism. But this did not last long, for with the appearance of his book *La Patrie* in 1905, he became a fanatical supporter of traditionalism and of patriotism.

**I**N 1907 he revealed to his friend Lotte his intention of becoming a Catholic. But the Marxist, the socialist, the revolutionary did not quite have the courage of his new-found convictions. He refused to regularize his marriage, although his wife would have acceded to his wishes in this matter. He placed all his children under the special patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary but did not have them baptized. He made a pilgrimage to Chartres and to other religious centers, he prayed for long hours, but did not accuse himself of his sins in the confessional.

Meanwhile, Péguy was writing considerably. Between the years 1910 and 1914, he published his most mature works: *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, *La Tapisserie de Notre Dame*, *Eve*, *Le Mystère des Saints Innocents*, *La Tapisserie de Sainte Geneviève*, *Le Porche du Mystère de la Deuxième Vertu*. These works show a deep meditative mind and single him out as an outstanding Catholic writer, artist and mystic. The poetry of these volumes, as we shall point out, aims at reaching all classes but especially the laboring class.

He was mobilized in August, 1914, and the author of *La Patrie*, the lover of France, responded willingly. On the fifteenth of August, a feast so dear to all Frenchmen, he attended Mass for the first time in many years. Did his entrance into the War symbolize a spiritual victory for him? Would Péguy finally submit himself to the priest? No one knows. Three weeks later, on the fifth of September, Lieutenant Péguy, a bullet in his head, died without having formally made his peace with God.

Péguy was a great lover of his neighbor. It was this that had prompted him to go out at an early hour and beg for the poor. His *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* had for their special aim the linking together of "all individuals anxious for moral, social, and political reform." Up to the time of his death, although he had formally severed connections with the party, there was a socialistic element in

his writings. His Socialism, however, was not that of a political system; it was a state of soul, a love of humanity. He dreamed of a *Cité Harmonieuse*, a sort of Utopia. He saw that modern economic injustice means moral degradation for many. He realized that the frenzied pursuit of wealth had become all-important in our machine age and had destroyed the soul of the individual. Hence, in his *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* he preached that Socialism was to be the means to attain "a universal restoration which was to begin with the working class." He declared that the government should be allowed to regulate labor and the production of labor, if it respected human liberty and did not regiment the soul.

But how was this restoration to be effected? On the cover of one of his *Cahiers* he had printed in large letters "The revolution will be a moral, or there will be no revolution." Hence, there were to be no struggles, no strikes. He held that the reasons for a readjustment of labor and capital were so great that all could readily see the justice of it. His *Cité Harmonieuse* therefore was to be developed through peaceful means. But who will lay the foundations for this city? Politicians? No, he wants men who have the interests of France at heart and not their own. Senators? No, for his *Cité* is to be strictly anti-parliamentarian. Who then? Men whose interests are centered only in humanity.

Péguy earnestly wanted to save "the greatest treasure of the race, the poor class." To uplift the laborer, to bring reforms which would better his condition, these are the two aims of Péguy's writings, which he addressed principally to the working class and dedicated to "All those who have lived human lives, all those who have died a human death, trying to offer a remedy for the universal sickness."

Just as he had dreamed in his *Marcel* of creating a *Cité Harmonieuse* for the laboring class, so now he imagined himself the architect of an immense Cathedral of which his *Mystères* would be the nave and porticoes. Péguy was a Christian. Unlike his fellow-Socialists who tore the crucifix from the Court Room, who sent the religious into exile and who scoffed at the idea of a God, he believed in God. He made Him the hero of a great number of his *Mystères*.

**I**N the *Tapisserie de Sainte Geneviève et de Jeanne d'Arc*, he gives us a beautiful conception of the Creator by calling him "the God who does things only when pity calls, the God who has shown his will through a shepherdess, the God who has acted when the lowly called on Him." The entire *Mystère* points to the truth that God heeds the call of the humble and rejects the proud.

In *Eve* God is personal. Péguy describes him as a "Father who contemplates with paternal love the world which He had gathered before Him." He makes his readers realize the intimate relation that exists between Creator and creature. "He was calm, and with paternal eye considered His own image in man."

The hymn to the Night which the poet sings in the *Porche du Mystère de la Deuxième Vertu*, is one of Péguy's best conceptions. "The day," he says, "glorifies God through man's work and the night through complete abandonment into His hands." It renews the physical in man but it also restores his spiritual strength. Then he makes God say "Sleep is perhaps my most beautiful creation. I Myself rested on the seventh day."

**I**N 1911, came his *Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*. His deep love for Orléans, his native city, and for France prompted him to choose the idol of France as the heroine of his *Mystère*. The reader deduces the lesson that the salvation of France lies not in the struggle of the masses but in the acceptance of the spiritual.

He calls Sainte Geneviève *la fille la plus sainte après la sainte Vierge*. The shepherdess of Nanterre, like Joan of Arc, was called to save France. Just as in the past she saved Paris, so today "she still guards it without fail."

Saint Louis is another favorite with Péguy. To the poet he represents a good government in which justice is tempered with mercy. He shows us the human element in this Saint in the *Mystère des Saints Innocents*. He exclaims: "When Saint Louis falls on his knees on the steps of the Sainte Chapelle or at Notre Dame, it is a man, not an oriental slave, but a man and a Frenchman." Thus he represents the militant sanctity of Saint Louis, the hero of France.

The Blessed Virgin is an important character in Péguy's works. He loved her as a mother, he loved her as a pure virgin, he loved her as co-redemptrix of the human race.

In the *Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc* Péguy lauds Mary more highly than Joan of Arc. He shows us Calvary as seen through the eyes of Christ's mother. He shows her to us just as closely allied to our Lord in the Redemption as she was in the Incarnation.

Péguy did not make his peace with God outwardly, but his deep love for all that had to do with Catholicism, his beautiful conception of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, his strong desire to bring about better moral conditions, certainly made him a Catholic in spirit and an exponent of the noblest teachings of Christianity.

# THE RED JUDAS

By Douglas Newton

**THE STORY THUS FAR.**—Hungary has been swept by a storm of revolution. Béla Kún, the dictator, has sworn to exterminate the counter-revolutionaries. The leaders have been betrayed to him apparently by one of their own number. In a book of poems given to him by the Red Judas are their names inserted between the lines of poetry.

*Dominic Sable, a young and wealthy Englishman, has been helping to rescue and quarter the refugees from Hungary. Among them is Colette Honraith, a boyhood sweetheart. Their old love still lives and grows fresh again. But curiously and dangerously the finger of suspicion fastens upon her as having sold the book of poems to Garnison—Kún's commissar. Dominic swears to get that book—to prove that the writing is not hers.*

*Right in the very office of Garnison Dominic obtains work. He sees the book in the safe. He handles it. He must steal it. He is befriended by Schoplin, a Jew working in the same office.*

*The revolution breaks. Béla Kún and his crowd are routed. In the confusion the book and Schoplin disappear. Where are they? Dominic is frantic. Colette hurries to Budapest. But only one thing will convince the leaders in Vienna—that book—the handwriting. Where is the book?*

*Heller, one of Garnison's henchmen, has all along suspected Dominic's intentions while he was at work in Garnison's office. Had he caught Schoplin? Dominic has no way of knowing. The book and his friend have disappeared and his own case and Colette's looks more hopeless than ever.*

xxx

**C**OLETTE'S danger had increased immensely after Dominic had left Vienna, Stephen told his cousin.

"Colonel Apard and I felt it was too great a risk leaving her there," Stephen said. "Also I gambled on your having got the book by now. I even collected specimens of her handwriting. I wanted unpremeditated bits of her writing so that no fool could talk of her having altered her fist to fool us. The writing has definite character so that will kill all suggestion of faking."

"You believe in her as definitely as that, Stephen?"

"Oh, yes, she's innocent. I feel it. But feelings are not going to help her. It may even have been a mistake bringing her here."

Dominic knew what he meant by that. He had to tell his cousin that practically every Hungarian who had stayed behind in Budapest believed Colette guilty.

"There are only two chances for her. Finding the book is one, of course. Your marrying her and taking her off to England is the other—and either must happen quickly."

"She won't run away," Dominic said. "I know. She'll feel it to be a confession of guilt. We must find the book."

"You say Prince Viktor is friendly—" began Dominic.

"He will not hold men beside themselves with passion for long."

"But they're no barbarians—"

"All human nature is barbarous when passions get out of control. What our people have heard of the Communist executions has made them mad. I have had reports—spies seized secretly from their houses and boiled alive—"

"My God!" gasped Dominic.

"Abominable, yes," Stephen said passionately. "I hate it. All decent Magyars do."

Daily the bitterness increased. The Rumanian invaders began requisitioning everything they could lay their hands on. Their plea was "War contribution."

There were reports of men and women vanishing suddenly from their homes, of bodies, terribly handled, found floating in the Danube. And under all he knew that there was an increasing exasperation that the master-traitor, the Judas who had provided the enemy with that list of names, had not been caught and dealt with.

Colette was kept well hidden in Zoltan Kaffka's house, in the room so well fitted for quick escape.

At the same time the prospect of clearing her seemed to grow more hopeless. Though Zoltan Kaffka's network of agents searched everywhere for Schoplin, they could find no trace of the young Jew.

"The fellow must have got clean away into the country," Stephen said.

Perhaps, even, he was dead. But they could not bring themselves to say that. They would make their despair final. As the city grew normal, Hungarians from the White Army drifted in, all full of Colette's treachery.

Yet it was not from the Hungarians that the danger at last came, but from a totally unexpected quarter. One afternoon, after a fruitless day, Dominic and Stephen drifted into Gerbeaud's. Colonel Apard came to them.

"Be careful," he told them. "That woman of brass and brainlessness, Manon Honraith, is here."

"I wonder she dares show her face here," Dominic said angrily.

"She glories in it," Apard said. "She married her Rumanian General and has regained her own nationality."

"And she is a dangerous fool," he added. "If she sees you she will make indiscreet remarks."

His warning came too late. Even as they began to slip out of the place Manon saw them. She came to their table, spoke contemptuously of the refugee group in Vienna and, inevitably, asked about Colette:

"And how is Colette Honraith? She, of course, is in Budapest since you are here, Mr. Sable."

**H**ER voice seemed more penetrating than ever. The way the Hungarians stiffened told him that Manon's words and their significance had not been missed. Indeed, as they left the shop, Stephen said sharply:

"We must get Colette away within the hour. That woman has signed her death warrant."

He turned to Colonel Apard, who walked silently beside them.

"It was good of you, Apard, but it would be wisest of you to leave us."

"I have only one arm, it is true," the grim man said, "but the head is not so bad."

When they reached Zoltan Kaffka's house and saw Colette, it was decided that it would be best if she sought shelter in the house of the Hormans' over in Buda. Colette took her danger quietly, as Dominic had known she would. Just the swift packing of a few necessities, a hand-clasp and a kiss and she was ready. Yet even in that slight delay threat had already closed in on them. Stephen and Apard came up to her room to warn them that the house was under observation.

"You mean we were followed here?" Dominic asked unsteadily.

Stephen shrugged. "Your address and mine are well known."

"They are only watching," Apard put in. "Zoltan says you know of other exits. Anyhow, we must take the risk."

"We—all of us?" Dominic asked.

"Just Miss Colette and I," Apard said gently. "You, even your cousin, are known and suspected. I am neither."

"It is wisest," Colette said in a small, breathless voice. "It is good of you,

Colonel Apard. I am ready now."

"I am honored at your trust," the dark man said. He bent and kissed her hand. Then in a way queerly ordinary for so dangerous a moment he and Colette walked out to the service stairs and were gone.

Stephen and Dominic did not feel altogether easy until Colonel Apard reappeared and reported Colette safely installed with the Hormans. Then they went to a café and stayed until well after midnight. When they returned Zoltan told them that a truck had driven up to the door and that a body of armed men had searched the house from cellar to roof. It was enough to tell them that from now on the hunt for Colette would be relentless.

### XXXI

THEIR search for Schoplin seemed to have reached a dead end. Even Zoltan's agents had given up. They seemed to stand with their hands tied. It was part of the irony of the situation that Prince Viktor should entertain Dominic at a dinner of honor. He told, of how the young Englishman had rescued him, and thanked him publicly. Julius Roth added the story of Dominic's help, and his courage in the Dr. Ady episode. Before the evening was over Dominic found himself a sworn brother to all these fiery gallants.

And all the time he could not help thinking of Colette hiding in some small room in Buda, in danger of her life from these very men who were swearing comradeship to him. It was in the evening of the next day that he got Colette's message. He was to call on her as soon as he could. There was no danger, it seemed, but she had something important to tell him.

He left the house by the back door, and instead of crossing the Danube directly went right across the town and reached the Hormans' house by a round-about way. Still, though he felt sure he had not been followed, he was mistaken. Someone trailed Dominic unseen—and successfully.

But Dominic did not realize this—until too late. He met Colette, and was overjoyed at seeing her again. She had great news. She had not found Schoplin, but someone who might be almost as useful—Heller.

It was due to Louis Honraith's friend, Steffi Varaconji. Sure that the Varaconjis were the link between Louis and Garnison, Colette had drawn out old Magda Hormann about them. They were an upstart lot, and had given themselves airs when the Reds got into power. They had acted in this way because their cousin, Jan Heller, was an official in the Parliament House.

Colette, naturally, had jumped at the name Heller. She quickly learned that he was Dominic's colleague. Such a

direct line of approach through Steffi and Heller to Garnison made Louis Honraith's guilt more certain than ever. Also, it was plain that Louis had been the dupe of Steffi. She was a calculating and conscienceless creature, who had actually been in love with Heller while she coqueted with Louis.

Probably at Heller's suggestion she had seen a way to advance her sweetheart's ambition. Heller, knowing Louis to be an aristocrat, saw him as someone who might be tapped for counter-revolutionary information.

"Possibly the wounding of Orgof gave them their chance," Colette said. "Garnison's office would undoubtedly know how important Orgof was in the counter-revolutionary plot. If they could trick him into giving the names of the counter-revolutionaries it would be a chance to smash the plot. Can't you see, Dom? To Garnison and Heller it would look as though Louis was an instrument especially created for the trick. . . . And they had only to bring pressure on him. Death if he refused, a permit to carry him and his wife safely if he obeyed."

Dominic nodded. "It fits so well, it's obvious."

"Wait," Colette said breathlessly. "I have found Heller. He is in hiding in a block of flats down by the abattoir on the Pest side of the river. Steffi has been visiting him there. I can give you the number of his block."

Dominic rose excitedly. If they could not find that book Heller might be the next best thing.

"I'll see Stephen at once," he told Colette. "We'll take the chap alive—and tonight. We'll make him talk."

What made Dominic turn round when he was half-way down the street he did not know. But turning he saw two men move out of the shadows toward the door of the house he had just left. With fear in him he turned and hurried back. A lean horseman moved swiftly to meet him.

"Mr. Sable, be warned and go," said the man.

Dominic made a step forward to knock the fellow down if needs be. He felt the iron muzzle of an automatic pistol against his chest.

"But this is foul," he said with a sudden ferocity. "If you touch Colette Honraith you will dishonor your race in the most ignoble way."

THE man was curt and sharp. "Keep your voice low and go away—now," he rapped, and another man coming up said savagely: "Shoot the swine!"

"No, it is Dominic Sable," said the first man. "Mr. Sable, if it were anyone else we would shoot you as an accomplice."

Dominic saw that there were many

men about the house. Every moment delayed made his chances of saving Colette. He turned and walked rapidly down the hill, his very body, it seemed bursting with rage at his impotence and fear for her. He ran wildly until suddenly he remembered the telephone. He burst, panting, into a call-box, and seemed to have a fiendish struggle with the instrument until he heard Stephen's steady voice answering:

"Ease up, you're simply incoherent."

With an effort of will Dominic mastered himself, began to jerk out his story. Stephen listened with just enough comment to show he was still on the line.

"All right. Keep your wits cool. There'll be a trial. Get that? About Heller—don't go at him blind; we want him alive. Get Zoltan Kaffka and a pistol. I'll talk to Zoltan now. And look here, walk all the way home. You've got to go into this ice cold if Heller isn't to slip through your fingers and Colette is to be saved."

Dominic walked as ordered. Many times he had jibed at Stephen's aloof calm. Now he blessed it. He arrived at Zoltan's with his nerves better under control. Stephen had already left the house to get in touch with Prince Viktor, but the little *hausmeister* was waiting for him. He put a pistol into Dominic's hand.

"We go now," he said casually. "His honor, Stephen Varosmarvy, hopes to send somebody to join us."

### XXXII

THEY left their car before reaching the block of dwellings where Heller was in hiding. Zoltan went forward alone to see the caretaker.

"There is understanding between thieves and all men of a like trade," he grinned. By using the description Dominic gave him of Heller, and the girl Steffi, Zoltan quickly located their man. Reaching his apartment, the *hausmeister* tapped softly on the door. They were beginning to fear that they had missed Heller, when his voice came through the keyhole: "Who is it?"

Zoltan promptly answered in a peasant's accent calculated to quieten Heller's suspicions: "Quick! . . . From Steffi. It is important."

Then, as he heard Heller's hand on the lock, Zoltan stepped quickly out of view, so that only Dominic was in sight when the door opened. Dominic thrust his foot in the opening and jammed his pistol against Heller's chest. Heller backed a trifle, his hand still holding the door as though to slam it. Dominic prevented that, and the man said:

"So it is you—the English spy!"

His right hand made a sharp movement towards his pocket, but Dominic stopped that.

"Put up your hands, Heller—and step out here."

As he backed into the room Dominic had followed. This took him into Heller's living room. As his pistol hand cleared the door a club smashed down on his wrist, beating his pistol to the floor. At the same instant he was thrust into the room and the door slammed behind him.

"Not so very clever, Mr. Spy," Heller said with a wolfish grin. Looking round, Dominic saw that there were two other men in the room. One had stood stiffly behind the door which Heller had held in a way to conceal him. The other had crouched behind a big arm-chair.

Both men were big, rough-looking and bitter faced. They were well armed. It had been a pistol butt that had disabled Dominic's wrist. The desperation of the men made the Englishman realize that his position was an ugly one.

**H**e glanced around. A door midway on the left led to the bedroom. It was too far away to be gained by a rush. Heller followed his glance and enjoyed it. Ignorant of the presence of Zoltan, he was sure he was master of the situation.

"You always had the nerve of the devil," he mocked. "It is a pity you never had brains to match."

He turned to the others: "This is the swine I have so often told you about."

"Don't gabble," one of the men muttered. "He has probably brought others with him."

"Not he," Heller sneered. "He acts alone."

"It would be sensible to look, anyhow," said the man, and he moved towards the door.

"Not that way, Geza," the third man said quickly. "If anybody is outside the door, they'll shoot you full of holes."

The man went through the bedroom door and was away what seemed to Dominic an intolerable five minutes. He returned with a puzzled air.

"There is nobody in sight, yet only a fool would have risked it alone!"

"That is his method," Heller said with a gust of relief. "I told you he works alone. Listen. This rat sneaked across the Austrian border, pretending to be an English newspaper man. I am certain he is a man Számuelly reported as nearly having caught, though he slipped away. Then he arrived in Budapest and managed to get a job in the Parliament House itself. He was after something we had in our safe. He got round a weakling, Schoplin. He even got on the soft side of Garnison—but not on mine. I always knew him for a dirty spy, and I beat him in the end."

"Are you sure of that?" Dominic sneered, attempting a bluff.



"I WAS RIGHT . . . THAT IS NOT COLETTE HONRAITH'S WRITING."

"Quite sure. Your dupe, Schoplin, fumbled. He had too many nerves."

Dominic taunted him, "Schoplin escaped you."

"Perhaps," shrugged Heller. "When he found the keys were gone he took fright and bolted. He never used those keys or got what you wanted so badly." He leered at Dominic, who did not answer.

"That is so, isn't it, Mr. Englishman?" the man pressed. "For even now you have hunted me to get it."

In spite of his position, Dominic felt a thrill of exultance. Surely the man was telling him that he had the Petofi book?

The man Geza, who had been listening with nervous irritation, burst out again:

"Haven't we had enough of this talking? You don't know what a chap like this has up his sleeve. Finish him and clear out."

"My idea, too," the other man growled.

"That's easy," Heller said wolfishly. "There's the tank room at the end of this passage. Just cut his throat and

shove him behind the tank. He won't be found for a month."

He made a crab-like dart at Dominic, meaning to catch his coat collar and slash crossways with his knife. Dominic had been watching and instinctively countered with a straight left. As Heller staggered back and ended half sprawling across the table, Dominic tried to get at the passage door. The other men were too quick, and he found himself pinned in the corner behind the arm-chair.

Heller cried from a bloody mouth: "Keep quiet. Don't shoot unless he makes you."

A voice said from the bedroom door: "Drop your weapons, all of you."

Colonel Apard was standing there, a lean, dark, one-armed vengeance.

The nervous Geza dropped his pistol at once. The other man swung as though to make a quick shot. Apard's pistol spoke instantly, and the man pitched to the floor at the foot of Dominic's arm-chair, shot through the head.

Colonel Apard shouted: "All right, Sergeant Kaffka."

The front door opened and Zoltan Kaffka and a couple of armed men came in. The Colonel looked at Dominic and said:

"Shall we take them along now?"

"Not Heller—yet," Dominic said, thinking of the book.

Heller knew what he wanted. He stood by the table with a sneer of defiance on his lips. When the door had closed on Zoltan and the others and Dominic turned to him, he jeered:

"All right. I know you're after the book with the list of bourgeois traitors in it."

He crossed with a strut of defiance to the dresser drawer and took out a book. It was a pocket edition bound in olive-green leather.

"Here you are," Heller said scornfully, and tossed it across the room into the seat of the arm-chair. "Make sure it's the right one."

Dominic had just bent over the back of the chair to snatch up the book when he heard a sharp exclamation from Colonel Apard. He looked up. In a glance he saw that Heller had snatched a stick grenade from the drawer and was pulling out the safety pin.

He heard, it seemed almost together, the crack of Apard's pistol, and Heller screaming madly: "We go to hell together!"

Then he dropped, and the world was blotted out by an appalling explosion.

#### XXXXIV

**D**OMINIC heard Colonel Apard's voice saying from an infinite distance: "He's all right, only stunned."

He felt himself taken by shoulders and legs. He heard a voice croaking: "The book. Take care of the book!" He realized the voice was his own.

He opened dizzy eyes. He had a confused vision of a terribly shattered room. There were ugly stains all over it, even on the broken ceiling. Then he was out in the passage. Clean air blew on his face, and they halted by a car.

"I can stand now," he muttered. "You have the book?"

"Yes, we've got it," Apard said. As Dominic collapsed into a seat the Colonel got in beside him.

"You ought to be dead," he muttered. "We all ought."

"Certainly not," Apard said cheerfully. "I saw what was coming and dropped behind the bedroom wall. Luckily it was concrete, not lath and plaster. Also that chap—Heller—smothered his own grenade. He fell on top of it."

"But, how?"

"How? My bullet got him before he could throw the thing."

"What extraordinary luck. Was anybody hurt?"

"Nobody except Heller and his room. They're both in ruins."

Dominic sat up anxiously. "What happened to the book?"

"Your instinct took good care of that," Apard said. "You thrust it under your body as you fell."

**H**E gave the book to Dominic. The book of Petofi's poems! His fingers tightened on it, and yet for a long minute he dared not open it. To look into its pages—what was that going to mean to Colette and himself?

It was with an effort that he at last said: "Is there any way of having a light?"

Colonel Apard pulled down the blind at the driver's back, clicked on a bulb in the roof of the car. With leaden hands Dominic opened the book.

"I was right. That is not Colette Honraith's handwriting. None of it's her writing. You see for yourself, all the same hand, all the same definite character, and utterly unlike Colette's."

"You are quite sure of that?" Apard's voice was queerly grim.

"Quite sure. Stephen has specimens to prove it."

"Then it is queer," Apard said, "for that is not a man's writing. It is a woman's writing."

Dominic looked at him with a sense of disquiet. If he was right Louis Honraith was not, after all, the traitor, and if he wasn't, who was?

Apard directed the driver to a big house. It was dark and quiet—ominously so, for it was also full of men. Stephen Varosmarvy came out of a room on hearing of their arrival. Dominic asked at once after Colette.

"She is still safe. Keep your nerve, Dom," Stephen said.

Something in his cousin's tone made Dominic demand:

"Still safe! What do you mean? They've condemned her?"

His cousin's lips only tightened a little more. Dominic knew that Colette had been sentenced.

"What sort of justice is that—that condemns without waiting for the full evidence?" he said angrily.

"Easy, Dom. They are waiting now for the full evidence. Have you brought it?"

Dominic put the book of Petofi poems into his cousin's hand. He could see how critical the situation was by the way Stephen, the severely controlled, snatched at it and began to turn the pages. In a moment he said:

"This is not Colette's handwriting. Well done, Dom."

"It is not a man's, either," Apard said quietly.

Anxiety was in Stephen's tone as he said: "We can at least show this proof that it was not Colette."

They went into a magnificent drawing-room. Prince Viktor, Julius Roth and many men were gathered there. Stephen went straight to the Prince and put the book into his hands.

"You know that, Highness?" he said.

"The Judas book!" the Prince cried.

All the others gathered about him. There were explosions of anger as names were found. Dominic, watching their rage, felt sick and dizzy.

He heard Apard's voice at his side saying: "Drink this, Dominic."

It was a big glass nearly full of brandy. He gulped it. He heard Prince Viktor say: "But this cannot be Louis Honraith's writing. It is a woman's."

There were growls of agreement: "Definitely a woman's." . . . "Of course." . . . "It is the girl's handwriting."

Stephen waiting for the voices to die down, said evenly: "It is not Colette Honraith's. We have proof of that. Here is her handwriting."

All there studied the two writings eagerly, compared them. Dominic gained courage from their attitude. But, as Stephen had feared, one man said:

"Well, of course, she would have used a feigned hand."

"Which handwriting is the false one?" Stephen demanded quietly. "Both are distinctive. Even that last name in the book, Prince Viktor's, which was obviously written as an afterthought, is of the same character as the rest."

They were inclined to agree. Indeed, one man said: "Yes, it would be her natural handwriting, and she would alter it after, knowing that if the book were found it would be her death warrant." It was certainly visual proof enough, but when men are convinced in their hearts, it is not easy to win them. Prince Viktor said: "But all this is based on the assumption that the writing in the Petofi book is not feigned."

**T**HAT was good, but it merely added a new strength to the conviction that had been growing in Dominic's mind.

"I did not entirely leave out the possibility of another woman impersonating Colette, Highness," he said. "For there is a woman who could have done it—her sister-in-law, Manon Honraith."

"If you keep on changing your ground like this we shall never get anywhere," Prince Viktor replied. Apard put in:

"And why not? The lady is an actress. She has a great deal more brains than we credited her with."

The mention of Manon Honraith and her character had an effect.

"She is quite capable of it," someone said. "Yet how would she have managed it?"

"It is not hard to see how," Dominic

said. "Heller put pressure on Louis Honraith in order to get the names from the dying Orgrof. Louis failed. Also, to give him some credit, he was a Hungarian, and the disloyalty was beyond him. But he told his wife, naturally. Heller's threat involved her. Being a Rumanian, she had no feeling of loyalty. But she knew her precious neck was in danger if she were identified. She was the last person to whom that presented difficulties. She was an actress."

"Yes, but why adopt the identity of her own sister-in-law?" Julius Roth put in.

"Colette was a character she could take with least risk. She knew her completely, even to the inflections of the Honraith voice."

They were all silent when he finished. His theory seemed too sound to be easily rejected. But Julius Roth said irritably: "Yes, yes . . . plausible. . . . But can it be proved?"

"Does anybody here know Manon Honraith's handwriting?" Dominic asked.

Nobody did, though, curiously enough, it was Prince Viktor who said: "The girl Colette would."

"That won't do," someone objected. "Naturally she would say the writing in the book is Manon Honraith's."

"It is a matter that can be managed," Apard suggested. "See, your Highness's name is written on the blank fly-leaf. There are other books with blank fly-leaves in the house. Are there any ladies?"

"There are Erzebet Brio and four or five others upstairs," Stephen said.

"Very well," Apard went on. "I will tear out the page bearing Prince Viktor Maihac's name. We will then tear out the leaves of similar books, and on each leaf we will get one of the ladies to write the same name, Prince Viktor's. We will shuffle the pages, take them to Colette Honraith, and ask her if she recognizes any of the handwriting. Even if she guesses it has some connection with the Judas book, she will not know which page is from that book."

**A**PARD and three witnesses went from the room, and in great tension Dominic waited, it seemed, for hours. Yet it was only about fifteen minutes before Apard and his companions returned.

"She identified Erzebet's handwriting and only one other," he told Prince Viktor, putting the page before him. "This."

It was the page torn from the book of Petofi poems.

"She recognized the writing at once," Apard went on. "It is Manon Honraith's."

The men looked amazed.

#### XXXIV

**C**OLETTE'S identification of the writing as Manon's seemed to clear her with the majority. Yet there were others who pointed out that Colette might have counterfeited her sister-in-law's handwriting.

"Nonsense," Apard said impatiently. "She disguised her handwriting, you say, yet did not disguise herself. It is illogical."

"That cuts both ways," someone said. "Manon disguised herself, you say, yet did not disguise her handwriting, which is also illogical."

"No, that's not so illogical," Prince Viktor put in thoughtfully. "Darkness that demanded very close and clear writing; the babbly, delirious Orgrof, reeling off names in bursts that gave her little time to practise subterfuge."

"If it is her handwriting," objected another; "we have only the girl's word for it. It may not be Manon's, but a fist the girl herself created to use for the purpose of double dealing."

There was real suspicion among some that Colette was the traitor and was in danger of escaping by means of trickery. Even Julius Roth realized that it would take more than this to clear the girl in some minds.

"Well, Manon is here in Budapest with her Rumanian husband," he said. "It would not be hard to get specimens of her handwriting."

Dominic caught Stephen's eye and saw his own anxiety reflected in his cousin's mind. Manon was a clever woman. It would not be so simple to trap her. Yet the others decided that the next step was to get samples of Manon's handwriting.

"We must be content with that," Stephen told Dominic as the meeting broke up. "It means that Colette is still a prisoner, yet even the bitterest of them is beginning to be uncertain of her guilt."

"You don't sound too hopeful of getting Manon's handwriting to clear her," Dominic said.

"I'm not," Stephen sighed. "There are no specimens of her hand extant. Now go along to Colette. She may see ways we cannot."

Colette was confined in a suite of rooms, with a couple of armed men guarding the door. She rose from a settee, very white. Her hands, when Dominic took them, gripped his with an icy intensity. It was impossible to talk much with her that night. She had exhausted all her reserves in order to keep up her courage, and now reaction set in she could only lie back on the settee drained and collapsed. After staying with her a few minutes he saw it would be best to call Erzebet and have her put to bed.

"You're a great darling, Erzebet," he said as he saw her gentleness with

Colette. "You've been amazingly good to her."

Colette recovered quickly and was able to see Dominic and Stephen the next morning.

"Erzebet has drummed the sense of the situation into my silly head," she said. "I've been thinking, thinking! It's absolutely certain now that Manon herself must have carried through the treachery. There must have been a *hausmeister* there who ought to have seen her."

"It's a point," Dominic said.

"Then, if you could get the number and street of the house from Prince Viktor—" she began.

"I did last night," Stephen said in his casual way. "Zoltan is finding the man now. Anything else, Colette?"

"Well, there's the hotel Manon and Louis hid in. If she was away for any length of time its porter or chambermaids ought to remember. . . . Have you the name of the hotel, Stephen?"

"My gifts, such as they are, aren't magical yet," he smiled.

"It was a small place called Dugonics, in Jarmann Street, above the Margit Bridge."

"I'll put someone on to that," Stephen nodded.

They discussed the possibility of getting a specimen of Manon's handwriting. It was Erzebet Brio who said in the end:

"There should be an easy way of getting her to write to you—her greed might blind her to risks."

Stephen turned swiftly on her. It was a first-rate idea, but how to employ it?

"Louis is dead," Erzebet said. "Wouldn't there be some sort of estate—even under present conditions?"

"Well done!" Stephen cried. "Who are the Honraith's lawyers, Colette?"

"Grgus & Lenky."

"Magnificent! They are my own," Stephen cried. "And I know old Grgus as a father . . . and, by St. Stephen, it's a good omen, his son-in-law was one of those on that foul list."

"I feel almost bursting with gladness, Dominic," Colette said, "because this horrible threat is lifting from me and all you have risked has not been in vain. I am gladdest of all that I should mean so much to you, my dear."

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" he laughed. "I'm feeling it too."

**T**HEIR elation was dampened when it met with facts. Their first setback was the *hausmeister* of Dr. Ady's dwelling. This man remembered the lady about whom they sought information only because she had given him so little to remember her by. She had worn the heaviest of veils when she hired her room. Yet when they brought him to the house it was Colette he

picked out of a line of six women. Since Manon must have impersonated Colette it was to be expected.

The hotel proved a worse failure. It had been raided by the Terrorists and several arrests made, including that of the proprietor.

Even the lawyer began to look doubtful.

"I saw old Gregus," Stephen reported. "There is, he thinks, something of an estate left by Louis in Hungary. Old Gregus therefore wrote her a long and intricate letter asking for instructions; the sort of letter that must be answered in detail and personally. And she answered—"

"Good, man," Dominic cried excitedly.

"Not so good," Stephen said dryly. "She answered by telephone. She asked him to have the points of their discussion typed and she would sign them."

"And her signature will defy identification," Dominic groaned.

Stephen frowned. "I've talked it over with Gregus. There's an old legal trick which may do it."

#### XXXV

"GREED and the highest opinion of herself are the two greatest forces in Manon's life," Stephen said in his deliberate way. Gregus has known it of old. There have been two interviews. She brought her Rumanian husband with her for the first time; she was brazen, but much on her guard.

"She knows she deserves punishment," Dominic said.

"Also she knows how to protect herself," Stephen shrugged. Gregus saw that the only way to get the better of her was to play her gently. Next time she came in an ordinary taxi and alone.

Dominic muttered, "What then? Do you hope to take her when she is alone?"

"We're deeper than that," Stephen smiled. "The next interview is tomorrow. We expect her to come to that so sure that she simply won't dream of any danger."

"And you've got a plan?" Dominic and Colette asked breathlessly.

"Mainly bluff," shrugged Stephen.

On the next afternoon Dominic waited, all nerves, in the spacious offices of Gregus & Lenky. Soon after Prince Viktor, Julius Roth, Colonel Aparad and several others joined him.

Stephen said to some of the Magyars who had come armed ready for action:

"When the signal bell goes you will go through that door into the hall. Two of you will enter Mr. Gregus' room. Have your pistols in your hands so that the woman can see them."

He turned to speak with three strangers who had come in later.

"Who are they?" Dominic asked. "Isn't the old man the landlord from Dr. Ady's?"

"He is," Stephen said. "The others are

the porter and chambermaid from Dugonics' Hotel."

"But only yesterday you said it was hopeless trying to find them."

"It still is. But who remembers porters and chambermaids?"

"You mean this isn't the real chambermaid or porter?"

"No. Our plan is mainly bluff."

"Isn't that rather low-down?"

"Extremely low-down," Stephen said grimly. "But we are dealing with a low-down creature; a traitor of the lowest type, who sacrificed many good men—who would even let Colette die that she might live."

They waited a long time before the bell rang. When it did, most of them seem too stirred to move. Stephen turned to Prince Viktor and Julius Roth and said:

"Dominic Sable and I will go in first. Will you follow when I signal?"

Manon was sitting close to Gregus' desk as they entered. She scarcely looked up as they came in. Stephen, in fact, was at her side before she saw him. She froze into an almost waxen stillness. With an instinct of panic she snatched at the big bag on her lap. Stephen's hand had already reached it.

"Pardon," he said gently. Lifting it beyond her reach he opened it and took from it a small, pearl-handle revolver.

Manon began a shrill protest. Stephen ignored it and signalled. Prince Viktor, Julius Roth and Aparad came in. Two more armed Magyars followed.

Manon sank back in her chair, fighting for her nerve. The lawyer rose, bowed to the Prince and gave him the chair at his desk. Another was brought for Julius Roth. When they were seated Gregus slipped from under his blotting-pad a sheet of paper.

"She wrote that before my eyes a minute ago," he said.

"No doubt about that," Julius Roth said grimly.

"It must be compared with the book," Prince Viktor said.

Colonel Aparad set the olive-green book of poems beside the paper. Again the writings were studied and compared. Silently the men looked up and gazed at the woman. Prince Viktor said:

"Well, what have you to say to this?"

"I will say it to my husband," she said shortly.

"This book," Prince Viktor said quietly, lifting the Petofi poems, "is one you no doubt recognize."

THE woman glared, but there was a quality in his dark face when roused that intimidated even her.

"This is an outrage for which you shall pay," she began shrilly.

"You have never seen this book before?" Prince Viktor asked.

"Never."

"Yet it is full of your handwriting."

"How can that be if I have never seen it before?"

"There is no doubt about it, Madame," Stephen put in quietly. "Here on the desk is your handwriting, written only two minutes ago."

Manon hesitated.

"Do you deny your handwriting?"

"No." Her voice had an edge.

"Then the writing in the book is also yours. It is identical."

"I don't know. I only swear it cannot be mine."

"Of course you would say that," said Stephen, "for you, of course, know what this book is . . ."

"I naturally guess—" she began, saw where her admission led, glared like a trapped cat at Stephen, snapped, "I have never seen the book, I tell you."

"And yet you were just going to say you supposed it was the book used by the traitor who pretended to nurse Orgrof," Stephen said grimly.

SH E tried not to wince under the deadly fervor of his tone. She protested shrilly: "I deny it. I deny the handwriting."

"Yet, there it is, your handwriting. Somebody imitated it, then."

"Who? Who could?"

"Plenty of people." Her nerve was being shaken. "I'll say no more."

Again Aparad's acid voice cut in: "Madame, that will not save you. You are already condemned."

The woman shrank back from the savagery in his eyes. She cried: "Somebody must have imitated it."

"Perhaps you can name that somebody?" Stephen said. "Didn't you impersonate her—"

"You are talking rubbish—" she flamed.

"Ready with a denial before I can frame the charge," Stephen snapped. "The woman you would suggest as the writer is Colette Honraith, isn't it?"

"If you like," she said, with a return to brassiness.

Stephen turned to Prince Viktor as though satisfied.

"You see," he shrugged, "how she built up the whole thing. First the impersonation of Colette Honraith, and then this lie about the writing." He swung on Manon. "But perhaps you will deny impersonating her as readily as you deny your handwriting," he said with a sort of dangerous softness.

"Impersonate her? . . . Of course I didn't. The idea's absurd."

Stephen smiled deliberately, as though she had given him the answer he wanted.

"You were, in fact, in your rooms in your hotel on the night the treachery happened?"

"I was. I'm ready to swear to it," she blurted, until, like a flash, he froze her.

"You know the date so well, then? How do you know?"

Her hand went half up to her mouth in fear and her face went grey.

Stephen only smiled grimly. He opened the inner door and beckoned. The girl who was to take the place of the chambermaid came in.

"You recognize this girl?"

"Certainly not," Manon cried.

"Who does remember chambermaids?" Stephen said deliberately.

Stephen asked the girl:

"You recognize this lady?"

"Yes, honorable sir," she said.

"I just want to ask you one question," said Stephen. "Did she ever stay away from your hotel for a night or nights?"

"Certainly. It was just before she and her husband left. The porter said they were escaping from the Reds."

"It's a lie," Manon cried, half rising.

The next witness broke her com-pletely.

It was the landlord from Dr. Ady's, and he proved a better instrument even than Stephen had planned. For while answering his carefully memorized testimony, this old man suddenly broke off and, staring wide-eyed at Manon's arms as they lay along the side of the chair, cried:

"It is she! . . . The woman who lodged in the top room. She hid her face, but I know her!"

"How? How?" Stephen cried, startled by this unexpected turn.

"Her arms!" the landlord declared. "See, her right wrist—those two moles. I could not see her face for the veil, but I saw those. . . . Yes, every time the key passed between us I saw them. She is undoubtedly the woman who nursed the dying Baron."

"She gave in then," Dominic told Colette an hour later. "It was ghastly—I hated Stephen for putting her on the rack like that, but he was right. It saved your life, my dear. It saved Prince Viktor and the rest from murder—for she confessed then."

"Admitted everything?" She shivered a little in his arms. "I would not have thought it."

"Stephen's bluff had made her think she was cornered. That last amazing and unexpected revelation of Ady's landlord finished her. She turned on us as the beaten will . . . owned up to everything defiantly. Heller had not only threatened to hand Louis over to the Terror Boys, but her as well if he

did not get that list from Orgrof. She even admitted she had impersonated you to shield herself . . ."

They were silent for a long time, then Colette said:

"It's strange, I can only pity her, Dominic."

"Yes, I feel that, too. . . . Yet should we? These callous, unscrupulous natures trade on our pity."

"We can't help it, my dear. . . . What will they do with her?"

"Nothing," Dominic said. "She is a Rumanian . . . an enemy at heart, not quite the traitor that an Hungarian would be. To touch her would mean war, a massacre, perhaps. As Prince Viktor said, 'She is not worth the death of more men.' So they let her go home." Dominic was silent for a long time.

Presently Colette said: "And we, my dear?"

"Let us go home, too," he said gently. "I can make you forget a lot of things you have suffered. And you can go now."

"I can now," she sighed. "And, my dear, how I want to!"

THE END

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

### Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism

by Amintore Fanfani

The first task undertaken in this book is to define capitalism. The author rejects all such purely economic conceptions of capitalism as the system involving the private ownership of the means of production, competition, the prevalence of gigantic industries, etc. At most these are but expressions of something more profound which is called the capitalist spirit. If we seek the real meaning of capitalism we must remember that it is a manifestation of the economic spirit of a particular time in history. Man of necessity must have some economic outlook which is "that complex inner attitude, conscious or unconscious, in virtue of which a man acts in a certain manner in business matters." In final analysis it is man's attitude towards wealth which makes intelligible the economic spirit prevalent in each age of history.

In tracing the historical development of the capitalist spirit Fanfani shows how it manifested itself in the Middle Ages by more or less isolated acts. At that time there was ranged against it the individual Christian conscience, the rules of guilds and Church laws against

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usury. As time went on, however, more and more individuals and groups rebelled against these restrictions and demanded that all restraints to economic pursuits be removed.

The capitalist spirit is shown to be in fundamental conflict with Catholic social ethics. Catholic teaching refuses to consider man in any of his activities as isolated from his ultimate supernatural end and consequently it circumscribes human activity with moral restraints not only in the domestic, political, and religious spheres but also in the realm of economics. From this flow the Catholic doctrines of the stewardship of temporal goods, of the social obligations of ownership and the evil of seeking wealth as an end and not as a means.

Fanfani's book is an important contribution towards an understanding of the economic problems of modern times. Not only does it clarify the nature and development of the capitalist spirit but it will enable the reader to appreciate more critically the contemporary clash between those who stand for the continuance of the *laissez-faire* economics

of rugged individualism and those who see the necessity of greater social control over the production and distribution of wealth.

*Sheed and Ward, N. Y. \$2.00.*

### Unsolved Problems of Science

by A. W. Haslett

The first chapters of the book are devoted to what scientific discovery and speculation have to tell of the nature, origin and possible end of our universe along with the question of whether other planets than ours may have life on them. The discussion of such subjects enables the author to reveal what scientists have discovered of the mechanics of the universe and their inability to give any adequate explanation of the fundamental mysteries to which they are ultimately led.

In the above-mentioned chapters the word creation is constantly applied to the various theories advanced to account for the material of the universe being in its present state. Christian philosophy and revelation account for the production of the original matter by creation in the strict sense of the word. Creation in this sense means that God used no pre-existing subject to work upon.

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But of this teaching Mr. Haslett says, "There is nothing more difficult to imagine than the creation, in the sense in which it is normally understood." Creation in the Christian sense is not a matter of imagination but of revelation and reason.

Other matters interestingly discussed in succeeding chapters are: the changes the earth has undergone and is still undergoing, weather and its possible control, the mystery of the cosmic rays, man's origin and the beginnings of civilization, the riddle of man and his heredity, the known and the unknown about atoms. In these chapters there are good summaries of the work science has done in the various fields mentioned and the work still to be accomplished is pointed out. Exception may be taken to the treatment of two points.

In his treatment of the origin of man the author leans too heavily on Sir Arthur Keith and consequently presents interpretations which are by no means universally accepted. It is too bad also that Mr. Haslett has seen fit to further the phantastic extension of the principle of indeterminacy popularized by Eddington and Jeans. Here is an instance where the questioning of the principle of causality is due to confusing causality with predictability. No doubt the speculation springs from a conception of causality based on the unsatisfactory philosophy of Hume.

It must be said that the author has on the whole done his work well. Very rightly there is no belittling of the conquests of science because there is so much yet to be discovered. The past can be an earnest of future accomplishment.

*The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$2.00.*

through a penetrating but prayerful study of the Man. Reverently pondering the various manifestations of the human nature of Christ as revealed in the Gospels, the author, with the greatest psychological justification, deduces what manner of child the Christ Child was. One needs to read but very little of the book to become convinced "Indeed, He must have been very much like this." In the words of Archbishop Goodier's introduction: "These things and many like them must have been, for our Lord's human character, perfect from infancy to manhood, simply unfolded in ever-increasing beauty as the flower from the bud." Lamplighter has brought the Holy Child of Nazareth very near to us indeed. That is no small achievement.

*Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. 2/6.*

## My Life in Architecture

by Ralph Adams Cram

Upon the roster of contemporary American architects, there is no more distinguished name than that of Ralph Adams Cram. The span of his professional activity is practically coextensive with the history of the development of American architecture—at least that portion of it which merits remembrance. Hence, when this patriarch of architects writes his autobiography in terms of architecture there is promise of something well worthwhile.

Nor are we disappointed. In a style easy and flowing, there issues the account of nearly a half-century of architectural practise. The architecture of the 1880's was in a decadent state, and art in general had hit its nadir. Its marvellous reawakening, the causes and

## One Small House of Nazareth

by Lamplighter

One's first impulse is to eschew all books dealing with the "hidden life" of Our Lord. As a rule they abound in vivid imaginative flights and are dominated by a sickly sentimentality.

*One Small House of Nazareth* is an unusual and a very felicitous exception to this rule. It does, of course, rely upon the imagination of the author for much of its material. But it is an imagination so steeped in the Gospels, so redolent of their spirit, that its promptings and its conclusions are freighted with dignity and reverence.

Moved by a deep realization of the significance of our Lord's dictum "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," the author has sought to find the exemplar of this holy childhood in the "Child Who possessed the virtues of childhood in their perfection." One comes to the knowledge of the Child

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the results of this awakening, constitute the substance of this book. Mr. Cram's own part in this was very large, though his genuine humility does not let this fact stand out as it should.

The book abounds in that personal touch which lends life and vigor to history. Cram's acquaintances and friends were and are legion, and the reader shares this intimate knowledge. While outspoken and honest, his criticism and evaluation of others is just and considerate, ever characterized by true Christian charity.

But perhaps most noteworthy is the evidence of the author's many-sided genius which the book unconsciously affords. One expects to find evidence of architectural prowess, but this is only one facet of his versatile genius. Philosophy, religion, history, sociology, literature, political science, as well as all the arts allied to architecture have engaged the powers of his fertile mind for a good half-century. In any one of these fields he could have made his mark.

The United States has reason to be proud of possessing an artist of Mr. Cram's caliber; and American architects, artists and craftsmen would do well to harken to the sound principles of the philosophy of art which Mr. Cram outlines in the final chapters of the book.

Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50.

## Chaplain Duffy of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, New York

by Ella M. E. Flick

Using the testimony of those who knew him best, and drawing heavily upon his own revelation of himself as contained in his delightful and inimitable letters and writings, Miss Flick has set forth the facts and happenings of Fr. Duffy's life without interpretation.



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Hence we meet the real Fr. Duffy in the pages of this book, not an imaginary ideal. And it is the greatest compliment that can be paid to him to say that his character loses nothing by this frank portrayal.

Born in Cobourg, Ontario, on May 2, 1871, ordained at Dunwoodie on September 6, 1896, he died in New York on June 26, 1932. And the story of those intervening sixty-one years perhaps can best be summed up in his own words shortly before his death—Priesthood, High Adventure, and Loyal Friends. A man's man from top to toe, a leader of men, kindly, overflowing with personality, trusting and simple in manner, straightforward, universally beloved, a character *sui generis*; but above all, a priest who lived a life close to God and had an extraordinary ability of bringing home to other souls the things of the spirit and the realities of eternity, his story leaves one "with a warmth inside (to use an expression of his) that lies around a fellow's heart like warm velvet." All in all, it is an interesting story about a very interesting person.

*The Dolphin Press, Phila. \$2.00.*

## The Ark and the Dove

by J. Moss Ives

Mr. Ives has drawn the title of this book from the Ark and the Dove, the two ships which brought the first English Catholic settlers to America. These colonists, oppressed by unendurable penal laws in the Mother country sought sanctuary in a new world. Their charter guaranteed them the exercise of full religious and civil liberty. This religious liberty is a unique prerogative of the Maryland expedition, for at that time freedom of religion was simply unknown. The Maryland settlers introduced religious toleration on American

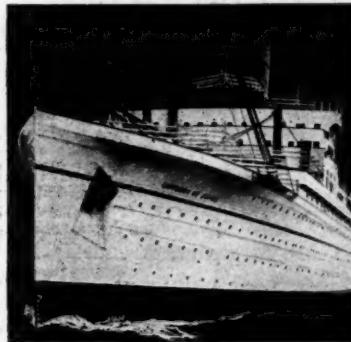
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Carrolls. To them more than to anyone else is due the praise for incorporating toleration as one of the principles of American government, in the first amendment to the Constitution.

*The Ark and the Dove* is a clear, interesting, and well-documented account of Catholicism in early America. The facts dealt with in this book should be in the possession of every Catholic. The really astonishing thing about the book is that so sympathetic a presentation of the Catholic side of early American history has been written by a non-Catholic.

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a complete Index of proper names and a Glossary of obsolete words: all tend to facilitate the reading of this ancient History, of value to all students of ecclesiastical history.

*Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London.* \$6.00.

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